

The ARMENIAN REVIEW

WINTER, 1956

SPECIAL

**SOVIET ARMENIA
AFTER STALIN**

by
MARY MATOSSIAN

also

James G. Mandalian
Dr. George P. Rice, Jr.
Reuben Darbinian
Hovsep Pushman
P. K. Thomajan
Dr. Frank Nowak
Dr. A. Safrastian
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Lucy Barajikian
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THE ARMENIAN REVIEW

WINTER, 1956

CONTENTS

<i>Soviet Armenia after Stalin</i> , by Mary Matossian	3
<i>The Struggle Around the Armenian Church</i> , by Reuben Darbinian	12
IV. <i>Musings on Life and Art</i> , by Hovsep Pushman	24
<i>Figures from the Armenian Revolution (From the Works of Rouben Der Minassian)</i> , by James G. Mandalian	24
<i>Property Rights in Public Address</i> , by Dr. George P. Rice, Jr.	34
<i>Backyards of Boston (Poem)</i> , by Lootfi Minas	48
<i>And They Say: "What's in a Name?" (Short Story)</i> , by Lucy Barajikian	49
<i>Russian Imperial and Soviet Foreign Policy</i> , by Dr. Frank Nowak	53
<i>Extrovert vs. Introvert (Musings)</i> , by P. K. Thomajan	63
<i>The Armenian Woman in History</i> , by Shokram Baggs	64
<i>The Woman in the Window (Word Sketch)</i> , by H. Prokloff Renick	72
<i>Archbishop Poladian on the Church in Soviet Armenia</i> , by Peter Faradian	73
<i>The Armenian Plum, Clay, Stone and Mouse</i> , by H. Babessian	76
<i>"Get a Horse!" (Short Story)</i> , by Kenneth J. Barsamian	84
<i>Birth (Poem)</i> , by John Vartoukian	90
<i>Armenia and Rome - Critical Research and the Historical Truth</i> , by Dr. A. Safrastian	91
<i>The Priceless Cross (Short Story)</i> , by Adrienne Haroutunian	106
<i>When the Bolsheviks Attacked Our Hospital</i> , by Dr. H. S. Varvarian	108
<i>Two Poems</i> , by Marguerite Bargamian	112
<i>Abandonment of the Armenian Question As An International Issue</i> , by Rita Jerrehian	113
<i>Riverside Park (Poem)</i> , by L. Serebrakian	123
<i>The Lady of Lebanon (Short Story)</i> , by Ellen Puzant	125
<i>"Soviet Socialism" (A Photoplay Scenario)</i> , by Achoude Arthur Arzrouni	132
OUR SERIAL FEATURE:	
<i>"The Cyclone that Struck Our Land" (Part V), (Memoirs of H. Bagdasarian)</i> , by Vahan Minakhorian	150
BOOKS AND AUTHORS: Reviews by Pierre Papazian	158

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VOLUME NINE, NUMBER 4-36

WINTER, DECEMBER, 1956

● THE "THAW" IN SOVIET ARMENIA:

SOVIET ARMENIA AFTER STALIN

MARY MATOSSIAN

After the death of Stalin on March 5, 1953 a new period began in Soviet history. It would be hazardous to speak of a "new era", for one flower does not make a spring. But a number of very unusual things have happened in Soviet Armenia during the last three years. Let us consider the facts.

Political Liberalization

Since the death of Stalin, Armenia has experienced approximately the same changes that have taken place in Soviet political life as a whole. Nauseating adulation of Stalin and Beria no longer pollutes the Soviet Armenian press. New men are driving the locomotives of party and government bureaucracy. Some Armenians long ago condemned for nationalism have been reinstated, in some issues posthumously, and there has been a greater emphasis in the Soviet press on the cultural achievements of the Armenian people. Finally, we have indications that the intelligentsia has taken advantage of a limited increase in freedom of speech.

The new "stars" in Armenian politics are men whose backgrounds are even more obscure than those of the leaders who preceded them. Souren Tovmasian, who became First Secretary of the Communist Party of Armenia in November, 1953, emerged first during the Great Purge (1936-1938) as a raion (county) party secretary. He became second in command of the secret police of Armenia in April, 1939; during World War II he served as a political commissar in the Red Army. After the war he has held various posts in the party bureaucracy; he was elected to the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Armenia in November, 1948 and by September, 1953 he was the director of the administrative, financial, and commercial organs of the Central Committee.¹ Even less is known of Margarian, Piskounov, Aroushanian, and the other men who came to power at about the same time as Tovmasian.

¹ A. A., "Khorhrdahai Kiank," *Hairenik Am-sagir*, Vol. 32, No. 2 (February, 1954), p. 98.

This much is clear however: Beria's henchmen, who came to power in Armenia during the Great Purge twenty years ago, have been abruptly removed from office (See table). Of the eleven members of the Bureau of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Armenia elected at the XVI Congress (September, 1952), only one, A. Kochinian, was re-elected at the XVII Congress (February, 1954). Grigor Haroutiunian, former first secretary of the Communist Party of Armenia, was singled out for special disgrace. At the XVII Party Congress Tovmasian charged that Haroutiunian had deviated from the principle of collective leadership, treating the members of the Bureau as his personal tools; that he had surrounded himself with "crawlers" and flatterers; that he had accused those who dared to criticize him of conducting an "unprincipled struggle" against party leadership, and, in some cases, of "nationalism". As a result, said, Tovmasian, the members of the Bureau did not dare to oppose Haroutiunian even when he was obviously mistaken. Nor was it possible to criticize the members of the Bureau, if one held a lower rank. Criticism of party officials came only "from above", Tovmasian declared, and this occurred only when an official had been purged or was about to be purged.

Tovmasian also called for an end to the intimidation of Armenian writers and scholars which had been so characteristic of the postwar period. He declared that S. Karapetian (purged in November, 1952), Z. Grigorian and others had created a "monopoly" for themselves in ideological work, removing from positions of leadership the "best representatives" of culture and science. They had "falsely accused" scholars of subscribing to the "single current" theory (an aspect of the campaign against "bourgeois nationalism"), and had gone a long way toward renouncing completely the Armenian cultural heritage, Tov-

masian charged. At the XVII Congress (February, 1954), about half of the members of the Central Committee were dropped, as well as two-thirds of the members of the Party Control Commission.²

It may be observed that Tovmasian indicted Haroutiunian and company as persons, rather than the political order in which they had operated. In the official Soviet view, these men had fallen away from high Communist ideals; neither the ideals, nor the institutions designed to realize them, were criticized in any way as either undesirable, mutually contradictory, or impractical. However, certain Communist leaders have been criticized for unjustly persecuting Armenian nationalists — something which was unheard of from the early Thirties until Stalin's death.

Mikoyan himself, in a speech in Erivan in March, 1954, urged that a more generous position be taken toward Armenian nationalism. Attacking the attitude of "harmful nihilism" which had been expressed toward certain nineteenth century Armenian nationalist writers, Mikoyan declared:

Of course there are nationalist shadings in some of the works of Patkanian and Raffi, but on the basis of this can we renounce a cultural inheritance which reflects several pages of the heroic struggle of the Armenian people against Turkish and Persian enslavers, which glorifies with love and high feeling the life and work of the people?

Mikoyan complained that the publication of the works of Raffi had been halted and that party members had removed the statue of Patkanian from Echmiadzin. Further, he accused the former leadership of the Communist Party of Armenia of a "mistaken" attitude toward the work of the "talented Armenian poet", Yeghishe Charents. "The works of Charents," he declared, "which are outstanding in their great talent, are steeped with revolutionary pathos and Soviet patriotism, and must become the property of the Soviet reader."³ (It will be recalled that

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Charents was purged in 1937 for "bourgeois nationalism".)

The new leaders of Armenia took their cue from Mikoyan. The following November the Soviet press revealed that Gourgen Mahari, Vagharshak Norents, and Vahram Alazan — writers who had been purged for "bourgeois nationalism" in the thirties — were alive and in circulation in Erivan.⁴ In January, 1956 the press announced the publication of the first two volumes of a ten-volume edition of the works of Raffi. The reviewer of these two volumes praised Raffi for his "progressive" romanticism, his attacks against backwardness and coercion and against "cosmopolitanism" and "de-nationalization".⁵ Tovmasian praised Charents in his speech to the Twentieth Union Party Congress the following month. In April a secondary school in Erivan was named for Charents.⁶ Axel Bakounts, another Armenian writer who was viciously attacked for "bourgeois nationalism" in the thirties, was also posthumously reinstated in March, 1956, when the Soviet press announced the publication of a new one-volume edition of his works. It praised Bakounts as a great Soviet patriot who loved his native land and his people.⁷ In the summer of 1956 the Soviet press published editorials praising the Armenians for their "rich language, original national culture, literature, and art penetrated with high ideals of humanism," and for their "heroic, freedom-loving spirit."⁸

In addition, the Communists have given public recognition to a number of Armenian Old Bolsheviks who were purged in the thirties. This is significant because in Stalin's day a Soviet leader, once purged,

usually disappeared forever into obscurity or the grave. But on August 3, 1954 *Kommunist* (Erivan daily paper) announced that Sergei Martikian, an Old Bolshevik, had been awarded the Order of the Toilers' Red Banner on his eightieth birthday for his revolutionary services. (Martiikian was removed as Chairman of the Central Executive Committee of Armenia in November, 1936 and disappeared.) On October 18, 1955 there was a dignified obituary for Stepan Kamsarakan, an economist purged in the early thirties, who, in his later years, was a member of the Echmiadzin Holy Synod. However, of the numerous Armenians labelled "enemy of the people" during the Great Purge, only two — Axel Bakounts and Sahak Ter Gabrielian — have been (posthumously) reinstated.*

The period of active de-sanctification of Stalin, which began at the Twentieth Union Party Congress in February, 1956, gained momentum in Armenia the following summer. Lenin's "will", which included sharp criticisms of Stalin, was published in *Partiakan Kiank* and *Kommunist*. But evidence suggests that criticism of Stalin within the Communist Party of Armenia got out of hand, especially in party organizations attached to intellectual institutions. "Anti-party manifestations" created an uproar in meetings of the party organizations of the Union of Soviet Writers of Armenia, the Armenian State University, the Polytechnic Institute, the Pedagogical Correspondence Institute, and the Russian Pedagogical Institute of Erivan.⁹ The Soviet press firmly condemned these "anti-party manifestations", the exact content of which is unknown. So

² *Ibid.*, pp. 97-103; No. 3 (March, 1954, pp. 103 and 107; and no. 4 (April, 1954), pp. 94-104.

³ *Ibid.*, No. 5 (May, 1954), pp. 102-103.

⁴ *Ibid.*, Vol. 33, No. 1 (January, 1955), p. 109.

⁵ *Kommunist* (Erivan), January 13, 1956, p. 3.

⁶ *Ibid.*, April 20, 1956, p. 4.

⁷ *Ibid.*, March 30, 1956, p. 3.

⁸ *Ibid.*, June 1, 1956, p. 1.

* In June, 1956 *Partiakan Kiank* (official monthly of the Communist Party of Armenia) included a footnote about Sahak Ter Gabrielian (former premier of Armenia), which mentioned his revolutionary services and made no reference to his purging as an "enemy of the people".

⁹ A. A., *loc. cit.*, Vol. 34, No. 6 (June, 1956), pp. 104-105; and *Partiakan Kiank*, No. 6 (June), 1956, p. 5.

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we are left asking, will the liberalization of Soviet political life continue? Or will the top Communist leaders, feeling that affairs are getting out of hand, take fright and try to turn back?

The Relaxation of Society

The more liberal atmosphere of Soviet politics since 1953 has been part of an overall pattern of social relaxation. The woof of society may be imagined as consisting of the tightly wound, accumulated sentiments of the Soviet peoples; its warp, the basic Soviet institutions and policies, loosened here and there by the leading Communists who turn the screws. This warp is not broken, but because it is loose in places the pattern is uneven, asymmetrical.

From Soviet statistics one may obtain hints as to where the pattern is uneven in Soviet Armenia. The campaign to consolidate the kolkhozes has evidently been abandoned. The following figures tell the story:¹⁰

Number of kolkhozes, end of year, in round hundreds

Year	
1940	1,000
1950	700
1952	600
1953	600
1954	800
1955	900

The kolkhozniks are still extending their household plots at the expense of communal lands. In March, 1956 the Soviet Armenian press reported that out of 23,000 kolkhoz families checked, 800 had household plots in excess of the legal norm.¹¹ There were also reports that peasants were devoting too much time to their household enterprises at the expense of the communal

economy. Will the Communist leaders respond to these trends by continuing to bolster the kolkhoz in unmodified form?

Another symptom of weakness in the Soviet system is the continued presence of "hooliganism", the Soviet equivalent of juvenile delinquency. The Soviet press reported in January, 1956 that many boys and girls, after finishing secondary school, neither continued their studies nor took jobs, but apparently lived an aimless, sometimes destructive existence. A correspondent in Kirovakan complained of the lack of recreational facilities for youth, especially in the winter, when no plays were produced and only old films were shown. In the winter of 1955-56 the press reported many cases of drunkenness, the use of obscene language in public, violent disturbances in apartment houses, and the molestation of women on the street. It reported that youths heckled performers at the olympiad of art in the Hall of Opera and Ballet in Erivan and at the Two Hundredth Anniversary Concert celebrating the birth of Mozart. Boy "hooligans" broke up the annual evening of entertainment at the Pushkin School for Girls in Erivan. There were many cases of cutting ahead in line for cinema tickets. In some quarters these "hooligan" acts were regarded as mere pranks; but there were also "alarmists" who became upset when the "hooligans" spread tales of their "daring", "decisiveness", and of the "punishments" they could mete out to those who opposed them.¹²

The Soviet press condemned the parents of delinquents. It accused influential Communists of pulling their prodigal sons out of jams by staving off court action. An editorial writer reported that one often heard conversations to the effect that the

¹⁰ Russia (U.S.S.R.), Council of Ministers, Central Statistical Administration, *The National Economy of the U.S.S.R.; A Statistical Compilation* (Moscow, 1956; translated into English and republished by the U. S. Department of State), p. 130.

¹¹ A. A., *loc. cit.*, Vol. 34, No. 5 (May, 1956), p. 105.

¹² *Ibid.*, Vol. 34, No. 1 (January, 1956), pp. 98-99; *Kommunist*, January 8, 1956, p. 2; January 12, 1956, p. 2; February 10, 1956, p. 3.

university and the family must not "punish", but "educate", punishing only in "extreme cases" when no "educational" means remained. This, said the writer, was a dangerous error; the idea of the "spontaneity" of self-discipline, a petty-bourgeois notion. The freedom of the individual to do as he likes is limited at the point where he interferes with the freedom of others, this writer asserted. He also reported conversations to the effect that "the street is rotten", "one must take the children off the street". "Why," he complained, "should there not be such discipline in the street that even children and youths who behave badly at home would not dare to infringe on the iron law of order?"

The Soviet press has also been criticizing adult behavior, holding up for contempt drunken debauches, wife beating, avoidance of payment of alimony, and "caddish relations" toward women.¹³

Trends in Family Life

One can learn a great deal about trends in Soviet Armenian family life from two important ethnographic studies published this year.* These studies deal with family organization, the relations between men and women, and the relations between parents and children in rural Soviet Armenia.

The traditional Armenian peasant family was the vital center of resistance to cultural change imposed from without. But in the latter part of the nineteenth century Armenian society began to take on a new, secular character;¹⁴ and under Soviet rule this transformation has proceeded even more rapidly. As the members of the pre-Soviet generation die, and as the number of Soviet-indoctrinated parents increases,

the Armenian family becomes an active agency of cultural change.

The Communists expect parents to work with the schools, the Pioneer Organization, and the Komsomol in training children to be "good Soviet citizens". They urge that housewives join their husbands in promoting community welfare projects. The Communists expect the ideal family, equipped with a good home library, a radio, and (in 1958) a television set, to raise the "cultural level" of its members. As a Soviet Armenian writer put it, the family is "a cell exercising public functions".¹⁵

As far as one can gather by critically examining Soviet sources, the secularization of the Soviet Armenian family has gone a long way. The extended patriarchal family has practically disappeared except in the most remote mountainous districts. It is true that the family today may include three generations and up to fifteen members; this is because of the housing shortage, especially in urban areas, and also because of the Soviet policy of promoting a high birth rate. But it appears that now family units do tend to be smaller, and that the male head of the family has lost much of his former dominance.¹⁶

How has this come about? Soviet propaganda in favor of the "democratization" of family life has probably had some effect. But the Soviet economic system itself exerts a powerful influence on family life. In the first place, the extended Armenian peasant family in the more fertile regions has tended to split up in order to obtain an increased number of household plots of

¹³ *Kommunist*, January 12, 1956, p. 2; January 28, 1956, p. 2; and March 10, 1956, p. 3.

* This is also true of the urban family. In 1949 women accounted for 38.6% of all wage and salaried workers in Armenia. (*Bol'shaia Sovetskaja Entsiklopediia*, Ed. 2, Vol. 3, p. 73)

¹⁴ For a discussion of the extent of secularization in pre-Soviet Armenia see: Mary Matossian, "Armenian Society, 1850-1914," *Armenian Review*, Vol. 9, No. 3 (1956), pp. 49-63.

¹⁵ Derenik Vardoumian, *Loretsineri nor kent-saghe* (Eriyan, 1956), p. 81.

¹⁶ V. Bdoyan, "Kolntesayin untanekan harabouroutyouner," *Haikakan S.S.R. gitoutyouneri akademiai tegbekagir*, No. 7 (July, 1956, pp. 25-27.

land.¹⁷ These household plots furnish an incentive to family fragmentation because the number of family members apparently has little or no effect on the size of the plot allocated to a given family. In the smaller family there is less need for a strong center of leadership such as the traditional patriarch provided.

Furthermore, since the early nineteen forties there has been a strong tendency to organize collective farm brigades in such a way that the members of a given family are scattered among various brigades instead of working together in a single brigade.¹⁸ Except during the winter, the working members of the family eat daytime meals at their place of work, coming together at home only at suppertime.¹⁹ Men, women, and youths are separately remunerated for their work on the kolkhoz.

Economic independence has given women and youths personal independence never enjoyed in traditional Armenian society.* A Soviet Armenian ethnographer even reports that husbands and wives compete with each other along professional lines, and he applauds this, contending that "this competition between spouses is pushing the peasant family toward the cultural level of the city family."²⁰ Obviously, the conservative Armenian patriarch would feel quite frustrated and threatened in such a situation.

The Communists claim that they have brought about, generally speaking, sex equality in Soviet Armenia. But when we examine what is meant by sex equality it appears that the truth is not so sim-

ple. The problem of sex equality revolves around two issues: 1) Do women and men have equal rights under law and equal economic and educational opportunities? 2) Do women *in fact* enjoy equal prestige with men? (Of course women are not expected to play exactly the same roles as men in the division of labor in Soviet society, nor are they to be treated in exactly the same way as men.) Now, it appears that since the beginning of the Soviet regime Armenian men and women have enjoyed equal rights under law. But even today Armenian men, by and large, have greater prestige.

Soviet writers contend, on the one hand, that the two sexes are tending to enjoy equal prestige in Soviet Armenian society because:

1. It is no longer acceptable to express condolence when a baby girl is born.

2. Elementary education among women is now universal and a "significant part" of peasant women have some secondary education.

3. The practise of calling unmarried girls of 16-18 years with insulting names is disappearing.

4. Especially since the nineteen forties peasant families have been encouraging their daughters to participate actively in clubs, theatrical groups, and the like.

5. After marriage a woman is free to use either the surname of her husband or her maiden name, and many choose the latter.

6. Husbands are helping their wives with housework and the care of the children.

7. In social gatherings men give up their seats to women (whereas in the past, peasant women gave up their seats for men).

8. Only women of the older generation continue to cover the lower half of the face and the head in public.

9. Women on the collective farms are doing many kinds of jobs formerly monop-

* V. Bdoyan, "Kolntesayin untanekan haraber-outyouner." *Haikakan S.S.R. gitoutyouneri akademiayi tegbekagir*, No. 7 (July), 1956, pp. 25-38; and Derenik Vardoumian, *Loretsineri nor kentsagbe*, Erivan, 1956.

¹⁷ Vardoumian, *op. cit.*, p. 99; Bdoyan, *loc. cit.*, p. 26.

¹⁸ Vardoumian, *op. cit.*, p. 66 ff.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 154.

²⁰ Bdoyan, *loc. cit.*, p. 35.

lized by men, such as driving tractors and giving agro-technical advice.

10. There are seven women representatives from Soviet Armenia in the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. and ninety-one women representatives in the Supreme Soviet of Armenia. And of course a number of individual women have achieved fame in professional careers, notably in the field of fine arts.²¹

However, Soviet writers admit that the situation is not "ideal", that there are still "vestiges of backwardness" in Soviet Armenia today, e.g.:

1. Women do not have an equitable share of leadership positions. There are no women among the chairmen of ration executive committees, and only a few women among the secretaries of party raion committees and city committees. Few women are directors of industrial enterprises, artisan cooperatives, and other Soviet institutions; few are chairmen, brigade leaders, or link leaders in the kolkhozes. There are few women in rural Party and Komsomol organizations.²²

2. Some men still show a "crude" attitude toward women within the family; and often it is just such men who have a reputation for "quite cultured" behavior toward women comrades at work. Further, some men show "light-mindedness" in behavior connected with love and marriage.²³

3. Peasant women frequent the village club and public places much less often than men.²⁴

4. Although there is no discrimination against women in the seating at meals in peasant homes, it is customary for young girls to be quiet and restrained in the pres-

ence of older men, and especially guests, at the table.²⁵

5. Customarily village soviets do not register young women as the head of the household, although this in fact may be the case (in the event of divorce, or death of the husband).²⁶

The sources cited are primarily concerned with rural Armenia; we may expect that in urban areas the tendency toward equal sex prestige is much stronger.

As indicated above, older persons within the Soviet Armenian family have lost a great deal of the authority they once enjoyed. It is no longer customary for parents to arrange the marriages of their children, although in some cases parental influence may be decisive.²⁷ Generally speaking, young brides no longer maintain silence in the presence of elders, although in a few remote rural areas this practice is still maintained for a short time (up to a year) after marriage.²⁸ Newlyweds embrace their small children and make merry freely in the presence of elders.²⁹

But it should not be concluded that the Communists are trying to undermine parental authority; for parents are expected to take a heavy part of the responsibility for the education of the child. In an editorial in the Soviet press this year a teacher complained that parents often regarded the school as chiefly responsible for the education of children, and the family as playing a subsidiary role. The teacher criticized a mother who "ran around all the time", leaving her boy in the hands of a housekeeper; the boy played truant, neglected his studies, and spent too much time on the street. The teacher also censured parents who were

²¹ Bdoyan, *loc. cit.*, pp. 34, 35, and 38; Vardoumian, *op. cit.*, pp. 75 and 85-90; and *Kommunist*, September 5, 1956, p. 2.

²² *Kommunist*, September 5, 1956, p. 2; and Vardoumian, *op. cit.*, pp. 72-75.

²³ Vardoumian, *op. cit.*, p. 93.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 85.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 155.

²⁶ Bdoyan, *loc. cit.*, p. 28.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 29; Vardoumian, *op. cit.*, pp. 87 and 89.

²⁸ Bdoyan, *loc. cit.*, pp. 34-35; Vardoumian, *op. cit.*, p. 89.

²⁹ Bdoyan, *loc. cit.*, p. 35.

overly severe with their children; such children withdrew within themselves while at home, but got into fights with their schoolmates and behaved badly in school. Finally, the teacher criticized parents who spoiled their children and did not become concerned when the children performed poorly in school. She testified that such parents gave their children "the impression that the school is picking a quarrel with them".³⁰

The government adopted a measure to strengthen parent-child relations in March, 1956, when it cut short the working day by two hours on Saturday. (Many women had been over-fulfilling their norms on weekdays so that they would not have to work on Saturdays.)³¹ In the same month the government announced a campaign to expand and improve public dining facilities, giving as its purposes 1) to reconstruct the workers' social life on a socialist basis; and 2) to free women from "low-productive" household work.³² Soviet authorities consider "eating out" as "progressive"; and indeed, public dining facilities are probably a convenience in the congested housing conditions of urban areas.

Since the death of Stalin the Communists have been experimenting with a new device for reinforcing their influence on the child's milieu: this device is the party cell attached to the urban apartment house. Three such cells have been set up in Erivan, it was announced last June, their membership consisting of Communists who live in the given apartment building and who, for honorable reasons (physical disability, old age) are not attending school or holding

jobs. It is the duty of these Communists, and of the agitators working with them, to organize games for children in the apartment house courtyard, to take children on excursions to places of interest in Erivan (such as the children's railroad), and to organize lectures and discussions for adults in the building on such subjects as "Child-Parent Relations in the Family," "How to Pass Hours Out of School," "Methods of Punishment and Exhortation for the Child in the Family." The school authorities inform the cell members as to the conduct and academic progress of the children living in the given building.³³ It will be interesting to see if these "house cells" last.

Conclusion

The most dramatic development in the Soviet Union since 1953 has been the de-canonicalization of Stalin. This development opens the door to the renunciation of any or all of Stalin's policies. But Stalin's greatest success — the transformation of traditional societies in the Soviet Union — will probably endure. It is not foreseeable that the Armenian family, village, and Church will reassume the character they had in pre-Soviet times. Soviet Armenian society is secularized, for better or for worse: this is the most important heritage of Stalin's rule.

No mention has been made of the things which have *not* changed in post-Stalinist Armenia: the lack of civil liberties and genuine democracy, the standard of living, the regimentation of scholars and artists. In this sense, the picture of Soviet Armenian life, given in this article is one-sided. But although spring has not come to the Soviet Union, the ice has been "thawing": this development indeed is worthy of our attention.

³⁰ *Kommunist*, March 13, 1956, p. 3.

³¹ *Ibid.*, March 16, 1956, p. 1.

³² A. A., *loc. cit.*, Vol. 34, No. 5 (May, 1956), p. 106.

³³ V. Choulhakian, "Tnayin karavarchoutian kits uskzbnakan partkzmakerpoutiounne," *Partiakan Kiank*, No. 6 (June), 1956, pp. 56-58.

THE STRUGGLE AROUND THE ARMENIAN CHURCH

REUBEN DARBINIAN

The Meaning Of The Struggle

Manifestly the struggle currently being waged around the Armenian church, the Catholicosate of Cilicia in particular, has nothing to do with either religion or creed. The controversy and the ensuing division are essentially political, absolutely unrelated to the credo, the traditions, the ritual, the structure and the organization of the Armenian Church. And it may confidently be stated that there would have been absolutely no quarrel today were it not for the fact that the Mother Throne of Etchmiadzin and Caucasian Armenia itself are hopelessly caught in the stranglehold of the atheistic Soviet tyranny.

One must be blind indeed not to be able to see that the real crux of the present crisis is nothing else but the tragic and illfated fact that the present incumbent of Etchmiadzin is the total captive and the tool of the Soviet foreign and atheistic dictatorship, and as such he strives to bring under his control the Armenian churches of the free world in an effort to enroll the Armenian communities of the dispersion as the Soviet's Fifth Column abroad.

If, however, the people of Armenia and the Armenian communities scattered in various parts of the Soviet Union under threat of death are forced to bend the knee before an atheistic government which has undermined the foundations of the Armenian Church, no such contingency confronts the Armenian clergy and the believers in the

free world. This being the case, unfortunately however, an important segment of that clergy not only has shown no inclination to preserve the integrity and the independence of Etchmiadzin's dioceses of abroad, but going one better, it has spared no effort to railroad the free and independent Catholicosate of Cilicia as well to the captivity of that foreign godless tyranny.

And what is infinitely more incredible and shocking, this pitiful group which knowingly or unknowingly has become a tool for the sinister political designs of said tyranny, led by such pro-soviet factions as the Ramgavars, the Hunchaks and the so-called "Progressives," has the audacity to pose as the champions of the freedom and the independence of the Armenian Church and to represent the Dashnaks and the freedom loving segment of the Armenian people who have been waging mortal combat against the Soviet tyranny as the enemies of the Armenian Church and the instigators of the national division.

We are not surprised in the least that the Hunchaks who have joined the communists both ideologically and by deeds should strive to subordinate the Armenian Church of abroad to the Soviet's political designs. Nor are we surprised that the so-called "Progressives" who actually are communists pursue the same end in their attempt to bring the Catholicosate of Cilicia under the control of Moscow.

We cannot, however, refrain from experi-

encing a sense of shock and chagrin when the Ramgavars who call themselves liberals, who presumably are champions of the Armenian Church, or the Knights of Vardan who are presumably called to defend the Armenian Church, or the bosses of the Armenian Benevolent Union have banded themselves together into an unholy union with the atheistic and anti-religious Hunchaks and Communist-"Progressives" and are waging a relentless fight against the Armenian Revolutionary Federation in an effort to subordinate the free and independent Catholicosate of Cilicia to the Soviet and generally, to hitch the entire Armenian communities of the free world to the Soviet's chariot, even if such effort is being cloaked under the guise of submission to the Mother Throne of Etchmiadzin.

The causes of this unnatural, irrational and absurd behaviour of the Ramgavars, the bosses of the Benevolent Union and the Knights of Vardan are many and complex. There is no doubt, however, that one of the major causes is the misleading communist propaganda which has effected their minds.

And this is perfectly natural. Is it not a fact that for the past more than thirty years their press has been consistently and fanatically offering to its readers the communist distortions in regard to the historical facts of our immediate past and present? Especially that faction which, for various reasons, was already prejudiced and could not resist easily espousing and parroting the distorted "Facts" and "Arguments" advanced by the communists.

Thus it was (and we have specifically in mind the naive and gullible element, and not the communist agents in disguise) that they came around to believe the big lie; that the Soviet despotism is the defender of the Armenian people, a benevolent and beneficent government, and that the people of Armenia have never been so prosperous and happy as they now are under the Soviet

regime; that the Armenian Church has never been so free and independent in all its history as it now is under the Soviet regime; that when a Catholicos is elected in Etchmiadzin, Moscow presumably gives perfect freedom to the delegates to elect the man of their choice; that when approximately 100 delegates from non-existent dioceses of the Soviet Union go to Etchmiadzin, to elect a Catholicos, all of them have been elected by their constituencies and not appointed by Moscow; that when a bishop, perfectly unknown to the overwhelming majority of the people of Armenia is elected Catholicos of All Armenians at Etchmiadzin, he becomes elected by the will of the people and not by the will of Moscow; that when that bishop, scarcely elected, ignores the pressing spiritual needs of a flock of approximately 3 million in the Soviet Union, hurries abroad in order to put an end to the independence of the Catholicosate of Cilicia, and he does this in the name of the unity of the Armenian Church and not in order to subject the entire Armenian Church to the tyranny of the Soviet government; that when he fails in this effort he hurries to Cairo where arbitrarily he assembles a conference of the bishops ostensibly to protect the interests of the Armenian church and not to pursue his sinister Soviet-inspired designs with the aid of those bishops; and lastly, that when this last effort, too, ends in a perfect fiasco, at his instigation, the rebel bishops and the motley agglomeration of the Ramgavar, Hunchak and "Progressive" pro-soviets appeal to the President of Lebanon to prevent the consecration of the newly-elected Cilician Catholicos, and that they do this in order to rescue the Armenian Church from the claws of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, and not to throw the Catholicosate of Cilicia into the lap of Moscow!

For years the Ramgavar, Hunchak and

"Progressive" papers which follow the Soviet line have consistently and relentlessly inspired the belief in their readers that the Armenian Revolutionary Federation is the greatest enemy of the Armenian Church and not the Soviet government which is the recognized enemy of the freedom and the independence of the peoples of the whole world and their free institutions.

From the published writings of these pro-Soviet papers it comes up that the sole source of all evils in Armenian life, both at present and in the immediate past, are the Dashnaks, namely the only organized political force in Armenian life which has been waging a relentless fight against the Soviet imperialism and which has been striving to free Armenia, the Armenian people and the Armenian Church from the Soviet tyranny.

In other words, the leaders of the pro-Soviet Ramgavars the Hunchaks and the "Progressives" look upon contemporary and past developments in Armenian life through the spectacles of the communists and their entire activity is practically dedicated to the promotion of the subversive designs of Soviet imperialism.

It is no exaggeration, therefore, when we say that the Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" coalition has actually become the Soviet fifth column in the Armenian communities of the dispersion.

Who is the Really Unlawful Catholicos?

Both the election and the consecration of Zareh I, Catholicos of Cilicia, are illegal, shriek the Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" communist and fellow-traveler combine knowing full well that Zareh I was elected Catholicos quite lawfully in keeping with the provisions of the Cilician Constitution, and was consecrated in accordance with the canons and the historical traditions of the Armenian Church.

It is highly significant, however, that the same people close their eyes to the shocking

illegalities which attended the election of Vazgen I Baljian as Catholicos of Etchmiadzin — a person who as we have pointed out, until the time of his election was an unknown figure to the overwhelming majority of the Armenian people.

Was it not illegal, we ask, when, from the non-existent dioceses in the Soviet Union 100 delegates (who knows how or by whom elected) were sent to Etchmiadzin where, as an overwhelming majority, they secured the "election" of Vazgen Baljian?

Was it not illegal when the scanty number of delegates from abroad were likewise not duly elected persons, some of them summoned by telephone, and all of them most assuredly enjoying the approval of the Soviet government, otherwise they could never have obtained Moscow's permission to go to Etchmiadzin?

Was it not illegal when the Armenian people was denied the free opportunity of publicly scrutinizing the candidates for the patriarchal throne of Etchmiadzin and a perfectly obscure figure, Bishop Baljian, as the sole candidate, was forced by Moscow to become elected as the Catholicos of All Armenians?

At the time we Dashnaks raised no hue and cry realizing well that, as long as the Soviet has planted its grinding heel on the chest of Armenia and Etchmiadzin and as long as the throne of the Armenian Mother Church is located in Soviet dominated Etchmiadzin, the Armenian people had no chance of electing the most meritorious clergyman of their choice as the Catholicos of All Armenians and that Moscow would be certain to put on the patriarchal throne a man who would be willing to serve as its humble and obedient agent. Furthermore, the aim of this election would be not to serve the spiritual needs of 3 million Armenians of the Soviet Union but to chain to the Soviet chariot the Armenians of the free world as well.

But if it is inevitable that the Soviet's will should prevail in the Soviet world and that, for the present, we cannot hope to seat on the patriarchal throne of Etchmiadzin other than an absolute Soviet agent, is this any reason why the Armenians of the dispersion who enjoy full freedom should likewise submit slavishly to the dictate of that agent and his obvious masters? Is this any reason why the hitherto independent Catholicosate of Cilicia should likewise renounce its independent status and become a subsidiary of the Soviet even if such submission is effectuated under the cloak of submission to Etchmiadzin or the unity of the Armenian Church.

Is it not strange that Vazgen Baljian, a man whose election was absolutely illegal and who in reality was appointed by Moscow, should have the temerity of refusing to recognize the legality of the election and the consecration of Catholicos Zareh of Cilicia?

Fortunately, the Catholicosate of Cilicia is an institution which is independent from Etchmiadzin and Zareh I does not need the approval or the confirmation of Vazgen Baljian.

After stopping at no obstacles to prevent the election and the consecration of Zareh I, Vazgen Baljian of Etchmiadzin, no doubt at the dictate of Moscow, is now inciting the Armenian communities of abroad, and the rebel clergy and the laity of Cilicia to wage a relentless fight against the Catholicosate of Cilicia. And as known, to ruin the independent Catholicosate of Cilicia, Vazgen Baljian who already has taken steps through his agents to create a rival throne of Cilicia, would have succeeded in his sinister purpose if the Lebanese, the Syrian and the Cypriot governments had refused to recognize the legality of Zareh's election and his consecration and had agreed to permit the creation of a rival throne. Fortunately, the abovementioned governments scotched

this ruinous measure promoted under the pretext of "restoring the unity of the Armenian church."

"The Cilician Catholicos Zareh I is the slave of the Dashnaks," shriek the Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" clique of communists.

Of course, they know full well that Zareh I is neither a Dashnak nor the slave of the Dashnaks. They likewise know that he is politically non-partisan, a person wholly dedicated to the interests of the Armenian Church and loyal to its spirit, its canons and traditions, and who is intent on preserving the independence of the Cilician Throne from the ruinous encroachments of foreign political powers. His only "sin" is that the Dashnaks pursue the same aims and support him with all legal means to keep the Cilician Throne intact. And this, be it noted, at a time when the Mother Throne of the Armenian Church is in the hands of an atheistic government and is being used not to serve the religious and national aims of the Armenian people but the anti-religious and anti-national political aims of a foreign power.

But what is most significant of all is this very thing which the Ramgavars, the Hunchaks and the "Progressives" refuse to acknowledge.

Indeed, instead of seeing the real captivity of the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin, they look for captivity in Cilicia. Instead of seeing the mortal Soviet danger which threatens the Mother Church itself, they want to see in the Dashnaks the menace to the Armenian Church, the very political force which has defended that institution on several critical periods in the past. They clapped hands when the Soviet government stifled the Armenian Church inside the Soviet Union, and now they clap their hands when Moscow tries to enslave the entire Armenian Church of the free world.

Moreover, instead of trying to stop the

Soviet encroachments, they try to aid and abet Moscow with all their means in order to realize its sinister designs. And what is no less revolting, these very Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" coalition, having formed a united front, are waging a fanatical fight against the only Armenian organization which is trying to frustrate the Soviet conspiracy. And they reach the peak of their disgusting hypocrisy when they beat their breasts with ecstatic din and shout as if they want only to save the Armenian church from Dashnak captivity, whereas in reality it is they who are trying to bring the Armenian Church in the free world under the captivity of the Soviets.

If the overwhelming majority of the Armenian people within the jurisdiction of the Cilician Catholicosate is friendly to the Dashnaks and elects Zareh as its Catholicos, a man who is not a friend of the Soviet and who is not the candidate of the anti-Dashnak pack, that does not necessarily mean that the Church there has become the captive of the Dashnaks. Because Zareh sits on the Throne of Cilicia not by force but through the legitimately and democratically expressed will of the people. Whereas, entirely different is the case of Etchmiadzin.

Indeed, if conditions in Armenia were different, and if free democratic orders prevailed there as they do in Lebanon, who can doubt that today the man who sat on the patriarchal throne would be not a Soviet agent but the candidate of the overwhelming majority of the Armenian people, not much different from Zareh I in point of character and political convictions, namely a sympathizer of the Dashnaks.

And this for the simple reason that the freedom-loving Armenian people, no matter where, cannot sympathize with the friends or the agents of a foreign tyranny which is an enemy of freedom, such as the Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" combination, but inevitably would throw its lot with the

Dashnak following, the champions of a free, democratic and independent Armenia and an independent Armenian Church.

Ramgavar Role Even More Dangerous than Communists

The leaders of the Ramgavars, the Hunchaks, and even the so-called Progressives become excessively disturbed when we characterize them as communists or fellow-travelers.

True, Ramgavar leaders may not be card bearing members of the Communist Party and probably they are not, they may not have espoused the communist dialectic, its philosophy, or its economic, social and political aims, nor its specific concept of the social struggle. All the same it is an irrefutable fact that for more than 30 years their role in the Armenian communities of the free world has been precisely what the Communist dictators of Moscow would have wanted them to play.

Simply stated, the Ramgavar leaders in the dispersion manifestly have acted no different than the Soviet agents and have fully collaborated with the latter. And it may be confidently stated that the Ramgavar bigwigs either as leaders of their party or the policy makers of the Benevolent Union, the Knights of Vardan, or some of the Compatriotic Unions, and especially the Armenian Apostolic and the Protestant churches, have rendered incomparably far greater services to the Soviet than the Hunchaks, the "Progressive" Communists or the professional Soviet agents.

The reason for this simply is, these men, hidden behind the mask of Liberals, and Democrats, or as individuals working in behalf of such innocuous and innocent-sounding institutions as the Benevolent Union, the Knights of Vardan, the Compatriotic Unions and especially the Armenian Church have been, and still are, more respectable in an eminent position of misleading the gullibles than those who

have difficulty in concealing their communism, such as the "Progressives" and the Hunchaks.

There is no doubt that, as far as the Soviet dictatorship is concerned, fellow-travelers like the Ramgavars are infinitely more valuable than the transparent or dyed in the wool specie of the communists. It may be unqualifiedly stated that, if the Ramgavars who have seized the key posts in the Benevolent Union, the Knights of Vardan, certain compatriotic unions and the Church, headed by their party, had not made common cause with the communists, the influence of the Soviet policies in the Armenian communities of the dispersion would never have assumed the dangerous proportions which it now has assumed and would never have succeeded in dividing the Armenians of the dispersion into two enemy camps as is the case today.

This is the reason why when Countess Andrassy a former governmental press liaison officer, testifying before the Senate Investigating Subcommittee, accused the Ramgavars as political suspects and as a fellow-traveler organization, she was not exaggerating in the least but was putting the finger on the sore spot. As a faction which belongs to the Soviet fifth column, the Ramgavars undoubtedly are a far more dangerous element than the "Progressives" and the Hunchaks who are notorious for their communist ideology.

It is noteworthy that the Ramgavar leaders constantly try to justify their collaboration with the communists under the pretext of national or patriotic motivation. By such collaboration, they claim, they are aiding only Armenia, the Armenian cause and the Armenian Church.

However, aside from the fact that their collaboration with the communists is absolutely detrimental to the liberation of Armenia and contributes to aggravated enslavement of the Armenian people and the

ruination of the Armenian Church, a fact which eloquently has been demonstrated by the recent developments centering on the Catholicosate of Cilicia, from the international standpoint, the Ramgavar role is detrimental not only to the free world but entire mankind when they support the Soviet propaganda and act as Kremlin's fifth columnists in those countries where they live and act.

Nor is it difficult to understand why this is so. Far more important than the motives of political parties is the actual results of that policy, their actual *deeds*. The road to hell is paved with good intentions, the popular adage goes. National or patriotic intentions or motives cannot justify everything. To aid the Soviet in all possible manner, to collaborate with the greatest world evil such as the Soviet tyranny cannot be justified by sublime intentions and motives. If during the last world war in a number of countries dominated by Hitler, the forced collaboration of a handful of Armenians with Hitler, impelled although by national and patriotic motives, was fiercely condemned by the Ramgavar bosses as an unpardonable sin, how come the same bosses justify their collaboration with a Soviet tyranny far more heinous than the Hitlerite tyranny through identical motives, and that not in war time but in peace time, when the Armenians of the dispersion are not directly controlled by that tyranny nor can they even advance the extenuating excuse of self defence?

In all the countries of the free world where communism is a deadly danger from without or within, any sort of collaboration with the communist or Soviet fifth columns is a political crime against the free world which can never be justified by such spurious and high-sounding slogans as Armenian patriotism. To the governments of free countries which are menaced by communism it does not matter much by what motives, even if they may be sublime in

their intentions, that a small Armenian minority, in word or deeds, should cooperate with the communists. The important thing is the fact of collaboration with the enemy, something which no government can view with approval.

If today, at a time of comparative peace, the governments of the free world with a few exceptions (France and Persia) have left fellow-travelers and communist agents like the Ramgavars alone, that does not necessarily mean that they are not regarded as a dangerous element by these local governments. There can be no doubt that, in the event of an international conflict or war not only they themselves shall suffer but the punitive blow shall fall on many innocent Armenians who have had no connection whatsoever with those subversive elements.

No government of any free country in the world can justify the wanton fight against the Catholicosate of Cilicia which is now being waged by that segment of the Armenian communities of the world which are following the leadership of the Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" bloc, and their nefarious effort to bring that venerable institution under the domination of Soviet-controlled Etchmiadzin.

No government of any free country, moreover, will be able to, or will want to understand why any Armenians in the free world, if they are not sympathetic with the Soviet tyranny or are not communists, should strive to subject the Armenian churches of the dispersion to the jurisdiction of Etchmiadzin which is a captive of the Kremlin when, if they want, they can tie their fate to the Catholicosate of Cilicia which is free and independent.

We do not think that there is an Armenian on the face of the earth who, if he has not been completely lost to his people, deep in his heart should feel no affection for Etchmiadzin. But Etchmiadzin with its historic Mother Throne is one thing, and an

Etchmiadzin headed by a man who is the captive of the Kremlin and is forced to pursue objectives which are positively opposed to the spirit, the traditions and the vital interests of the Armenian Church is an entirely different thing.

Those who love Etchmiadzin should not support those sinister aims but should release all the resources at their disposal to vitiate those aims. Under no circumstance should we permit the sacred name of Etchmiadzin and the Mother Throne to be exploited to the detriment and the disaster of the Armenian Church by the atheistic Soviet regime through the collaboration of its deliberate agents or its dupes. The Armenian church must remain free of the encroachments of a foreign tyranny.

However, as long as the Soviet tyranny uses the Etchmiadzin as a political tool against freedom-loving Armenians to the end of alien and ruinous objectives, it becomes at once natural and logical that the Catholicosate of Cilicia be converted into the religious beacon for the Armenians of the free world.

How Moscow Lines up the Armenian Clergy Of the Dispersion

For some time the Armenian clergy aligned with the Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" coalition, in reply to charges of their affiliation with the Soviets, vehemently insist that the Soviet government does not interfere in Armenian internal church affairs both in the Soviet Union and abroad. As proof they cite an encyclical letter of Catholicos Gevorg VI in which the believers of the dispersion, lay or clergy, are instructed to be loyal to the governments of the countries in which they live.

We don't want to doubt the authenticity of this encyclical but we are sure that this letter, sent at the very behest of Moscow, was simply designed to pull the wool over the eyes of the public and state authorities

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in an effort to exempt the Armenian Church from difficulties abroad.

Unfortunately, the pastoral letter alters nothing in the real situation because the facts are quite to the contrary. First, it should be observed that the general conduct of Gevorg VI, as well as his successor Vazgen I, has been the exact opposite of both the letter and the spirit of that encyclical. It has been definitely in favor of Soviet policies.

It cannot be denied that the personal activities of the head of a church has a definite effect upon the members of the church wherever they may be. When the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin joins the Soviet propaganda effort against the free world through its official organ (the periodical *Etchmiadzin*) to support the deceptive and perfidious soviet "peace" movement, such an attitude cannot help but affect the minds and thought of Armenians world over.

Let us dispense with the deeds of Catholicos Gevorg VI and take up the record of Vazgen I. This has been nothing but the crudest sort of intervention in the internal life of the Armenians of the dispersion, and this intervention, far from being constructive, has been divisive and disruptive — an intervention which could only subserve the interests of the godless soviet tyranny.

Indeed, had Vazgen I been the conscientious and loyal servant of the Armenian Church, even if under duress, he would have concentrated his attention on the 3 million Armenians of the Soviet Union who are in sore spiritual need. Catholicos Vazgen did not do this, but on the contrary, as we all know, from the very moment of his election he devoted himself exclusively to the affairs of the Armenians of the dispersion, the Catholicosate of Cilicia in particular, despite the fact that the Armenians of abroad live under infinitely better conditions from the religious point of view as well as in other respects. If Vazgen Baljian was

not the agent of Moscow why should he have tried to thwart the election and the consecration of Catholicos Zareh with all means. It should be plain even to political infants that it was not the interests of the Armenian Church but the explicit orders of the red masters of Moscow which impelled Vazgen Baljian to launch his infamous and disruptive intervention in the life of the Armenians of abroad.

When the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin indulges in interventions in behalf of a godless tyranny in the life of the Armenians of the free world and in the life of an independent Catholicosate such as Cilicia, how can any one possibly attach any importance or value to that pastoral letter which is used to convince the outside world that Etchmiadzin, as well as Moscow, are not trying to chain the Armenian churches of the free world to the Soviet chariot?

It should be noted also that the most important thing in Moscow's intervention through Etchmiadzin are the indirect methods which are being used, foremost among which is Etchmiadzin's political control over the Armenian clergy of the dispersion. It is an irrefutable fact that any Armenian clergyman of abroad who is under the jurisdiction of Etchmiadzin, who dares to deviate from the Soviet line, who shows the slightest sign of political independence, is promptly suspended, dismissed or unfrocked. And naturally this is done not transparently, namely for reasons of political defection, but under the shabby and facetious excuse of ecclesiastical discipline.

This is the reason why countless Armenian priests, Abeghas, Vardapets and bishops, driven from the fear of being suspended or unfrocked, are forced to shun the appearance of any attitude or conduct which might be displeasing to the Soviet government. Were it not for this fear, and should the Armenian clergy of the dispersion

had been really free to follow their political inclinations without fear of punitive measures, assuredly the conduct of many of them would be far different than it is.

Only through this pending Damoclean sword can we explain the farce which was enacted at the so-called "Episcopal Conference" in Cairo which shall ever remain a black spot on the escutcheon of the Armenian clergy. Otherwist those who joined that conference would never have dared to pass "unanimous" decisions, decisions which are absolutely opposed to the spirit, the canons and the traditions of the Armenian Church. They would never have dared to attempt to trample underfoot the historic rights of the Catholicosate of Cilicia.

There is no doubt that the bishops who took part in the infamous Episcopal Conference in Cairo, when they were passing their revolting decisions, had uppermost in their minds the fearful punishment which hung over them unless they rigidly obeyed the demands of Vazgen Baljian, the plenipotentiary of the Soviet government who had been sent abroad.

Can any one deny that, as a result of the godless soviet tyranny, the Armenian clergy today finds itself in a most unfavorable position as regards its spiritual independence? We say nothing as to the scanty survivors of the Armenian clergy within the Soviet Union and the satellite countries who, to be able to keep their heads on their shoulders, are forced to become the Soviet's humble and obedient servants. We have in mind the large number of the Armenian clergy who live in the free world. True, there is no death threat hanging over them in case of disobedience as is the case of those who are in the Soviet orbit. Nonetheless, it cannot be denied that the Armenian clergy of abroad who are subject to Etchmiadzin also live under a threat as long as they are liable to severe punishment in case they displease the Soviet.

For example, they cannot show any sympathy toward freedom-loving Armenian organizations, especially the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, and go unpunished. They cannot make any contribution to Dashnak affairs, cannot collaborate with Dashnak publications and go unpunished. Even those of the Armenian clergy who are loyal to the Armenian Church and live exemplary lives and who observe the Armenian creed, the ritual and the moral and spiritual high standards are liable, under the shabbiest of disciplinarian pretexts, to immediate suspension, demotion or unfrocking as were those who openly aligned themselves with the Dashnak ideas. To avoid this constant danger the Armenian clergy of the dispersion have cast their lot with the Soviet, some of them having joined the anti-Dashnak pack in silent conformance and others actively cooperating in the Soviet anti-Dashnak propaganda in order to insure their advancement in their careers.

Of course there are the exceptions. Undoubtedly there are clergymen in the dispersion, scarce in numbers, who are convinced friends of the Soviet tyranny. They believe naively that, in doing so, they are contributing to the preservation of the Armenian Church. However, it is impossible to imagine that they represent a respectable number. Especially those of them who had an opportunity to visit the Soviet Union are not so ignorant or so naive as to sincerely believe that the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin is in a position to protect the best interests of the Armenian Church both in the Soviet Union and in the free world. When even these men give implicit obedience to the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin they naturally cannot sincerely believe that they are really serving the Armenian Church and not, through the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin, a godless foreign tyranny which uses that very institution as an instrument to convert the Armenians

of the dispersion into a Soviet fifth column.

We have no doubt that many of the clergy of the dispersion who have aligned themselves with the Soviet know very well what they are doing but they refuse to give up their harmful course because they are convinced that, under the present circumstances, that is the only way they can protect their *personal* interests and preserve their positions and ranks. They do not care so much that they have to deal with an anti-religious government which has ruined the greater part of the Armenian churches in the Soviet Union, which strives to destroy all the religions and the churches within its domain and which keeps the Armenian Catholicos in Etchmiadzin for the sole purpose of winning over the Armenian communities of the free world. For the Armenian clergy of the dispersion, the greater part of the bishops in particular, who beat the Soviet drums and who have taken a hostile attitude toward the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, the chief object of their worry is their personal careers and the security of their positions in the dispersion, in defiance to the will of the overwhelming majority of the Armenian people and contrary to the best interests of the Armenian Church.

From this standpoint exceedingly significant are the decisions of the "Episcopal Conference" of Cairo, as well as the negotiations which some of the participating bishops, no doubt by order of the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin, conducted with the newly-elected Catholicos of Etchmiadzin and the clergy of the Cilician dioceses.

How They Are Trying to Destroy The Democratic Structure Of the Armenian Church

The Armenian Church, as every one knows, is an institution which is governed by democratic principles. Not only the Catholicos of All Armenians, but the diocesan prelates and the community priests

are elected by the votes of the believers.

It is true that the clergy, too, take part in the elections but the dominant role in voting is played by the people. This has been the case throughout the centuries, ever since the founding of the Armenian Church.

However, today an organized effort is being made by the agents of Moscow to concentrate the authority in the hands of the high ranking clergy and to deprive the common people from the right to elect their spiritual shepherds. Through terroristic and treacherous methods, after placing on the Patriarchal Throne a man of its choice, through him Moscow is now trying to create such a situation abroad as to bring all the Armenian churches of the free world under its control. It is for this reason that Etchmiadzin is trying hard to bring about a radical change in the Constitution of the Armenian Church, a change whose spirit and general direction is anti-democratic. In short, it is trying to "legalize" such a situation which will enable Etchmiadzin to eliminate popular elections of the clergy and to institute the system of appointment from above.

Moscow, the pro-soviet Armenian factions and the clergy which adheres to them know very well that they shall never be able to take over the Armenian churches of the free world as long as the Armenian people retains the decisive voice in its internal affairs and especially in the election of its pastors. For this reason, for years they utilized the influence of the Armenian Catholicos not only to dominate and control the Etchmiadzinist dioceses of the dispersion with a view to realize the proposed changes in the Constitution, but they wanted to take over at all cost the Catholicosate of Cilicia as well, so that the Armenians of the free world would be forced to submit to the appointees and the dictates of Moscow even if the imposition is made through

Etchmiadzin.

It is no exaggeration when we say Moscow, through Etchmiadzin, is striving to govern the Armenian churches of the dispersion as it governs the communist countries. That is to say, the people go through the formality of joining in an election which is staged but in reality everything is settled beforehand from the top and all the people have to do is to vote on the government's candidates.

This was the case, for example, in the so-called election of Vazgen Baljian. The conclave at Etchmiadzin which elected Baljian was a mere formality to pull the wool over the eyes of the people but the actual "elector" was Moscow through its agents.

To stage such a hoodwinking trickery is difficult, if not impossible in free countries where Armenians live. Therefore Moscow is trying hard through Etchmiadzin to concentrate the authority of the Armenian churches of the dispersion in the hands of the clergy, especially the bishops, in order to bring them under the control of Etchmiadzin which is another way of saying the control of Moscow.

In more plain words, Moscow cannot directly punish the entire Armenians of the free world if the latter refuse to submit to its dictates but can easily do so by punishing the Etchmiadzinist bishops, the Vardapets and the priests by implementing the punitive or disciplinary measures which are the prerogatives of the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin. However, the situation will at once change in favor of Moscow if the Constitution of the Cilician Catholicosate were to be changed so as to deprive that institution of the right to ordain any priest without the permission of Etchmiadzin.

From this standpoint exceedingly significant was the so-called "Writ of Agreement" which was drafted at the "Episcopal Conference" of Cairo which left no doubt as to

Moscow's sinister designs through its spokesman Vazgen Baljian.

That Writ of Agreement, through its Article VI, demanded:

"The Patriarch of Cilicia, according to the church-jurisdictional canons (canons imposed by the Episcopal Conference), shall have no right to ordain, nor shall have the right to permit the bishops of his jurisdiction to exercise any ordination, or to send outside the boundaries of the Cilician Patriarchate any already ordained clergymen to serve the dioceses or the parishes of the dispersion without the recommendation and the approval of the Catholicos of All Armenians (Etchmiadzin), and as to the ordination and the mission of priests, without the explicit request of the prelates who are endorsed by the Mother Throne."

From the standpoint of instituting a system in the dispersion which is absolutely opposed to the democratic spirit, the principles and the traditions of the Armenian Church exceedingly significant are also those changes which the Episcopal Conference of Cairo decided to introduce into the Constitution of the Catholicosate of Cilicia.

The participants of the Conference which was initiated and headed by Vazgen Baljian decided to change the 1941 Constitution of the Cilician Catholicosate not through democratic procedure, not through the elected representatives of the Cilician constituency, but through the members of the Cilician Monastic Order, without consulting the people.

It is true that the proposed change would be made by a "Spriritual Council" consisting of four clergymen and four laymen, but the four laymen were to be appointed by the Monastic Order, and not by the people.

In other words the "Episcopal Conference" of Cairo, according to the dictates of Vazgen Baljian, would leave nothing to the people because, it was certain, the people

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would refuse to accept the proposed changes made by the servants of Moscow. From the standpoint of enforcing Moscow's wishes, it is far more expedient not to rely on the precarious possibilities of the people's vote but to leave everything to the clergy. Whereas the freedoms enjoyed by the Armenian churches of the dispersion render difficult or uncertain the certainty of Moscow's control through popular, democratic methods, the clergyman can more easily and reliably become the tool of Moscow as long as the Mother Throne of the Armenian Church is located in the Soviet Union.

As we all know, the communists have perfected the art of distorting the facts, ascribing their own motives to their opponents, and generally making no discrimination in the methods they employ. And unfortunately, through years of propaganda and close co-operation they have succeeded in transmitting to their ideological allies the Hunchaks and the "Progressives", as well as the leaders of so-called Liberal Ramgavars, the Knights of Vardan and the Benevolent Union, their fine art of deliberate sophistication and deceit.

Thus, by following the abominable chicanery of Communist propaganda, the leaders of the Ramgavars, the Benevolent Union and the Knights of Vardam have characterized the fight against the Soviet tyranny of Armenia as "anti-Armenian," although they very well know that the organization which created the independent

Armenian Republic, which has shed far more blood for the sake of Armenia than any other Armenian organization, the Armenian Revolutionary Federation could never be anti-Armenian.

It is by espousing the despicable tactics of the communist propaganda that, likewise, the Ramgavars, in alliance with the Benevolent Union, the Knights of Vardan and their satellites, call the Armenian Revolutionary Federation "anti-Etchmiadzinist" or "anti-church," the same Revolutionary Federation which in 1903-06, more than any other Armenian organization, waged a successful fight against the Tsarist encroachments on the Armenian Church and which, for the past 35 years, single-handed has been waging a relentless fight to save the Armenian church from the iron grip of an infinitely more ruthless and anti-religious tyranny — the Soviet regime.

It turns up that that element of the Armenian people which calls itself "pro-Armenia," "pro-Etchmiadzin," and "pro-church," (the Ramgavar-Hunchak-"Progressive" alliance), is now doing its utmost to help the Soviet dictatorship in its effort to keep Armenia in its present stifled and strangled condition, and to strangle the Armenian Church in the free world by converting it into a political tool of the Soviet. Whereas the Armenian Revolutionary Federation becomes "anti-Armenian," "anti-Etchmiadzinist," and "anti-church," the organization which singlehanded is fighting for a free and independent Armenia as well as the freedom of the Armenian Church.

IV. Musings on Life and Art

HOVSEP PUSHMAN

*In the sanctuary of my studio, I commune
with vanished existences through the veil of art.*

*When aesthetics and philosophy blend, you
have the flower of truth, which is art.*

*The divine images that pose for me teach
me poise and patience.*

The immortals bask in an eternal twilight.

*Loneliness purges the soul of
inconsequential.*

*The face of a god should be painted with
inflections of light.*

*One may grasp the spirit of a thing through
a misty blur, but that vision must emerge
immaculately upon canvas, otherwise you
have a conceited illusion.*

*A canvas can be as deep or as shallow as
the artist.*

*There is far too much near-sighted painting,
applying strokes at close range, like a*

dazed pugilist. One should paint as far away from a canvas as possible. View each touch at a dozen paces. Then a painting acquires a sense of proportion and its values mellowed in impersonal space. Then a painting possesses depth and avoids being all surface.

Red is the life-blood of a painting, vibration except black, which acts as very tissue.

All colors possess the quality of vibration except black which acts as a velvet cushion to surrounding values.

Those who apply gaudy colors with superficial effects resemble illiterates attracted by flashy phrases — using them with grotesque flourishes.

One color should consult with another before entering the picture, observing a discreet deference as to its function and place.

Cold and warm colors are hostile to one another, such as brown and green. Creative art reconciles opposing values and enhances the value of each. The result is a triumph on canvas where hues tingle with vibrant resonances.

My ivory tower is a fortress of refuge against hostile ideologies that would annihilate my spirit.

FIGURES FROM THE ARMENIAN REVOLUTION

FROM THE WORKS OF ROUBEN DER MINASSIAN

JAMES G. MANDALIAN

(The pages of Rouben Der Minassian's "Complete Works" are full of colorful pictures of the now little known people who played roles in the forgotten drama of the Armenian Revolution. Here Mr. Mandalian takes four representative examples from the Der Minassian works and, in according us a glimpse into history, resurrects an epic era. Mr. Mandalian is presently working on a formal volume, "The Soul of the Armenian Revolution", in which these four sketches, as well as the story of Armenian revolutionary hero Kevork Chavoush (see *AR*, last issue), will appear.)

FATIH BEG

To keep the friendship of the Kurdish ashirets and their lackeys one was forced constantly to employ Kevork Chavoush's daring and chivalrous methods, but this was a difficult task for a common mortal like me, therefore we often used to resort to cunning strategy. The following incident will illustrate my point.

The chief of the Alman tribe, Fatih Beg, relying on the Turkish gendarmes and his ashiret, had started to intensify his oppressive acts and openly defied the Fedayis. He was a special enemy of mine and had sworn to behead me with his own hand and drink my blood as a toast to the Sultan. According to the custom of the Fedayis I was the one who should show himself to the Beg at his residence. This was difficult since the Beg was a cautious man and was well guarded at all hours. Nevertheless I had to teach him a lesson.

Fatih had an Armenian servant whose name I do not recall. We ordered him to lock up Fatih's dogs in a barn in the night. Led by Hovik of Komer, an old wolf who

was familiar with Fatih's house, I approached the village with a company of seven Fedayis. The dogs did not raise a sound. Noiselessly we crawled up to the house of Fatih at midnight, unnoticed by the guards. We crawled inside the house and entered Fatih's bedroom, posting three guards at the door. All were sound asleep and no one heard us. Hovik lit a lamp at the head of Fatih who was sound asleep in the arms of his wife. Finally his wife woke up and, horrified, let loose a piercing shriek. We ordered her not to make a sound. I turned to Fatih and said to him, "Fatih, you wanted to capture me and drink my blood to the health of the Sultan. I forgive your folly for the sake of your children. We are tired and hungry, get up and bring us some refreshments so that we will be on our way."

They got up, young and old turned into mice, set a table before us, while the half-clad Fatih swore up and down that he was a faithful brother of the Fedayis and that the very next day he would return to the Armenians the lands which he had seized, and that he and his ashiret would join the

Fedayi organization. Naturally he was blowing off from sheer fright but actually he returned the seized lands and later became an ally of the Fedayis.

Fatih then called in his guards who were both shocked and terrified seeing us. He said to them, "I have called my brothers, I have always been their friend and shall ever be their friend. All the precautionary measures I have taken are a mere form. If you ever oppose the Fedayis you shall be my enemies."

We left the village safely but the rumor was soon spread that Fatih had become a Fedayi. When the government questioned him Fatih spoke favorably of us because he was afraid of our reprisal.

Kevork Chavoush did not deem this mode of action quite chivalrous, but not every field agent or company commander had the daring and the audacity of Kevork Chavoush. This particular operation, although clandestine, was something I had to carry out since I was weaker than Kevork Chavoush both in body and spirit. We had quite a little fun thereafter, every time we remembered the half-clad Fatih in his bed, crying "Ya Allah, Ya Allah!"

As a result of these two methods of operation—money and threat—many became our friends, but chiefly the heads of the Ashirets, the Agha's, the Begs, and the greater part of government officials who were sold men. This friendship, however, was founded on sand. As long as the money and the threat lasted they pretended to be our friends, but in reality they were our enemies because their interests were opposed to ours. In their desperation they tolerated our ostensible friendship since neither the government nor they themselves could protect themselves and their interests.

JEMIL BEG

The methods employed by Kevork Cha-

voush to impress the Kurdish begs were varied and exceedingly audacious. Often in broad daylight or in the night he would make a surprise call on some Beg or Agha in his very lair, thus to impress him how easy it was for him to take his life if he wanted. After making his terror felt, he would part as friends, leaving behind a grateful Beg or Agha whose lives had been spared by the chivalry of their arch foe.

What came easy to Kevork Chavoush, however, was fraught with disastrous consequences for others. One should possess Kevork's charm or Magar's fierce exterior, otherwise the impression would not be complete. "The Kurd's brain is in his eyes," Magar was wont to say, and if we added to this that the power of the Armenian is in his ability to focus on his ancient past, the picture will be complete. I will relate an incident which illustrates what an awkward actor I was in this respect.

Upon my arrival at the Turan Plateau the Beg of the Kurdish Balak tribe had heard that a great *Kafir*—Fedayi commander—had arrived from Muscovy. This *Kafir* had curly hair and was fully the equal of Kevork Chavoush, they had told him. Impressed by my reputation, the curious chieftain expressed a wish to meet me and my Fedayis with a company of his guards. He wanted to be my brother and friend.

Accompanied by a crack company of some 20 Fedayis I waited for him at the top of Mount Marnik. My Fedayis were well dressed and looked formidable in their equipment, especially Magar of Sbaghan whose fierce look alone had paralyzed many a would-be foe before he could draw his weapon. I myself, their chief, was comparatively a young lad with a tawny beard, long hair, and without a headgear, most unimpressive as far as looks were concerned.

Presently we sighted the Kurds coming toward us, the Beg mounted on his horse

leading the way. He was followed by his *gholams* (lackeys) who brought us gifts — five sheep and two loads of various articles. I lined up my Fedayis and stood at their head, having beside me Magar of Sbaghan. The Beg dismounted from his horse, fixed his blue eyes on Magar, and thinking he was the chief, embraced him. Magar desperately tried to tell the chief that he had made a mistake and pointed to me as the real chief. He was mortified that the Beg had treated me as a common Fedayi and had insulted me by not deigning to shake my hand. I nudged Magar not to disillusion the Beg.

Finally the Kurds and the Fedayis sat down side by side in the forest, all eyes fixed on Magar, watching his movements and admiring his formidable looks, thinking he was the Kafir of Muscovy. Some of the Fedayis were having the time of their lives while the others were plainly displeased over the error. At this juncture Lazar of Shenik who was an intelligent veteran and cunning Fedayi approached me and whispered in my ear: "Look at the partridge at the top of yonder ledge; bring it down and you will open the eyes of these dogs. Then they will think highly of the Curly Hair." My Fedayis used to call me Curly Hair.

The bird stood some 300 paces from us. I picked up my rifle, and while Magar and the Beg were talking, from my sitting position I fired and brought the bird down. The boys retrieved the fallen bird and reverently laid it at my feet. I in turn flung it at the Beg's feet and said, "My compliments."

The Beg turned to Magar. "What a skillful soldier you have," he exclaimed with astonishment.

"I tell you he is not my soldier; I am his soldier. I am Magar of Sbaghan, that man who brought the bird down is our chief. Believe me, don't look at his age or his poor attire. The Fakir from Muscovy

you are looking for is that youth. He is the curly hair."

Jemil Beg rose to his feet, walked over to me, and instead of apologizing for his error, said frankly: "It was not my fault that I did not recognize you. To hear your reputation, to see your skill, but not to see you, well, nothing is lost."

I was not hurt by the Beg's candor because I really was the most inconspicuous person in my company; but the exhibition of my marksmanship was enough to command the respect of all.

LODGKANTZI ARTIN

After the death of Kevork Chavoush the revolutionaries were confronted with a critical situation. The government figured, now that Kevork Chavoush was out of the way, if they only could capture me, the revolutionary cause would be ruined and the people, now discouraged, would surrender. A completely new set of gendarmerie and administrative machinery had been brought to Moush from Macedonia. The new *Mutessarif* (Governor) was a veteran foe of the revolutionaries, injured in his fights against the Serbian, Greek, Macedonian and Wallach patriots, and was familiar with their tactics. He placed the land of Moush in a tight chain of hitherto unseen iron laws which made it difficult to breath or live. This monster sent to prison all the chiefs of the villages who invariably were members of our committees and replaced them with his men, Turkish or Kurdish landowners. He posted everywhere his *gholjis* — so-called guardians of peace — many of whom were gendarmes. He promoted the swift disappropriation of the Armenian villagers thus ruining the people's economy. The teachers were sent to prison, the schools were closed, and the Fedayis were tried in absentia. These mock trials were not a mere comedy play, but were calculated to discredit the Fedayi organiza-

tion in the eyes of the people.

A typical example of this was the trial of Lodgkantzi Artin and myself. Artin was an old soldier of the revolution, fearless and brave, my closest companion in arms and my mainstay. The court was solemnly opened in the presence of the people, attended by the Armenian Prelate of the Diocese and the dignitaries of the city. Defense attorneys were appointed to plead the cause of the accused.

The presiding judge asked three times: "Are Lodgkantzi Artin and Rouben of Russia in this audience?" Each time the answer was they were absent. Then the Prosecuting Attorney solemnly mounted the podium and read a list of Artin's crimes. He showed that Artin was a revolutionary who had taken part in the Sassoun Rebellion, had killed 38 Kurds; in Kourdik he had killed gendarmes, had taken part in the fights of Komer, Kourdik and others, had held up the mail, etc., etc. He ended his impeachment demanding the death penalty.

Then came the Defense Attorney who admitted that all that the Prosecutor had said was true. But, he pleaded, Artin was a mountaineer of Sassoun, intrepid and simpleminded. He was an illiterate man but a hero who could not tolerate the Kurds to kill his relatives, therefore he had taken his revenge by killing 38 Kurds. He was an *Ashir* — a tribal fighter — who could not forgive himself if he did not avenge his kinsmen and that if he reneged in his honor he would be considered an *Alchakh* — a coward. He was a loyal citizen of the government and his likes should be educated, rather than to be punished. He was not guilty, the guilty were the outsiders who had deceived him. The real culprit were the tale-bearing Roubens who fooled their victims and exploited their powers. The Defense Attorney demanded the dismissal of the charges and the outright freedom of Artin.

The Court found Artin innocent and called on him to come forth and resume his place in society. Then came my turn. There was no limit to the list of crimes which were piled on my name — mischief-maker, traitor, a rebel, disturber of the peace and disrupter of the community. In an atmosphere of fanatical hatred and to the glee of the spectators I was sentenced to a term of 101 years imprisonment.

Naturally the sentence really meant very little to me since I was absent, but similar sentences always left a mark on the people as well as the victims. I have lost track of the number of sentences issued against me, some nine in all, ranging from 25 to 101 years. To execute the sentence they resorted to all kinds of means. They put a price on my head, at first 25 Turkish pounds sterling which gradually mounted to 500.

Now that I recall these figures so dispassionately, I do not wish to hide that at the time they had a crushing effect upon my peace of mind. On a dark night, for instance, as I traveled with my Fedayis, we would see posters at the head of a bridge, on the side of a road, or on telegraph poles, with my picture, promising so many pounds sterling to the man who brings in my head, the death penalty to the man who gives me shelter, etc. etc. The Fedayis would laugh and swear at the government while I pretended to be indifferent, although deep inside the worm of fear was gnawing away at my heart. To think that any traitor could turn me in for the sake of money, and that I would be hanged if captured! There were moments when I wanted to chuck the whole thing and leave the country, but in the end I recovered my poise. It is difficult to explain this reversal to equanimity. The way I reasoned it, I suppose, was like this. To begin with I had come here to die. The thing which went against the grain was the mode of dying. The government wanted to hang me while I preferred to die like

Kourken, Hrayr and Kevork Chavoush. Dying by a bullet in battle had become an ideal with us, purging our hearts of all fear.

This brief picture of my internal sufferings is necessary in order to explain a bad phenomenon in the life of the Fedayis. Some of my intimate comrades started to think that I was the cause of these hardships and two of my companions succumbed to the pressure. To my great surprise one of those men was Lodgkantzi Artin whose psychological ordeal was not understood by his Fedayi comrades. They demanded his trial by a Fedayi tribunal. Cholo and his companions could not understand the trials of their comrade.

It was before the encounter of Pitar when we had sought cover in a forest of Sassoun, together with Magar, Lazar, Cholo, Manoog and others. Lodgkanzi Artin, too, was with us, silent and thoughtful. Suddenly he disappeared in the night, leaving us in doubt. Fearing he had turned traitor we moved to another hiding place. Later we learned that Artin had gone to the Shenik village and had harangued the villagers that he no longer was a Fedayi. "Take my weapons to Rouben and tell him I will not be a traitor (to the government) then take me to the government authorities. I will surrender myself. I want to become a peasant again." Abro and Vardan of Shenik expostulated with him: "You are violating the Fedayi honor, you are disgracing the name of Lodgkantzi Artin. Please, Artin, do not do this thing. Get it out of your head. The Fedayi enlists in order to die, it's useless to talk about surrender, not until the Ottoman throne is overthrown." But Artin was adamant. He threw aside his weapons and retired to the barn without food or water.

Word came to us that Abro, Vardan and the leading citizens of the village were coming to see us. "Artin has gone astray,"

they said to us, "he wants to disgrace the Fedayi code and then he will turn traitor. The honor of Sassoun is lost, save our honor we beg of you, knock some sense into Artin's head."

Magar would not believe it at first but this was no longer a joke. It was the cold truth. The Fedayis decided that Artin was a traitor in believing the court's promise of pardon. In my heart I did not approve of the verdict and yet the Fedayis looked to me for the order of execution. I listened silently. I wanted to see Artin whom I loved as myself.

It was difficult to see Artin who always shunned us. Finally one night we caught him hidden in the barn of Turgo. The former giant of a hero had lost half of his weight in three days. I had to speak first, after which his fate would be sealed. "Artin dear," I said, "you are a sick man. Tell me all about it. You can trust me. Haven't we fought together and haven't we broken bread and tasted salt together?" The tiger-faced Artin was completely changed, was gnawing his lips, and instead of answering me, he was crying like a baby. "I am dead," he wailed pitifully, "I am no longer a Fedayi, I want to be a peasant again, I have a family and I want to settle down. It does not matter if they pardon me or hang me. I cannot do it, I cannot do it, even if you kill me."

It is useless to try to reason with one when his mental stability is shattered. In such moments the only thing which impresses the victim is actions or the instinct. Without saying a word I got up, took off my weapons and placed them in front of Artin. "If that's the case, Artin, then I too cannot do it," I said with finality. "From now on you take charge of the nation's affairs. I am a wandering exile here, the sentence of the gallows around my neck, while you are a native of Sassoun, worthy of the government's pardon. Let's go. Let them hang

me while you stay alive to liberate the Armenians."

Artin was stunned. "What are you saying?" he exclaimed angrily, "you are the head of the nation, you have no right to do this. Are you a traitor?"

"He has a perfect right to say it," rejoined the shrewed Abro. "If Lodgkantzi Artin is a traitor so let it be with his commander."

Abro's words smote Artin to the heart. "Marabe is a witness that what you say is true," he said to Abro. "Bring me my weapons." Then turning to me he said: "I have sinned, I ran away, punish me for my cowardice but promise me that you will send me back to the lines. I will go shoot that dog of a Mutessarif or be shot and atone for my sin."

Artin's case was solved and he became his former self, a brave Fedayi. In later years he would chuckle as he related the story of his desertion: "The demon had entered my heart and I bent. We all are crooked to start with." All the same the demon of desertion was with us sometimes to a more or less degree.

MEHMED EFFENDI

Mehmed Effendi, baptismal name Avedis and school name Armenag, was a native of the village of Bulanik. In 1885 when he was a school teacher he became a convert of the revolution and continued his adherence until the hanging of Marcar Vazhapet of Vardenis in Bitlis. At that period Avedis became the victim of a fierce persecution. He was sent to prison with the spectre of death hanging over him. He saved himself by becoming a proselyte of Islam and when he became free he rendered distinct services to the government. The Islamized Mehmed Effendi was promoted to *Sandouk Emin*, then plain gendarme, and later *Bash Commisser* (Captain of police).

He was the most esteemed person among the Moslems as a fanatical Mohammedan and a loyal and highly clever officer. His word carried weight in government circles and his conversion to Islam had made men forget his Armenian birth. He was a "dyed in the wool" Turk and an inveterate enemy of the Armenians and the revolution. The Armenians renounced him as an apostate, a traitor, and a most dangerous man. This was the exterior of Mehmed Effendi.

If, however, to the outside world Mehmed Effendi seemed happy and carefree, inwardly he and his family lived a tragic life. He had been Turkified, but inwardly he had remained a Christian. This was true also of his wife and children. They had to attend the mosque, they were forbidden to set foot in an Armenian church, the Armenian priest never blessed their home. On the contrary, when outside, they swore at the Armenians and their Christian religion, but in the privacy of their home, where they had a secret chapel in a corner, they worshipped Christ at nights. In the daytime they were not permitted to speak Armenian, they had to pretend to be ignorant of the language, but at nights they spoke the mother tongue — a sort of disguised, double life. This sham, however, was a noble one, imposed upon the family by the strictures of circumstances. Under his gendarme's uniform Mehmed Effendi was the same liberal-minded, patriotic and revolutionary Armenian he had been before his "Islamization."

While men like me persecuted him from the outside, Mehmed Effendi had made it his principle to appear an enemy to his persecutors but to help them from the inside. Like any other Turk he was very stern toward the Armenians and he would yield second place to no Turk in his hatred, persecution and brutality toward his kinsmen. In the struggle against the revolutionaries he always won the first prize as the

government's loyal servant. As police captain he took into account each espionage or government operation very conscientiously, took peremptory measures to punish the revolutionaries, was a harsh taskmaster and was known for his beatings and tortures of the revolutionaries. He was the government's most trusted servant.

Nevertheless he was equally indispensable to the revolutionaries and was the most powerful ameliorator of the sufferings of the Armenian people. As a high ranking official of the government he knew all its plans and prospective steps. As an individual he did not oppose those plans but actively supported them. At the same time he forewarned Dadrak, our secret agent, as to the government's plans and showed him the way to avoid them in a manner which would never invite suspicion. With one hand he mapped out the government plan while with his other hand he wrecked or neutralized those plans. All that was necessary was for Dadrak to keep a tight lip while I took the necessary preventive measures with swift dexterity. Conversely, Mehmed Effendi was familiar with all our prospective plans and he advised the government to his effect in order to divert their attention.

I had a private meeting with Mehmed Effendi which I shall relate. At the appointed hour Mehmed Effendi showed up in his full uniform, rattling his captain's long sword. He was a giant of a man and quite handsome who might have passed for a German. He reached out a hand to me surlily and said, "Rouben Effendi, your head is in my hands, shall I let it fly?" He spoke in Turkish. I stood there stunned, deeply impressed by his uniform and his words. He thought I did not understand him so he repeated it in his broken Armenian. I collected my wits and replied to him in Armenian, "Your head will follow mine with you tongue cut off at the roots." Aft-

er this exchange of pleasantries our conversation slowly became intimate and more practical.

I will relate here the most salient of his plans and the thoughts which he expressed. "In my garden I have two apple trees," he started his parable. "One of these trees yields a red-cheeked, beautiful apple, the other yields an ugly fruit like the potato. The beautiful tree with the red fruit attracts all eyes — the birds, the worms and the flies. They all shun the ugly apple. But if you want to taste them, the beautiful fruit has no flavor, it is not sweet. The inside is hollow, eaten by the worms. The ugly fruit is sweet like honey and is juicy. By this parable I want to tell you that the ugly despised Turk Mehmed Effendi who is regarded as a traitor is the ugly apple, while the beautiful apple is the one who shines under the Armenian name and the Christian faith. I would like to see a few intelligent revolutionary leaders taste my flavor and see for themselves."

After this self-introduction Mehmed Effendi expressed his desire that we of the revolutionaries should always speak evil of him and persecute him without killing him. He volunteered to endure all sort of indignity since deep in his heart he regarded all this as baseless and unjust. "I am the most unfortunate man in the world," he said, "because I am alone; my children do not know me, to say nothing of the outside world, but at the same time I am the most free of men, free of all men, since inwardly I am the master of my conscience. I was forcibly thrown out of the true path, what good is it to me to return to the true path now? Once you have mounted the donkey, do not dismount, it is shameful. By resigning from Islam there will be one less Turk. For this I am happy and I laugh when they call me a traitor. I am entrenched in a fortress which you want to wreck, but your power is trivial, impotent like rain drops

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which beat against the stone walls. True, *damla damla selaf olour* — individual drops make the torrent, but if I don't open the door of the fortress from the inside, the torrent is useless. It is for this reason that I understand your value. I want you to understand my value to you."

In his opinion, to be able to continue his services to the nation's cause, three things were necessary. First, strict secrecy; second, to conform to those evils which the others, himself included, will inflict upon us; third, to promote hatred toward him among the Armenians and confidence among the Turks.

He had a family problem which he did not know how to solve. He had daughters who would grow up and marry Turkish boys. How could he prevent this tragedy?

Mehmed Effendi saw the success of the revolution in cooperating with the revolutionary elements of the Turks and the Kurds, to go it alone was beyond the ability of the Armenians. He gave me a small list of the Kurdish and Turkish revolutionaries who sympathized with our cause and told me how we could work miracles by cooperating with them. Mehmed Effendi knew all of them, although he was hated by them since he was the watch dog and he was the one who punished them when they were caught. "These men are my allies," he said, "without knowing it, and to keep up the deception they must continue to consider me their enemy. You must be very careful not to speak kindly of me in their presence."

He gave me detailed information about his espionage network which included 20 Armenians, three of them from our ranks. In confiding his secret in us he took my word of honor that we would never divulge our secret and that we would not kill them

except two who were in direct contact with the *Vali* (Governor) as if unknown to me. It was necessary that we prove the falsity of their information, discredit them and throw them in jail. To this end he suggested that I spend a night at the home of Ziaretzi Vardan, and on leaving, drop a letter and a cartridge behind. When discovered, that particular spy would be apprehended as a Fedayi. "Do you know?" he said to me, "that every spy of mine has his counter spy? What a complicated structure. But it is easy for me to disentangle this chaos. I protect my spies and render small services to the government. My rivals, the government's spies, I arrest them as Fedayis, thus on one hand one more spy is removed from the scene and his master is discredited on the other hand. The most deadly among methods of liquidation. That leaves my private spies and I can easily neutralize them, I leave them to you. You have your own role. This latter is your job and mine."

With this our interview came to an end. I was loaded with a mass of precious information about the spies and the government plans. It was time to part. As he was about to leave he turned to me and said, "There are rumors that Fedayis have entered the city. If these rumors spread I will be forced to take action against them. I will probably jail them or kill some of them much against my will. If I find you I will be forced to do the same thing." He was deeply agitated as he uttered these words. "You will forgive me if such a misfortune should ever happen."

I kept listening to him as his voice trailed on: "If we should ever fight each other you will recognize me by a white handkerchief around my neck."

We embraced, kissed and parted.

PROPERTY RIGHTS IN PUBLIC ADDRESS¹

GEORGE P. RICE, M.A., LL.B., Ph.D.

"In principio erat verba." St. John, I. I.

I

The Scope and Importance of the Problem. The influence of the spoken word upon modern society is of incalculable weight and significance. No one has yet ventured to estimate the number of formal public addresses alone which are delivered in the United States in the course of a single year. But authorities in communication estimate that ninety-eight per cent of what men tell each other is by the spoken word. Since Aristotle wrote his *Rhetoric* in 335 B.C., the trilogy of speaker-speech-audience and their interrelations has been studied from rhetorical, psychological, and legal aspects. But the concept of property rights in lectures, addresses, and sermons has not received the attention which its long history and very real importance should command. The idea of an address as personal property has its origins in the natural law theories of Puffendorf. It has made its way to our time along the channels of forensic and pedagogical public utterance.

Some idea of the number of lectures delivered in university class rooms in a given

semester may be had by determining the average number of courses offered in institutions of higher learning and multiplying it by the total of colleges and universities offering instruction. Add to these the number of forensic actions in courts of law (which in Marion County of Indiana alone is to be reckoned from the filing of 75 to 100 actions daily); count also the sermons delivered each Sunday and to these add the political and non-political talks of men in government. Estimate, too, the thousands of occasional talks given daily on an infinite variety of topics before thousands of professional, business, and social groups — and some idea of the magnitude of public speaking as a means of social control with valuable property interests is obtained. The effect of the spoken word is further enhanced by the increased audiences made possible by the use of television, radio, and sound-amplifying devices utilized both for entertainment and commercial ends.

Despite ample evidence of the importance of public utterance to individual and body politic alike, remarkably little interest in legal protection of the intellectual products involved has been shown by the speakers of lectures, sermons, and addresses. Typical reactions of well known contemporary speakers and editors have indicated awareness of the honor of speaking and publishing, but they have shown them —

¹ This essay was submitted by Dr. Rice in the 1956 Nathan Burkhon Memorial Competition, Indiana University School of Law, Indianapolis Division, and won first prize in the competition. It is published with the special permission of The American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers.

selves relatively uninformed as to the rights they might exercise under the statute.² An examination of titles of papers contributed to existing volumes of the ASCAP copyright annual is also suggestive as to the law student's lack of interest in the problem of informing and activating parties in interest to preserve economic values in speeches.³ There have been notable instances, after all, of patriotic orators, poets laureate, clergymen, and businessmen who have composed and delivered highly successful addresses which were later the source of financial gain to others than the original creators.

A glance into the 1955 Register of Copyright Report furnishes additional evidence of lack of knowledge or interest on the part of spokesmen. There it is reported that during the period 1951-55 an annual average of some 350,000 items were copyrighted.⁴ Included were books, periodicals, dramatic and musical compositions, works of art, and lectures, addresses, and sermons. It is strikingly significant of the current practices of speakers that less than 800 of the 350,000 items submitted for copyright protection were for lectures, sermons, and addresses. And of the 302 registrations which did obtain such protection in 1927 and hence were eligible for renewal in 1955, only four asked for and received it.⁵

There have been indications that the legal profession recognizes the importance and vitality of the problem and anticipates increasing numbers of cases on point.⁶ But

the efforts of Chafee and Yankwich and their discerning probings into the future of protected interests in intellectual productions need reinforcement both from the legal and teaching professions if speakers are to attain maximum benefits. Many attendant problems, such as corporate control of the creators of intellectual values, have been tentatively explored in the field of patent law and obviously have implications for the field of copyright.⁷

II

Remote Historical Background of Property Rights in Public Utterance. There is evidence that Western civilization very early held the spoken word and the public opinion it influenced in high regard. So Homer in the *Iliad*, circa 1000 B.C.: "Thus would a man speak, with a glance at his neighbor." Rhetoric and public address, born in the law courts of Greek colonies of Sicily and transplanted to Athens, was an important factor in the rise of Athenian democracy.⁸ There public speaking developed along three lines: deliberative address in the public assemblies, exemplified by Demosthenes' *De Corona*;⁹ forensic, practised in the courts of law, represented by Antiphon's *On the Choreutes*;¹⁰ and panegyric, speeches of praise or blame uttered upon important public occasions, mirrored in Pericles' *Funeral Oration*.¹¹ An important additional medium of public address was to be found in the educational

right," 45 Col. L. R. 503; L. R. Yankwich, "The Development of the Law of Intellectual Property and Creative Arts in the Western States," 7 *Hastings Law Journal* pp. 123-142.

⁷ W. Hamilton and C. W. Ooms, "Is Our Patent System Obsolete?" *The American Scholar*, XVII.4.470-75.

⁸ R. C. Jebb, *The Attic Orators*, London, 1876, I. See also E. E. Stoll, "The Downfall of Oratory: Our Undemocratic Arts," *Journal of the History of Ideas*, January, 1949, pp. 1-34.

⁹ L. Copeland, ed., *The World's Great Speeches*, New York, 1949, p. 16.

¹⁰ K. J. Maidment, *Minor Attic Orators*, London, 1941, pp. 246-285.

¹¹ Copeland, *supra*, p. 3.

² e. g. letters from T. F. Daly, Jr., editor of *Vital Speeches of the Day*, May 1, 1956; A. C. Baird, editor of *Representative American Speeches*, May 16, 1956; and W. N. Brigrance, formerly editor of *The Quarterly Journal of Speech*, May 2, 1956.

³ *Copyright Law Symposium*, New York, 1956. See index, pp. 249-252.

⁴ *Annual Report of the Register of Copyrights for the fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1955*, Washington, D. C., 1955, p. 8.

⁵ *supra*, p. 10.

⁶ G. Z. Chafee, Jr., "Reflections on the Law Copy-

lectures offered for a fee to the youth of Athens by Plato, Aristotle, Isocrates, and their successors.¹²

The great deliberative orations of classical Greece, like their modern counterparts, were not associated with a possessory interest of economic value to the orator-statesman. Rather, it is in the forensic and pedagogical use of the spoken word that one will find the classical precedents of the modern concept of intellectual property in speeches. Thus, Antiphon, supposed inventor and popularizer of the "tetralogy" in the Fifth Century, B.C., was a professional composer of speeches to present cases in the courts of law for a fee.¹³ He was perhaps the first "ghost-writer" of recorded Greek history, who found his opportunity in the procedural requirements of the day that every litigant must appear in court to present or defend his own case, regardless of knowledge of law or skill in public speaking. Antiphon made his living by assisting those who felt a lack of proficiency in adapting available facts to existing law and in speaking to juries ranging from 201 to 6001 citizens. His invention included a brief made up of a statement of the charge by the accuser; a reply by the defendant; a response or rebuttal by the accuser; and a final response by the defendant.¹⁴ Thus, in addition to setting up an important procedural contribution in law, Antiphon also established an early form of principal-agent relation.

The second use of public utterance in ancient Greece in which elements of valuable property interest might be found was the pedagogue's use of the spoken word in his lectures. Traveling professors, called Sophists, represented by such educators as Gorgias, Hippias, and Protagoras, learned in a particular field of knowledge such

as law, poetic, rhetoric, government, or economics, established themselves in a given town for a year or two and there gave instruction to its young men. The students found in the mastery of such subjects a *vade mecum* to power and preferment in the public service.¹⁵ A fee was offered and accepted for the privilege of attending lectures. The lectures themselves, carefully polished and many times delivered, were valuable personal property of the Sophist who found in them his means of livelihood.¹⁶ A teacher such as Isocrates ranked among the wealthy men of his time on the proceeds of his instruction.¹⁷

The transition of Greek culture to Rome brought in its train a line of development of property interest in pedagogical and forensic public speaking which paralleled the original. For example, the income of Cicero from legal services as the foremost Roman lawyer of his time was something like 20,000,000 sesterces over a career of about thirty years.¹⁸ He earned the modern equivalent of over \$30,000 per year, since the sesterce in the Late Republic or Early Empire lay between four and five cents. Generally such income was not paid directly as a fee, but rather was received through a bequest in a will, the accepted practice of the time. Rome, like Athens, recognized the status of "public professors,"¹⁹ such as Quintilian, and they earned large sums. And the Romans followed the Greek custom of circulating in manuscript copies of speeches and addresses among friends for their criticism before delivery or publication—the early forerunner of the limited

¹⁵ B. Jowett, Tr., *The Works of Plato*, New York, n.d., IV.1.277 *passim*.

¹⁶ L. Thonssen and A. C. Baird, *Speech Criticism*, N. Y. 1948, pp. 30-33.

¹⁷ *ibid.*, p. 45.

¹⁸ R. J. Smutny, "The Sources of Cicero's Income," *The Classical Weekly*, December 10, 1951, pp. 50-56.

¹⁹ R. S. Watson, tr., *Quintilian's Institutes of Oratory*, London, 1856, Pref. 1.2.

¹² W. W. Jaeger, *Paideia*, New York, 1943, II.

¹³ Jebb, *supra*, I.45-70.

¹⁴ Jebb, *ibid.*

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publication right set down in the modern copyright statute.²⁰ When the miscalled "Dark Ages," (500 A.D. to 900 A.D.) came to an end, the rise of medieval universities at Bologna, Paris, and Oxford established the custom of privileged attendance of students at lectures in theology, law, medicine, and liberal arts in return for a fee paid the lecturer.²¹

By 1215 the chapters of Magna Charta show a vital concern with security of property rights of many sorts, but one will search in vain for any indication of an intent to recognize or protect property rights resident in what is today called intellectual and creative products of the mind.²² It was only after the politico-religious struggles of late Tudor and early Stuart history that society resumed the full and legal protection (in England) of rights in property as well as civil rights.²³ The course of the struggle had alerted government to the importance of control of the organs of public opinion formation—spoken and written — and so the system of licensing publication, primarily for the purposes of censorship, came into being.²⁴ This policy had important consequences for the development of copyright law in England.

Meantime, readers and lecturers, as they had for centuries, held forth on law at the Inns of Court in London and collected fees from the students who attended for the eight or nine years required for a call to the English Bar.²⁵

The use of broad strokes in tracing the development of property interest in pub-

lic utterance ends with the early years of the eighteenth century and the passage of the famous copyright statute of Anne in the year 1710. Succeeding pages will direct attention to the present availability and use of copyright protection, the areas of law across which it cuts from time to time, the general characteristics and limitation of the protection, matters of jurisdiction and procedure, and remedies, together with special problems indicative of the future growth and development of the law on this topic.

One may say at once that the growth of copyright, beginning with early English concepts related to franchises and monopolies in the time of Elizabeth I, has reached into philosophy and history of law, personal property, procedure, jurisdiction, patents, constitutional law, equity, partnership, corporations, securities, international law, probate, and tax.²⁶

III

History and Character of Protection of Public Utterance in the United States. The philosophy of law of copyright, insofar as it is reflected in the protection of lectures, sermons, and addresses, suggests three affirmative and three negative guides: the positive aim is complete coverage of a single monopoly international in scope, while limiting the protection to its proper purposes and refraining from stifling the creative impulses of others, by legal rules and case law which lend themselves to the effective administration of justice.²⁷ The philosophical foundations of the interest in copyright as a property interest stem from natural law. Both Puffendorf and Blackstone associated it with the kind of property interest a man could realize as a product of his personal labors.²⁸ American juris-

²⁰ R. S. Watson, tr., *Cicero's De Orators*, London, 1876, p. 147 *passim*.

²¹ F. M. Powicke and A. B. Emden, eds., *Hastings Rashdall's The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages*, London, 1936, L228 *passim*.

²² F. Thompson, *Magna Charta*, Minnesota, 1948.

²³ G. N. Clark, *The Late Stuarts, 1660-1714*, Oxford, 1934, pp. 8-16.

²⁴ J. Milton, *Areopagitica*, London, 1644.

²⁵ F. G. Marcham, *A History of England*, N. Y., 1934, pp. 279-80.

²⁶ 34 *Am. Jur.* 397 *passim*.

²⁷ Chafee, *supra*.

²⁸ Puffendorf, *The Law of Nature and Nations*, London, 1717, Bk. II, Ch. ii, 3, pp. 105-6. Cf. also Blackstone, 2 *Commentaries* 405.

prudence recognizes the property rights of authors or owners of unpublished works under the common law as well as a limited right to "fair use" before publication under the statute.²⁹ And of course this ancient and basic common law right is born when the work is completed and exists until the creator or owner dedicates it to the public or exchanges it for the benefits of statutory protection.³⁰

The protection by statute of copyrightable interests in lectures and other forms of public address in the United States is based upon Article I, Section 8 of the Federal Constitution of 1787, wherein one may read: "The Congress shall have power. . . To Promote the Progress of Science and useful Arts, by securing for limited Times to Authors and Inventors the exclusive Right to their respective Writings and Discoveries." The power thus delegated by the people to Congress in 1.8 is, so far as copyright is concerned, a derivative one since no specific grant or reference to copyright *per se*. Congress interpreted this power as one to be exercised for the public benefit and not primarily for the cash profit of a special person or class.³¹ The aim of the Founding Fathers was to make possible a limited monopoly in favor of persons with creative abilities, to the end that the cultural endowment of the new nation be enlarged for the general welfare, though the occasion of immediate and temporary profit for a few. The wording of 1.8 presumes affirmative action on the part of the copyright claimant for the practical reason that only the creator of a potential intellectual property knows of its existence and, because Congress is not mandated to exercise protection, but "has power" to extend it. And

one may note that the speaker, unlike a seeker for protection under patent law, need not await a search of prior art; theoretically, two or more persons might create independently the same product with equal rights to protection.³²

The cornerstone of public policy and legal principle governing the law of intellectual property is the great statute of 8 Anne.³³ By it Parliament established statutory protection for intellectual property, provided for its renewal, and determined penalties for infringement.³⁴ The first American statute under the authority of 1.8 was passed in May of 1790. It followed substantially the outline of the English statute, but added important provisos for notice.³⁵ And the first American case under the statute, tried forty-four years later, confirmed its English precedent that acceptance of statutory protection made relinquishment of the common law property right in perpetuity mandatory on the part of the claimant.³⁶

Apart from implicative inclusion in these general and basic developments, the field of public utterance received special notice for the first time in 1856 when legislation extended its protective powers over dramatic compositions with a right of public performance.³⁷

However, it was not until the consolidated Act of 1909 that specific provision was made in American law for the protection of unpublished (in print) works intended for exhibition, performance, or oral delivery.³⁸ In chief, the act held "all the writings" of an author copyrightable; the time of pub-

²⁹ H. A. Howell, *Copyrights*, New York, 1954, p. 2.

³⁰ 17 U. S. C. Sec. 2. Cf. *Holmes v. Hurst*, 174 U. S. 82 (1899).

³¹ Report No. 2222, 60th Congress, 2nd Sess., February 22, 1909.

³² Howell, *supra*, p. 1.

³³ 8 Anne Ch. 19, 1710.

³⁴ *ibid.* Cf. also *Donaldson v. Becket*, 4 Burrows 2303 (1774).

³⁵ 1 Stat. at Large 124.

³⁶ *Wheaton v. Peters*, 8 U. S. 591 (1834).

³⁷ 11 Stat. at Large 138.

³⁸ 1 stat. at Large, Pt. 1, pp. 1075-88, 17 U. S. C. Cf. also 35 Yale Law Journal 1.61 *passim*, (1925).

lication, rather than the date of filing claim for copyright, was to toll the statute; and certain rules of evidence asserting that registration was *prima facie* of facts recorded with the Register were set up.³⁹

IV

General Characteristics of a Copyrightable Lecture, Sermon, or Address. As indicated previously,⁴⁰ lectures, addresses, and sermons are a form of personal property. "The term . . . usually applies to intangible rights, but it is sometimes used to denote the corporeal property in which an intellectual production is embodied."⁴¹ Weil defines it in these words: "Intellectual property refers to those property rights which result from the physical manifestation of original thought, either naturally or in compliance with statute."⁴² In general, the statutory monopoly conveys to the holder the exclusive privilege secured by compliance with legal formalities to print or otherwise multiply, publish, and vend copies of literary or artistic productions, or the sole right to multiply copies of a published writing.⁴³ Of course, literary property in an unpublished lecture, address, or sermon can exist without copyright at common law, but the statute and the statute alone makes publication with profit possible.⁴⁴ To get such copyright under statute, the work must be original, innocent, and have some literary value which will offer information, instruction, or enjoyment to persons other than the owner.⁴⁵ Value in the sense of market or commercial value is not required. A breach of trust resulting in the acquisition of value in an intellectual property by the breacher is repugnant to

law.⁴⁶ Neither will addresses which are immoral, seditious, blasphemous, or libelous receive protection.⁴⁷ Ideas for public utterance must first be embodied in tangible form before receiving statutory protection.⁴⁸ It has been held that it is the form of expression and not the substance that is protected.⁴⁹

Application of the copyright statute to the spoken word is, like the rest of the protections provided, derivative in its nature. The word "copyright" itself does not appear in I.8. The *caveat* that copyright is an intangible one, which must be reduced to some corporeal form before protection can be claimed,⁵⁰ means for the lecturer, clergyman, or public speaker that material delivered orally is dedicated to the public unless first reduced to manuscript or recorded on wire or tape, though it is likely the common law proprietary right might be invoked in case of unfair use by a literary pirate.⁵¹ The general test here seems to be that if the composition has enough value, merit, and originality to become the object of literary theft, it qualifies automatically for protection.⁵²

In general, to obtain copyright protection the speech should be the work, as defined in cases, of the spokesman himself or of one in a principal-agent relation to him; it should be in tangible form as described in the preceding paragraph; and the registration should be in accord with the statutory requirements.⁵³

As Judge Learned Hand has observed, protection of lectures, sermons, and ad-

³⁹ 17 U. S. C. 101 (b).

⁴⁰ *supra*, p. 7.

⁴¹ 34 *Am. Jur.* 400-401.

⁴² Weil, *Copyright Law*, New York, 1916, Sec. 6.

⁴³ Bouvier, *Law Dictionary*, Rawle's Rev., p. 2035.

⁴⁴ *American Tobacco Co. v. Werckmeister*, 207 U. S. 284 (1907).

⁴⁵ E. S. Drone, *The Law of Property in Intellectual Productions*, Boston, 1879, p. 110.

⁴⁶ *Levy v. Clements*, 56 N. E. 735 (1900).

⁴⁷ *ibid.* See also *Martinetti v. Magunre*, 1 Dearly's Reports 216.

⁴⁸ 104 *Am. Law Rep.* 353.

⁴⁹ *McMann v. Securities and Exchange Commission*, 87 F2 377 (1937).

⁵⁰ H. Howell, *The Copyright Law*, Washington, 1952, p. 12.

⁵¹ Howell, *ibid.*

⁵² *National Telegraph News Co. v. Western Union*, 119 F 294 (1902).

⁵³ 17 U. S. C. Sec. 11, 13, 15, 17.

dresses has been made possible under the statute only because of the broad interpretation and fluid nature of I.8.⁵⁴

Speakers in general may obtain copyright protection for their utterance, properly concrete in form, without the necessity of originality or newness, since labor exerted in the selection, arrangement, and composition of material may provide a valid ground for the claim.⁵⁵ Judgment and taste are therefore important in laying the foundation for valid registration. However, "apt appropriation's artful aid" may be relied upon too heavily. By analogy the composer of the address must produce a piece with sufficient individuality to make it a new work, a reflection of his personality in ideas and words, if only on the basis of selection and arrangement, rather than a copy of an old work characterized by minor changes which anyone skilled in the art of rhetoric could set up.⁵⁶

Lectures, sermons, and addresses constitute but one class of a group of items which embrace the subject-matter of copyright.⁵⁷ He who has a composition for registration must specify in his application the particular class into which his work will belong under his claim.⁵⁸ Here the actual nature of the piece determines its class. Each address, therefore, must be made the object of individual compliance with the statute.⁵⁹

Four categories of material designed primarily for oral presentation are especially relevant here:

1. Class "(c)" includes: lectures, sermons,

and addresses prepared for oral delivery.⁶⁰ Other pieces which may be registered under this section include certain kinds of television and radio scripts. If and when the materials are reproduced in printed form for general sale and circulation, they must bear the statutory copyright notice and otherwise conform to the law as to published books and articles.

2. Class "(d)" includes dramatic or dramatico-musical compositions.⁶¹ As in Chinese drama, dialogue is not an essential element, for ". . . action can tell a story."⁶² Thus, communication by pantomime and gesture when intended for public presentation comes within purview of the statute.

Class "(1)" covers motion picture photoplays. A cinema is regarded as a play exhibited pictorially, whether or not accompanied by dialogue produced via a sound track.⁶³ Even a "short" may be a photoplay by reason of the action it portrays.⁶⁴

V

Limitations Affecting the Speaker's Use of Copyright. Second only to protection of life and liberty is government's concern for the sanctity of property rights. The greatest single act of government in limiting a speaker's property interest in copyright was the statutory reduction of rights which existed in perpetuity at common law and setting them for a term of years. The general power of government over property by eminent domain in return for just compensation applies to rights in intellectual prop-

⁵⁴ *Reiss v. National Quotation Bureau*, 276 F 727 (1921).

⁵⁵ 34 *Am. Jur.* 403-4; *Holmes v. Hurst*, 174 U. S. 82 (1899).

⁵⁶ *N. Lindsay Norden v. Oliver Diston Co., Inc.*, 28 U.S.P.Q. 183 (1936).

⁵⁷ 17 U. S. C. Ch. 1, *passim*.

⁵⁸ *ibid.*, Sec. 5.

⁵⁹ 17 U. S. C., 1a, 1b, 1c, 1d, 1e, 3, 5c, 5d, 5i, 5m, 12, 19, 24, 25, 101a, 101b, 101c, 101e, and 104, especially.

⁶⁰ 17 U. S. C., Ch I, Sec. 5 (c).

⁶¹ *ibid.*, Sec. 5 (d).

⁶² *Metro-Goldwin-Mayer Dist. Co., v. Bijou Theatre Co. of Holyoke et al., Edu. Film Exchange, Inc., et al., v. Bijou Theater Co. of Holyoke, et al.*, 17 U. S. P. Q. 124 (1933).

⁶³ *Kalem Co. v. Harper Bro.*, 222 U. S. 55 (1911).

⁶⁴ *Vitaphone Corp., & Vitagraph, Inc. v. Hutchinson Amusement Co., Casco Amusement Corp., E. M. Lowe's Theatres, Inc., and E. M. Loew*, 33 U. S. P. Q. 422 (1937).

erty.⁶⁵ And the power may be exercised for the public safety, convenience, welfare, necessity, or abatement of a nuisance.⁶⁶ And restrictions on the power of the owner to transfer may be effected by government action.⁶⁷ Where property is harmful or obscene, it may be seized by confiscation.⁶⁸

Lack of requisite originality is always a bar to copyright.⁶⁹ So also is the previous existence of the material in the public domain, for "...no copyright shall subsist in the original text of any work which is in the public domain, or in any work which was published in this country or any foreign country prior to July 1, 1909, and has not been copyrighted in the U. S."⁷⁰

Use by others in preparation of manuscripts or for criticism and review must be fair. A fair use test has been established: Will the use tend to diminish sales?⁷¹

A speaker can prevent another from translating, abridging, adapting, or arranging his material under copyright by express reservation.⁷² But if permitted, such efforts are regarded as new works subject to copyright under the provisions of the act.⁷³ The test again is independent labor of an original sort.⁷⁴ But it must not be a mere reduction by omitting some parts and simply copying the rest.⁷⁵ The fact that one has translated a speech gives him title to the translation.⁷⁶ The original composer of the address may of course reserve to himself

the right to translate his own work, but it must be in express language.⁷⁷ Although the United States Circuit Court has held that the unauthorized translation of a work already copyrighted is not an infringement of either the original or a prior translation,⁷⁸ the holding has been criticized by high authority.⁷⁹ It has been held that successive unchanged editions of the same work are protected by the original copyright,⁸⁰ but new matter in such a version is not protected. The question of whether an original copyright covers newly printed matter is determined by the extent and nature of the additions or revisions.⁸¹ Editors of annual compilations of addresses must remember that a mere arrangement and combination of addresses, independently of materials, is not a proper subject for copyright.⁸²

Very exact rules govern the judicial use of the spoken word. In practice law reports expressing judicial opinions may be compiled and written solely by the judge, or the reporter may prepare headnotes and other items. Public policy has held for over one hundred years that the utterance of the judge is uncopyrightable by him,⁸³ while the individual reporter may get copyright on his personal contributions.⁸⁴ But if the judge also prepared the headnotes, the reporter takes nothing.⁸⁵ It has also been held, however, that in the United States neither judge nor reporter can acquire copyright in the judgment as pro-

⁶⁵ *Drone, supra*, p. 16.

⁶⁶ For an approach with incomplete solution to the problem of public address and its abatement as a nuisance, see *Saia v. New York*, 334 U. S. 558 (1947).

⁶⁷ *Drone, supra*, p. 16.

⁶⁸ *Levy v. Clements, supra*.

⁶⁹ *Holmes v. Hurst, supra*.

⁷⁰ 17 U. S. C. Sec. 8.

⁷¹ *Drone, supra*, p. 386, citing *Story's Exec. v. Holcombe*, 4, *McLean* 306; *Folsom v. Marsh*, 2 Story 116.

⁷² 17 U. S. C. Sec. 1 (b); *Emerson v. Davies*, 3 Story 768.

⁷³ *supra*.

⁷⁴ *Emerson v. Davies, supra*.

⁷⁵ *Gray v. Russell*, 1 Story 11.

⁷⁶ *Emerson v. Davies, supra*.

⁷⁷ 4952 of *Rev. Stat. of U. S.*; *Drone, supra*, p. 445.

⁷⁸ 4952 of *Rev. Stat. of U. S.*; *Drone, supra*, p.

⁷⁹ *Drone, supra*, p. 454.

⁸⁰ *Lawrence v. Dana*, 2 *American Law Times Reports*, N. S., 402, 415 (1875).

⁸¹ *Cary v. Longman*, 1 East 358 (1801).

⁸² *Pike v. Nicholas*, *Law Reports*, 5 Ch. Appeal 251, cited in *Drone* p. 156.

⁸³ *Wharton v. Peters*, 8 Pet. 591 (1834).

⁸⁴ *Banks v. McDivitt*, 13 *Blatchford* 163 (1848).

⁸⁵ *Chase v. Sanborn*, 6 U. S. Pat. Off. Gaz. 932 (1875).

nounced in court.⁸⁶ There is, however, a right to such property resident in the United States government if it wishes to exercise it.⁸⁷ And apparently the states follow the same policy with their judges and legal opinions.⁸⁸

There can be no copyright on publications of an official governmental nature, including printed release of a speech by a public official dealing with matters of his office.⁸⁹ The statute does reserve a right in holders of copyright in case of whole or partial use of the matter covered by Government: "...the publication or republication by the Government, either separately or in a public document, of any material in which copyright is subsisting shall not be taken to cause any abridgement of annulment of the copyright or to authorize any use or appropriation of such material without the consent of the copyright proprietor."⁹⁰

The legislative immunity which cloaks members of representative bodies in debate *in camera* permits them to quote from copyrighted material in speeches, and it protects them from the consequences of publication of the quoted matter when it appears in print in the Congressional Record. However, the immunity of members of Congress does not extend to employees and agents of the government.⁹¹ Still, it may be inferred that one who is in government service does not by virtue of his contract of employment yield all his physical and mental powers to the employer merely because he speaks or writes on matters related to a subject dealt with by him in relation to his duties.⁹² A quite

different situation obtains in the United Nations enclave in New York city. Staff members there are prohibited, without prior approval of the Secretary-General, from issuing statements to press or radio, accepting speaking engagements, taking part in film, theater, radio, or television productions, or submitting articles or books for publication.⁹³

The right of limited publication appears to cover the private disclosure of an original idea or plan for an article or speech to another such terms that a fiduciary relation is said to exist with a very real limitation on the receiving party, whose breach of trust would be actionable at law.⁹⁴ It has been held that seditious, libelous, fraudulent, immoral or indecent works are beyond the pale of protection by injunction or other process.⁹⁵

In general, a title cannot be the subject of copyright, but there have been instances in which frequent repetition of the title or address in public may have so far identified it with an author or speaker that he is permitted to invoke the aid of the courts to enjoin appropriation by others, on grounds of equitable rules related to unfair competition.⁹⁶

VI

The Procedure for Copyrighting Lectures, Addresses, and Sermons. Copyright of speeches is an inchoate one which proper parties in the correct circumstances may perfect by strict compliance with the statutory requirements.⁹⁷ The protection secured extends to all copyrightable com-

⁸⁶ *Secretary-General's Bulletin, Staff Rules*, New York, 1952, Ch. I, Reg. 1.1.

⁸⁷ *Ketcham v. New York World's Fair*, 1939, Inc., 46 U. S. P. Q. 307 (1940) *Cole v. Phillips H. Lord, Inc.*, 50 U. S. P. Q. 490 (1941).

⁸⁸ *T. B. Harms & Francis Day, & Hunter v. Stern, et al*, 231 F 645 (1916).

⁸⁹ *Johnston et al. v. Twentieth Century Fox Film Corp.*, 76 U. S. P. Q. 131 (1947); *Becker v. Loew's Inc.*, 133 F 2 889 (1943); *Jackson v. Universal Pictures, Inc.*, 212 P 2 574 (1950).

⁹⁷ 34 *Am. Jur.* III.53.

⁸⁶ *Wheaton v. Peters, supra*.

⁸⁷ *Drone, supra*, p. 161.

⁸⁸ e. g. *Constitution, New York*, 1846, Art. VI. s. 22.

⁸⁹ 17 U. S. C. 1.8.

⁹⁰ 17 U. S. C. 1.8.

⁹¹ *Belknap v. Schild*, 161 U. S. 10, 18 (1896).

⁹² *Banks v. Manchester*, 128 U. S. 244 (1888).

ponent parts of the work.⁹⁸ Natural persons and legal entities, i. e., corporations, may hold copyright. Once obtained, the copyright may be transferred as a vested right in copyright to executors, administrators, and assigns of the creator or owner.⁹⁹ The copyright is secured by the deposit of two copies of the lecture, sermon, or address with the Register of Copyright, but it must be accompanied by a claim of copyright.¹⁰⁰ After due compliance and deposit, a certificate of registration may be had.¹⁰¹ Until this step is reached, no action for infringement can be brought.¹⁰² If the utterance be published in printed form, two copies of the best edition should be deposited promptly in the copyright office. It should be done within three months after the demand for copyright, lest a fine descend upon the claimant and his protection be voided.¹⁰³

If the speeches are in typewritten form, two good copies suffice for registration. The fee for lectures, sermons, and addresses is \$4.00 and the legal form provided by the Register upon application should be used. The two copies of the address plus the application form are the basis of any claims which may be made in litigation by the speaker, hence are of prime importance. If the address appears in a periodical such as *Vital Speeches of the Day*, one copy of the issue meets the requirements of the Register. This is, of course, where the speaker desires to secure a copyright in his own name, as distinct from that of the publisher's which covers the entire issue. Unless the individual contribution bears a separate notice showing his copyright, the address is protected and owned by the

publisher of the periodical under his general copyright for the entire issue.¹⁰⁴ Where an individual contributes to a composite work, such as *Representative American Speeches*, he may also secure copyright directly and in his own name, though the statute is silent as to the kind of deposit to be made. It seems that sheets abstracted from the bound volume containing the printing will do.¹⁰⁵ It seems desirable that the publisher who wants complete rights over the material should take pains to get a release or assignment of the item from the speaker who delivered.

Although twenty-five states have copyright statutes of their own, Indiana is not among them.

The problem of "ghost-writing" presents some novel proprietary questions. British and American views differ, the former holding that where the actual form of expression is that of the ghost-writer, he is entitled to the copyright. While the writer has been unable to find American cases precisely on the point, the prevailing view seems to be that where a principal hires a ghost-writer, the former is entitled to the copyright in the absence of any stipulation contra.¹⁰⁶ And where an author has composed his address and died before securing copyright, his executor could obtain it for the estate.¹⁰⁷

The outright sale of an address, accompanied by delivery of the manuscript, passes all the title the owner had.¹⁰⁸ Joint authors are tenants in common, each possessing an undivided half interest or other agreed proportion.¹⁰⁹ If one should take out the copyright in his own name, he would

¹⁰⁴ 17 U. S. C. 19. See also *Copyright Office, Form 35*.

¹⁰⁵ *Black et al. v. Henry G. Allen Co.*, 56 F 764 (1893).

¹⁰⁶ *Oliver et al. v. St. Germain Foundation et al.*, 41 F. Supp. 296 (1941) 51 U. S. P. Q. 20, *supra*.

¹⁰⁷ U. S. C. A. 42.

¹⁰⁸ *Tobani v. Carl Fischer, Inc.*, 38 U.S.P.Q. 198 (1938); *ibid.*, 98 F 2 57 (1938).

¹⁰⁹ *Carter v. Bailey*, 64 Me. 458 (1876).

⁹⁸ *Gerlach-Barklow Co. v. Morris*, 23 F2, 159 (1927).

⁹⁹ 17 U. S. C. A. 42; *Werckmeister v. American Lithographic Co., et al.*, 134 F 321 (1904).

¹⁰⁰ 17 U. S. C. A. Sec. 11.

¹⁰¹ *ibid.*, Sec. 55.

¹⁰² *ibid.*, Sec. 12.

¹⁰³ *ibid.*, Sec. 13.

hold the share of his collaborator as a constructive trustee.¹¹⁰ Where the manuscript of an address is bequeathed to a beneficiary under a will, the legatee gets title, subject to claims for the author's just debts.¹¹¹

Even a stateless author's works may be copyrighted in certain circumstances.¹¹²

VII

Publication. The definition of "publication" does not appear in the statute. But it is a permissible inference that one can be guilty of only a single serious error in the effort to secure protection — failure to grant notice.¹¹³ Thus, an address recorded on acetate discs and distributed without copyright notice on it is probably in the public domain.¹¹⁴ However, it has been held that the oral delivery of a speech is not "publication."¹¹⁵ And this applies regardless of the media of communication.¹¹⁶ Thus, in general, "publication" will include any act by which the composer shows his intention of dedication to the public, if the disclosure does not take place in circumstances implying the contrary, i. e., limited publication.¹¹⁷ Publication may be by abandonment, disclosure, communication, circulation, or exhibition.¹¹⁸

The common tests of publication appear to be: the first day when the first authorized edition is on sale or sold; or when it is on unrestricted exhibition to the public. Mere deposit of copies of an address is

limited publication and so protected.¹¹⁹ Where a new edition of previously published speeches appears, only the date of publication need appear on the copyright notice.¹²⁰ And an edition of old works republished with new matter included is a new work under the statute.¹²¹

Section 1 of 17 U. S. C. A. bestows upon the composer or proprietor of a lecture, sermon, or address the exclusive right to deliver it, or to authorize another to deliver it in public for profit. Where students attend lectures in return for a fee, it is implied they will do nothing to harm the proprietary interest of the lecturer, whether that interest exists in print or for oral delivery.¹²² Of course, the student is permitted and even invited to take notes; he can carry away whatever he has memorized and he may use any part of the material for his own ends. But he cannot deliver orally or publish in print the lecture he has thus heard.¹²³ It has been held that oral delivery of a composition is not general publication even where such conduct is in keeping with the purpose of instruction.¹²⁴

VIII

Transfer of the Copyright. Copyright under the statute permits the author or the owner of a duly copyrighted work to transfer his rights to an executor, administrator, or assign.¹²⁵ He may also grant or mortgage it by written instrument of transfer or pass it by will.¹²⁶ Any assignee will take all the rights of his assignor and the

¹¹⁰ *Maurel v. Smith*, 220 F 195 (1915). *aff.* 271 F 211 (1921).

¹¹¹ *Treadwell v. Putman*, 65 F 2, 604 (1933).

¹¹² *Houghton Mifflin Co. v. Stackpole Sons, Inc.*, et al., 42 U. S. P. Q. 96 (1939); *ibid.*, 104 F 2 306 (1939).

¹¹³ 17 U. S. C. 21.

¹¹⁴ *Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc. v. Miracle Record Co., Inc.*, 85 U. S. P. Q. 39 (1950); *ibid.*, 86 U. S. P. Q. 193 (1950).

¹¹⁵ *Howell, Copyrights*, p. 17; *Bobbs Merrill Co. v. Straus*, et al., 147 F 15 (1906).

¹¹⁶ *Uproar Co. v. National Broadcasting Co.*, 23 U. S. P. Q. 254 (1934).

¹¹⁷ *Board Trade of Chicago v. Christie Grain & Stock Co.*, 198 U. S. 236 (1905).

¹¹⁸ 134 F 321, *supra*.

¹¹⁹ 17 U. S. C. 12.

¹²⁰ *West Publishing Co. v. Ed. Thompson, Co.*, 176 F 833 (1910).

¹²¹ *Harris v. Miller*, 50 U. S. P. Q. 306 (1941).

¹²² 134 F 321, *supra*.

¹²³ 147 F 15, *supra*.

¹²⁴ *ibid.* and see also *Bobbs-Merrill Co. v. Straus et al.*, *Doing Business as R. H. Macy Co.*, 210 U. S. 339 (1909); *McDearmott Com. Co. et al. v. Bd. of Trade of Chicago*, 146 F 961 (1906); *Ferris v. Frohman*, 223 U. S. 424 (1912).

¹²⁵ 17 U. S. C. A. 42; 134 F 321, *supra*.

¹²⁶ *ibid.*

title will be in the former's name.¹²⁷ The assignment may be made independently or it may be part of a contract for the sale or transfer.¹²⁸ To become the object of a valid transfer the material must have value as a composition.¹²⁹

Since literary property partakes of the nature of personalty, the question of written or parol transfer (or both) is relevant. It has been held that a parol assignment is good.¹³⁰ Property in the manuscript itself has been held to be governed by the same rules of transfer as other personal property.¹³¹ And the parting with the manuscript does not transfer to the receiver an exclusive right to copy it, unless expressly stipulated.¹³² An American case has stated: "To make a gift of a copy of the manuscript is no more a transfer of the right or abandonment of it, than it would be a transfer or abandonment of an exclusive right to republish, to give the copy of a printed work."¹³³ The assignment of dramatic rights in speeches or lectures is permissible for use in motion pictures, apart from an assignment of such right for recording or other purpose, since they are held separable.¹³⁴ If a valid assignment is made, it must be recorded in the copyright office within three months of the transaction. As with patents, the copyright owner may license others to make a use of his property which would, without the permission granted by license, be wrongful.¹³⁵

IX

Penalties for Infringement of the Copy-

¹²⁷ 17 U. S. C. A. 8.

¹²⁸ *American Tobacco Co. v. Werckmeister*, 207 U. S. 284 (1907).

¹²⁹ *Higgins v. Keuffel*, 140 U. S. 428 (1891).

¹³⁰ *Callaghan v. Myers*, 128 U. S. 617 (1888).

¹³¹ *Palmer v. De Witt*, 47 N. Y. 538.

¹³² *Duke of Queensbury v. Shebbeare*, 2 Eden 329.

¹³³ *Bariletti v. Crittenden*, 5 MacLean 41.

¹³⁴ *Silverman v. Sunrise Pictures Corp.*, 273 F 909 (1921).

¹³⁵ *Black et al. v. H. G. Allen Co.*, 42 F 618 (1890).

righted Address. Certainly the unauthorized oral delivery in public of an unpublished lecture or the public reading of a manuscript is a violation of both the common law and statutory right of the owner.¹³⁶ Thus, Lord Eldon: "...where persons were admitted as pupils or otherwise to hear these lectures (medical in a hospital by a surgeon), although they were delivered orally, and although the parties might go to the extent, if they were able to do so, of putting down the whole by means of shorthand, yet they could do that only for purposes of their own information, and could not publish for profit that which they had not obtained the right of selling."¹³⁷

Under the statute, any unfair appropriation of the labor of the original author of an address will constitute the offense of infringement.¹³⁸ It has been held to consist of a copying, wholly or in part, in identical words or by a colorable variation.¹³⁹ Mere similarity is not an offense.¹⁴⁰

Determination of infringement is a matter of careful examination of each individual controversy. All facts and circumstances must be weighed.¹⁴¹ Intent is not a requirement to an allegation of infringement of a copyright.¹⁴² If a speaker has cause to believe he is the victim of an infringement, he must institute his cause of action, if criminal, within three years after the cause arose.¹⁴³ The statute provides both fine and imprisonment as punishment, at discretion, where convictions are had.¹⁴⁴

¹³⁶ Cf. Howell, *Copyrights*, p. 17; 17 U.S.C. 1 (c). Cf. Drone, *supra*, pp. 107-8.

¹³⁷ *Abernethy v. Hutchinson*, 1 Hall and Twells' Report 40.

¹³⁸ *West Pub. Co. v. Lawyers' Co-operative Pub. Co.*, 79 F 756 (1897).

¹³⁹ *Ed Thompson v. American Law Book Co.*, 122 F 922 (1903).

¹⁴⁰ *Dorsey v. Old Surety Life Ins. Co.*, 98 F 2 872 (1938).

¹⁴¹ 34 Am. Jur. 448 *passim*.

¹⁴² *Buck et al. v. Jewell-LaSalle Realty Co.*, 283 U. S. 191 (1931).

¹⁴³ 17 U. S. C. A. 115.

¹⁴⁴ 17 U. S. C. A. 104.

The civil penalties under the statute include injunction against the infringing work, and such injunction may be only temporary; damages; and impounding of all copies of the offending composition.

Legal remedies of the wronged speaker will include damages for the invasion of his common law property rights where he has neither published nor dedicated.¹⁴⁵ Of course, if he has published without compliance with the statute, he has no remedy for damages.¹⁴⁶ However, quantum meruit may lie for the value of the services rendered on an unjust enrichment theory.¹⁴⁷ If the paper or manuscript is wrongfully held, replevin or detinue may be invoked.¹⁴⁸ A jury trial for the determination of fair compensatory damages is a matter of right.¹⁴⁹

The equitable remedies of P will include the use of injunction to prevent unlawful use,¹⁵⁰ and D will be under contempt for disobedience thereto.¹⁵¹ Equity may also name a receiver for copies of the address made illegally.¹⁵² An accounting for profits may also be had.¹⁵³

Certain moral rights inhere in the writer or speaker even after he has surrendered a composition for publication and has contracted for its appearance. Thus, he may after assignment, license, or other act of transfer of some or all of his rights, apply equitable principles and restrain the un-

fair use or the injudicious editing of his material.¹⁵⁴

In addition to the primary offender, anyone else who knowingly makes infringing use of the copyrighted work is also liable.¹⁵⁵

X

Jurisdiction. Most cases involving litigation of copyright matters rest upon the federal statute and must arise under one of its provisos.¹⁵⁶ But where a common law, in contrast to statutory, right is the issue, litigants will use the state courts.¹⁵⁷ The judicial code prescribes generally that the United States District Court shall have original jurisdiction of any civil action arising under any act of Congress relating to patents, copyright, and trademark.¹⁵⁸ Such jurisdiction, it is agreed, shall be exclusive of the courts of the several states touching these matters, although exception is made for actions arising originally in contract, but with copyright aspects, which may be decided in the state courts.¹⁵⁹

XI

Taxation. Profits from the production, presentation, distribution, sale, or delivery of speeches, whether printed or oral, are a form of income from artistic work under the Internal Revenue Code for 1954.¹⁶⁰ The usual regulations for reporting and paying tax apply. But a common problem arises where the income produced is the result of efforts which have covered a period of calendar months totalling several years. Should the money be taxed ratably over the entire period of production or only

¹⁴⁵ *Caliga v. Inter Ocean Newspaper Co.*, 215 U. S. 182 (1909); *B. Gavitt, Indiana Pleading and Practice*, Indianapolis, 1950, I. 1173.65, Form 17, exemplifies the complaint under Federal Civil Rules.

¹⁴⁶ *Thompson v. Hubbard*, 131 U. S. 123 (1889).

¹⁴⁷ *How J. Ryan & Associates, Inc. v. Century Brewing Assn.*, 55P2 1053 (1936).

¹⁴⁸ 3 Ann. Cas. 113.

¹⁴⁹ *Press Pub. Co. v. Monroe*, 73 F 196 (1896).

¹⁵⁰ 17 U. S. C. A. 25a; *Simmons Hardware Co. v. Waibel, et al.*, 47 N. W. 814 (1891).

¹⁵¹ 5 Am. Dec. 712

¹⁵² 17 U. S. C. A. 25c; *Bolles v. Outing Co.*, 175 U. S. 262 (1899).

¹⁵³ 17 U. S. C. A. 25 b.

¹⁵⁴ *Dreiser v. Paramount Public Pictures*, N. Y. Sup. Ct. Westchester Cty., August 1, 1931; *Curwood v. Aff. Dist. Inc.*, 283 F 219 (1922).

¹⁵⁵ *Belford v. Scribner*, 144 U. S. 488 (1892).

¹⁵⁶ 1338 (a), *Judicial Code*.

¹⁵⁷ *Wells v. Universal Pictures Co., Inc.*, 77 U. S. P. Q. 1 (1948); 166 F 2 690 (1948).

¹⁵⁸ 1338, *Judicial Code*.

¹⁵⁹ 166 F 2 690, *supra*.

¹⁶⁰ Sec. 107 (b). See also, P. E. Swartz, "Authors and the Federal Income Tax," 26 *Taxes* 51 (1948); Note Sec. 29-107-2 and Sec. 1302 (a) (2) of the 1954 Code.

for the statutory twenty-four months back from the time the payment was received? It has been held¹⁶¹ that the months over which the income may be rated taxwise means back from the period when the money was received and tax became due and not any twenty-four months' period, such as that from the date of completion backward.

XII

Some Special Problems. One of the limitations on a speaker's employment of a copyrighted address is the requirement that it not be so used as to constitute a public nuisance, in which case it could be abated. The question of when an address constitutes such a nuisance was considered by the United States Supreme Court some years ago in the *Saia* case, but without a definitive and objective standard.¹⁶² It is suggested that such a standard does exist. Technicians know that the ordinary voice has a volume of some 70 decibels in ordinary conversation, that tones at an intensity of 110 decibels are uncomfortably loud, that the average person becomes uncomfortable at 128 decibels, and that the ears tinkle at 133 decibels. Sharp pain is felt at 140 decibels.¹⁶³ It is suggested that the word which reaches 125 decibels is loud enough to meet the objective test of nuisance and so permit abatement.

Another problem of general concern is the copyright interest of a mother acting as guardian of the illegitimate child of an author in competition with the rights of the author's widow. In a case handed down last month the United States Supreme Court decided that a statute conferring copyright renewal rights upon an author, widow, widower, or children of an author,

if he be deceased, would be interpreted with these aids: the practice of the copyright office; the examination of state law, since the problem involved domestic relations; and the determination by state law of whether or not an illegitimate child of an author would be an heir.¹⁶⁴ In the *De Sylva* case it was specifically held that where an illegitimate child is acknowledged in writing and can under California law inherit, he is included as a party in interest under the copyright renewal rights.

That the courts are still spelling their way in matters of definition and categorizing of material under protection of the statute as lecture, sermon, or address is illustrated by the *Kreymborg* case which held that protection of the statute did not extend to poetry since the latter is not in the domain of "similar productions" to the utterances specified,¹⁶⁵ as stated in Section 1 (c) of the statute.

The remedy of implied contract may be utilized, since 1950, by the victim of wrongful appropriation of a novel idea against the wrongdoer. It was held that the originator of a novel idea, reduced to concrete form and disclosed to a wrongful appropriator under circumstances indicating that compensation was expected, could recover from such appropriator upon implied contract theory.¹⁶⁶

The influence of communism as part of the American climate of opinion is also reflected in court decisions involving literary property rights. A 1948 California case¹⁶⁷ raised the issue of whether a writer could be discharged by his principal because his

¹⁶⁴ *De Sylva v. Ballentine*, 76 Supreme Court Reporter No. 16, July 1, 1956, pp. 974-982.

¹⁶⁵ *Kreymborg v. Jimmie Durante and National Broadcasting Co.*, 21 U. S. P. Q. 557 1934. Cf. also 22 USPQ 248 (1934).

¹⁶⁶ *Stanley v. Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.*, 221 F.2 73 (1950).

¹⁶⁷ *Cole v. Loew's Inc.*, 8 F. R. D. 508, (S. D. Cal.) 1948.

¹⁶¹ *Robertson v. U. S.*, 343 U. S. 711 (1951).

¹⁶² *Saia v. New York*, *supra*.

¹⁶³ C. A. Miller, *Language and Communication*, New York, 1951, pp. 48-9. O. Read, *The Recording and Reproduction of Sound*, H. W. Sams & Co., Indianapolis, 1952, pp. 681-2.

conduct before an anti-subversion investigation committee, it was alleged, constituted violation of a contractual obligation "...to conduct himself with due regard to public conventions and morals and (he) agrees that he will not do or commit any act or thing that will tend to degrade him in society or bring him into public hatred, contempt, scorn, or ridicule, or that will tend to shock, insult, or offend the community or ridicule public morals or decency, or prejudice. . . ." his employer or the art or industry in general. The Cole case held "no" in 1948, though the appellate court proceedings disagreed, for lack of fuller. But six years later in the Lardner case,¹⁰⁸ though the court below held for the writer on a similar set of facts, the appeal considered that continued acceptance of the services of Lardner for a short time did not

constitute waiver of the right to terminate the contract on the part of the employer. The increased public sensitivity on the question of communism had given rise in six years to what was almost a legal presumption, whereas in 1948 it had been a question of fact to be proved.

This essay has sought to survey the field of property interest in the spoken word at time of delivery and later in published form. It has crossed the centuries from the Golden Age of Athens to the present and has presented many concepts. The writer hopes his pages have been instructive for the audience he intended, but most of all he hopes that the scope and sweep of copyright in the history and practice of law will have been revealed to the end that young lawyers, law students, and teachers of speech alike will climb the isthmus at Darien, and like Balboa, gaze out at the broad Pacific.

¹⁰⁸ *Twentieth Century Fox Corp. v. Lardner*, 216 F 2 844, 848 (1954).

BACKYARDS OF BOSTON

*Harsh, leathery walls
Brick body of the city, without a soul;
Sad walls
Darkened by their own Shadows,
Lonely like the Poverty within;
Staring through dim, window eyes
Staring down,
At the mud,
At the buckets of rubbish,
At the old rocker
With drooping arms like a sick man's,
At the wornout mattress
On which slept love or vice.*

*Yet; palled in its deep pit carriage
There is a baby
Growing up for the street.
The battle-front
For a piece of bread, a span of earth.*

LOOTFI MINAS

AND THEY SAY "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

LUCY BARAJIKIAN

What's in a name, you say? Just letters, you say. A, B, C, D, all the way to Z.

You know, you sound just like my parents. That's the very same argument they used to use on me when I was little. They had to use something. So they used what they called reasoning. And they combined it with what they fondly believed to be common sense.

To them it was so simple. They patiently explained it to me in cold English. "A name is just a group of letters in a certain order. And your name is just like everybody else's; it's got letters in it, only in a little different order."

Their explanation was so logical, so sound they never could quite figure out why it failed to accomplish the purpose it was sent out to accomplish. For it never overcame the resistance I put up when school started. And this was the main thing my parents could never understand. Why such a fuss?

But then they never had trouble with their name in the Old Country. There, Barajikian was lost in the shuffle of such imposing names as Hampartsoomian, Karamkarlian, Shahgochgarian and Jambaghlian.

But I was living in a country of abbreviations. People were always dehydrating names to come out like Al, Sacto, Frisco, Ike or Doc. Or else people cannibalized their words and out would come the shrunken versions, words like TWA, VIP, COD or LSMFT. In the midst of such

simplicity, Lucy Barajikian sounded a bit gingerbreadish. And besides, on all printed programs, it protruded. . .like Cyrano's nose.

I complained, I pleaded, I wailed, but I still had to go to school. I can still remember my grammar school days as a series of stormy episodes. I resented teachers, friends, parents and a society that thought it necessary to individualize people by two words. Each new school session would bring me close to tears, for every student had to be alphabetically arranged in the seats. In this system, each name had to be read. And it happened every time. For the teacher that came to my name would look and then look again and then shudder.

This procedure was repeated in each class and was followed by either one of two methods of dealing with this very disconcerting literary hurdle. I got to be pretty scientific about it in my misery. A part of me disconnected itself and viewed the situation, coolly analytical. But the rest of me slobbered.

Some of the teachers would make a valiant but lost-cause attempt to pronounce the name. It would come out like "Lucy Buhbuhbut Buhbuhbut Butbut." It sounded just like a motorboat in a masterful attempt to learn Morse Code. And no doubt such incidents served as fuel to fire Mr. Rudolf Flesch.

The teacher would look up annoyed. (Not at Mr. Flesch; he wasn't in my class at the time.) So I'd try concentrating on the

teacher's brow. I'd be completely aloof and objective. ever could tell when I might have to describe frustration in a story. And here was frustration. It's really quite a thing to see a person disintegrate before your very own eyes. His brow corrugates, like cardboard. His eyes blaze. . .

He was ordinarily a very good-looking teacher. In fact, I had some very good-looking teachers. But it was at moments like this that none of them ever looked very appealing to me. Now how could you explain a thing like that to your parents? The teacher's defeat would make me feel very uncomfortable. And once again, I would feel highly inferior to all those whose names did not exceed more than one syllable.

Most of the teachers, however, would follow the second method. Though it was designed to reduce their frustration, it merely served to heighten mine.

They'd start out in the beginning of the list, bright and fresh.

They would twitter out the names.

They tripped lightly down the list.

Then they stopped.

They no longer tripped gaily.

They couldn't.

They had come to the mountainous obstacle blocking their progress.

"Bara, Buh, Buj, Bru."

They began to be mildly aware of the powers that quietly lay in that mass of accumulated letters.

Another feeble attempt was made. "Bruij, Barjr, Burjk."

Then they'd meekly ask, "Lucy, will you please take the sixth seat?" And they'd mumble something about hieroglyphics and the Rosetta stone. These cryptic remarks would only confuse me further. The only stones I knew about were rubies, sand and gall. And "hieroglyphics" sounded like something that shouldn't even be mentioned in class.

Throughout the term, I'd be the only

student who would be called by the given name. And this I regarded as a highly undemocratic policy. After all, who were they to get so familiar? Everybody else was called "Miss So-and-So," or "Mr. So-and-So."

This ordeal of name-calling was also a powerful disintegrating factor in the lives of many teachers. To them it was a form of inquisitorial torture. I feel sure my name and I played a major role in their requests for higher wages. We were viewed as the Terrible Menace, a serious occupational hazard. We knew how to break men.

But all these situations began to build up a terrifying response inside my tender soul. I would continually hear the teasing remarks of glittering personalities. To me, their personalities glittered because they were born under the right spatter of stars. They had the good fortune to be called simply Jones, Smith or Brown. There was no fuss, no hesitation.

From kindergarten up to high school, many were the variations on the same old theme. The teachers' phonetics were jarring. They struck discord and raised the devil with the alphabet.

I went home wailing. I might have tried to break out in a rash or twitch every time

THE AUTHOR ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lucy Barajikian tells this story about herself: "I'm 29, single, Aintabtsi, live with my father in Los Angeles, born in New York City, lived for about twelve years in New Jersey, then moved to New York, then out here (in Los Angeles) and never will go back except for visits — the town is lovely then. At Present, am Editorial Assistant for the King's Business magazine which is a religious publication — enjoy the work. Have attended both the California Baptist College and City College of Los Angeles. My sole claim to distinction is that I went to Egypt when I was 6 (grandparents live there) and that my father makes cheesecake, very good cheesecake at that. When I'm not very easily identifiable, people always say, 'Oh you know her family — her father makes cheesecake.'"

my name was mentioned. But I knew nothing about psychosomatics.

So I cried instead. I argued. I put up such a clamor for a change of name that my parents finally took me seriously. Long discussions started as to what would be the best plan to follow.

A new name, but what new name? We were Armenians and Armenians we would stay. But how to shorten Barajiklian?

We wanted to keep the "ian" ending which showed any fellow Armenian we were fellow-Armenians. The suggestions ran from Barian, to Barajian to Barkian and then to Vegetarian, Mortician and Obstetrician as my parents lost interest in my problem and concentrated on being cute. They insisted nobody could have trouble with those names.

I persisted again. They had to do something or I wouldn't go to school. I felt like taking that silly name, disconnecting it syllable by syllable, and letting the Arabs steal it away.

I went back to words, threats and tears. I wore my father out. I made him face the issue squarely, and I must admit he faced it squarely. He thought about it all day and then far into the night. I was pleased. Now I know I'd get some results. I went to sleep that night, serenely confident that in the morning my father would have a beautiful solution.

He did. It was a lulu.

He came to me bright and early, majestic in his new-found solution.

"I've got it," he said proudly.

"I knew you would," I said. My eyes were shining and my heart was full of child-like faith.

"I've got it. I've got it. I know how to shorten it." He paused for emphasis. "We'll leave out the letter 'T'. We'll make it Barajiklian, not Barajiklian. Lucy Barajiklian, Aram Barajiklian, Virginia Barajiklian, Peter Barajiklian. It's just right! The right length,

the right sound, the right name for the whole Barajiklian family."

And in his enthusiasm, he waltzed out of the house and went off to work.

I was crushed. Completely unstrung.

This was a solution? I had trouble with the problem. . . Now I had to learn how to live with this. . . this solution, so-called. It was more than a mere problem of semantics. I had to relearn how to live, with this. Barajiklian. Lucy Barajiklian.

It took me a long time to learn to like that name. I needed help to learn to like it. And unexpectedly the help came. Sometimes things happen like that.

I learned there's a pleasant surprise in every century; sometimes it's an invention like bubble gum, or a personality like Fiorello LaGuardia or an event like the Dodgers winning the World Series. But it always comes. It's inevitable and it was about time for my stars to shower on me. Maybe it was because I didn't carry an umbrella.

It started in high school during my first year. I started the new semester with European History. A very colorless individual began to call off the names.

"Adams, Anderson, Aronson, Babcock," and then came the inevitable pause. He looked up.

"I'm here," I said wearily.

He said, "How do you pronounce your name?"

I said, "'Barajiklian. Bar - uh - jik - yun."

He looked up at me with interest. "Raise your hand. No, better yet, stand up. Turn around." Mechanically, I followed his instructions. "Class, I want you to meet Lucy Barajiklian. Any girl with a name like that deserves to be recognized."

As I sat down, the class (this happens sometimes) spontaneously applauded.

The teacher, this glowing, beautiful, handsome, fascinating teacher smiled

pleasantly, then went on to complete the role call.

The beginning of the New Day had finally dawned. Somehow my sun got leavened and started rising. And I was beginning to learn that it's not so much what happens to you, but how you feel about it that's important. To put the finishing touches to the New Day, my English teacher browned it up right. God bless his poetic soul!

Mr. Huntress started his English class off by discussing phonetics in poetry before reading one of Poe's poems. Mr. Huntress talked at length on the merits of rhythmical names and mentioned several that he thought were very musical. They ran together beautifully. He mentioned Marie DeTrani, Gloria Cordova, Lucy Barajikian. . . His voice went on, but all I kept hearing was, "Very musical name."

I didn't take the bus home that day.

I didn't need the bus.

Mr. Huntress had said I had a very musical name. Me, Lucy Barajikian!

What a revelation. At last somebody had found some merit in the clump of letters.

There were still many miscarriages of my name. But they didn't matter now. They ran the full gamut of human contrivance. Man is a wonderful inventive creature, you know. There was the retired colonel. He called me, "Barrageuhkin; "an Italian math teacher pronounced it, "Barajikeeni;" an ornithologist produced, "Lucy Birdcageyun;" a pickle dealer called me, "Barrelofgerkins," and a sweet innocent dubbed me "Bajerklian."

The rare heights of acclaim though were scaled by two other people. One was a little old lady who was so hard of hearing she would give me back my name as "Miss Bury-the-chicken," and the second was a Chinese student who eventually christened me, "Lucy-It's-Too-Long."

And I think it is, too. . . so I'll stop.

After all, what's in a name? . . .

Just letters, A, B, C, D . . .

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● THE ULTIMATE AIM OF RUSSIA:

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL AND SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY

FRANK NOWAK, Ph.D.

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No problem is of greater import to the security and peace of the world today than is the problem of understanding the basic nature and the ultimate aim of Russia. Scores of books have been written on this theme of understanding the Russians from many points of view ranging from the sociological "swaddling-clothes-rage complex theory" to Senator Vandenburg's pronouncement that we are dealing with "Asiatic barbarians." Russian writers themselves have not been and are not in agreement regarding the meaning and ultimate goal of Russia's course. Their interpretations vary widely in emphasis from the inferiority complex theory of primitive backwardness to the mystical patriotic superiority views of a Dostoevsky or a Tyuchev who insisted that "Russia cannot be understood by reason: one must have faith in her."

But this failure to understand Russia is an old problem of western European statesmen reaching far back into the fourteenth century. When Winston Churchill once declared that Russian policy was "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma," he was but voicing the age-old problem of failure of communication between West and East occasioned by the absence of a common civilized frame of reference. Indeed, it is the view of one Russian school of thought that Russia is neither European nor Asiatic, but Eurasian in character. No

doubt two hundred years of occupation from the 13th to the 15th centuries by the Mongol horde had its effect on the Russian way of life. It conditioned the Russian people to withstand and become accustomed to genocide, cruel exploitation, tyranny, spiritual and moral debasement, and terrible material destruction. To survive this dark night the slav princes perforce grovelled like slaves at the feet of the Mongol Khans and soon learned to adopt the methods and techniques of statecraft and exploitation of their barbarous masters. They betrayed one another and lied to one another, as they intrigued for favors in the service of the great Khan.

Most successful of the slaves and agents of the Grand Khan in imitating the expansionist and extortionist aims and treacherous methods of their masters were the princes of Moscow who were soon to "liberate" the slav principalities from Tartar tyranny only to subject them to Muscovite

ON THIS ARTICLE

The accompanying article by Professor Frank Nowak, Ph.D. Professor of History at Boston University, comprehends the full text of a lecture he delivered December 6, 1955, in his capacity as University Lecturer, 1955-56. The Trustees of Boston University have kindly given THE ARMENIAN REVIEW permission to reprint Prof. Nowak's University Lecture, which is "Copyright, 1956, Trustee of Boston University." Copies of the lecture in pamphlet form may be ordered from the Boston University Press, 685 Commonwealth Ave., Boston at fifty cents each.

absolutism. Thus liberation and tyranny, the twin brothers of Russian imperialism, were born. The phenomenal expansion of the principality of Moscow into an empire in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was soon followed by Imperial Russia which continued to expand as a colonial empire until it embraced one sixth of the earth's surface in the nineteenth century and in the twentieth became the power-base of a Soviet Empire whose objective is world conquest. This modern colossus which bestrides Europe and Asia already represents the greatest solid mass of contiguous territory and the greatest concentration of conventional military power in the heartland of Eurasia that the world has ever seen. The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics of our day is the old Russian Empire "writ large." It is but a continuation of traditional Russian expansion under the cover of new slogans and with improved techniques of direct and indirect aggression. We know today that this Russian empire with or without the aid of communism is a major threat to the peace of the world as it was the major threat to the security of its neighbors and the stability of a European Balance of Power in ages past.

Five hundred years of expansion and aggression have established a unique tradition that cannot be explained solely by Russia's "urge to the sea" or her mere search for security.¹ Much of the dynamism of Russian colonialism seems to spring from a more primitive urge for expansion and exploitation reminiscent of the traditions of the Mongol empire of Genghis Khan. Is not this the plaint of the Russian thinker, Chaadaev, who in 1836 lamented:

To the whole of human thought we (Russians) did not add even a single idea. We did not contribute in anything to the betterment of the human race, and we have warped everything that

we have borrowed from progress. We did not invent anything, and from the invention of others we have adapted only deceitful appearances and superfluous luxuries. To call attention to ourselves we have to expand from the Bering Strait to the Oder.

Extremely backward in civilization, Russia perforce imitated but at the same time pretended to despise what she could not attain, namely the cultural standards of the West. Apparently as compensation for this feeling of inferiority Russian patriots glorified autocracy as a symbolic expression of the unity and power of the nation. Physical size, power, and exploitation of other peoples could bring a comforting sense of superiority even to slaves. Is this the meaning of Lermontov's theme, "Let me be a slave but a slave of the master of the world"? If the phenomenal expansion of the Russian Empire admittedly could bring little or no cultural benefit to the subdued nations, it could and did bring savage oppression and ruthless exploitation. It did bring to them and to the Russian people

ON THE AUTHOR

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A graduate of the University of Rochester (A.B. 1917), Professor Nowak received from Harvard University his A.M. degree (1920) and his Ph.D. degree (1924).

In World War I he served as Captain of Company L, 305th Infantry, 77th Division. In 1919 he was a member of the Interallied Commission to Eastern Europe and the American Relief Mission to Poland and Western Russia. He spent his sabbatical year, 1932-33, in Poland in Slavic studies.

At Boston University Dr. Nowak has been instructor, 1922-26, assistant professor, 1926-30, and professor since 1930.

At the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy he has served as professor of Diplomatic History since 1944.

Professor Nowak is a member of the American Historical Association, the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in America, and the Polish Historical Society in Great Britain.

He is the author of *Medieval Slavdom and the Rise of Russia* (1930). He has contributed to the following works: *Great Men and Women of Poland* (1941); *Poland*, in the "United Nations" series (1945); *Slavonic Encyclopedia* (1949); and *Cambridge History of Poland* (1951).

¹Oskar Halechi, "Imperialism in Slavic and East European History," *The American Slavic and East European Review*, Feb. 1952, Vol. IX, No.1.

too the great boon of equality, the equality of slavery before the throne of "the master of the world."

So deep seated is this national tradition of Russian imperial aggression and expansion under the Tsars that even today many Russian liberal exiles who stoutly opposed Communist aggression vehemently protest against any suggestion of rolling back the frontiers of Imperial Russia.² British, Dutch, and French empires may be and are being liquidated in the name of self-determination of peoples and the peace of the world, but it is inconceivable that "Holy Russia," the colossal "prison of nations," as it was justly called for centuries, could ever suffer "dismemberment." Indeed, we are warned that "if the non-Russians try to dismember Russia, they will drive the entire Russian nation into the lap of Stalin and force them fanatically to defend the Soviet regime to prevent such a catastrophe." What better evidence can there be that Russian National Imperial traditions of expansion and tyranny are not easily changed? With profound insight, the statesman and historian of the French Revolution, Francois Guizot, pointed out that "when nations have existed for a long and a glorious time, they cannot break with their past, whatever they do: they are influenced by it at the very moment when they work to destroy it; in the midst of the most glaring transformations they remain fundamentally in character and destiny such as their history has formed them. Even the most daring and powerful revolution cannot abolish national traditions of long duration. Therefore it is most important, not only for the sake of intellectual curiosity but also for the good management of international affairs, to know and to understand these traditions."

² Lev. E. Dobriansky, "Western Psychological Strategy toward the U.S.S.R." *Congressional Record*, 83rd Congress, First Session, 1953. Reuben Darbinian, "Toward War or Peace," *Armenian Review*, Spring 1956.

In the brief time before us, it would not be feasible to survey the five hundred years of Russian expansion. Any historical map of the Russian Empire will reveal the record. Suffice it to point out that up to the eighteenth century the response of the West European powers to Russian expansion was to permit the immediate neighbors, Sweden, Poland, and the Ottoman Empire to bear the brunt of the pressure from the East. When this dike gave way under overwhelming pressure, the West sought security in a system of balance of power.

It was Peter the Great who broke through to the West in the eighteenth century. In 1696 he gained an outlet to the Black Sea by defeating the Ottoman Turks. In 1709 at Poltava he crushed the power of Sweden, and ten years later he extended his "protection" over all Poland by utilizing the techniques of direct and indirect aggression so familiar to us today in the satellite states of the Soviet Union.

The second half of the eighteenth century brought even greater triumphs. Catherine II made war on Sweden, defeated the Turks in two wars, annexed the Ukraine, gained control of the northern shore of the Black Sea, and was well on her way toward liberating fellow-slavs and co-religionists of the Balkan Peninsula. She contemplated establishment of "satellite" states that would pave the way for Russian advance to Tsargrad or Constantinople, the sentinel and guardian of the straits.

In Poland she improved on the subversive techniques of direct and indirect aggression of Peter the Great. She placed her former lover on the throne, destroyed constitutional government of the Polish Commonwealth, and prepared to annex the entire state. Her unlimited objectives and her voracious appetite for territory, however, were curbed in the name of the balance of power by Prussia and Austria.

The resulting partitions of Poland, how-

ever, brought no long term security. They were a concession to expediency which in the view of the British historian Lecky "shook the political system, lowered public morals, and weakened the law of Europe." Albert Sorel, the great French historian of the eighteenth century, advanced the thesis that the action of the partitioning powers in 1772, 1793, and 1795 in dividing among themselves the body politic of Poland contained the seeds of their own destruction. This interesting thesis has been expounded more recently by Professor Hajo Holborn of Yale in his search for the causes of the "Political Collapse of Europe."

According to Professor Holborn, "The balance of power theory meanwhile afforded a general rule of the game. It made politics more calculable. Since the rule was invented to make it impossible for a single power to make overwhelming gains, it also enabled the individual state to avoid unnecessary losses. Moreover, since the operation of the balance-of-power system presupposed the existence of a number of large states, it appeared most unlikely that any major European nation would perish under it. When the Polish Partitions of 1772, 1793, and 1795 demonstrated that a large country could be destroyed, the Western world was profoundly shocked. Jefferson always considered the destruction of Poland a historic event as significant as the French Revolution."³

The nineteenth century revealed the same pattern of expansion as Russia played an increasingly decisive role in European affairs. The Napoleonic wars which opened the century brought Tsar Alexander into the coalition against Napoleon with promised subsidies from England, the "arsenal of democracy." The disastrous retreat from Moscow in 1812 brought incomparable glory and prestige to the Autocrat of All the

Russias. Never before or since had a Russian ruler been so admired or honored by the world until the coming of Joseph Stalin to leadership in World War II. The parallel is an interesting one when it is recalled that in neither case, 1815 or 1945, did Russia make haste to demobilize her forces until the fruits of victory were in plain sight. As a result of his many wars, Alexander acquired Finland (1809), Bessarabia (1812) and became King of Congress Poland which was carved out of the Prussian share of the partitions of the eighteenth century.

The successors of Alexander I concentrated on a drive toward Constantinople and were ready to buy off Austria, England, and France by a general partition of Turkish territory that would give Russia full control of Constantinople and the Straits. Taking up again the magic formula of direct and indirect aggression of Catherine the Great as liberator and protector of Serbs, Greeks, Rumanians, and Bulgarians, the Russian autocrats intervened in the Balkans. They helped free these people from Turkish rule and then, in accordance with tradition, sought to make use of these new states as "satellites" or instruments of imperial expansion. To contain Russia and to block her aggressive designs, the Western States led by Great Britain offered assistance to the Sultan of Turkey with strong determination to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman State.

Nowhere were Russian objectives better understood or more clearly appraised than in the England of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston. In 1850 the latter declared, "The policy and practice of the Russian government have always been to push forward its encroachments as fast and as far as the apathy or want of firmness of other governments would allow it to go, but always to stop and retire when it met with decided resistance, and then to wait for the next favorable opportunity."

³ Hajo Holborn, *The Political Collapse of Europe* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1951), p. 46.

The Crimean War and the solemn guarantees of the Treaty of Paris of 1856 halted but did not stop Russian intrigues and expansion. In 1877 Russian armies were again marching southward and came within sight of Constantinople and the Straits. Great Britain promptly sent a squadron to Besika Bay and threatened war. A general war was narrowly avoided by Russia's surrender of the "fruits of victory" at the Congress of Berlin in 1878.

In the Balkan Wars of 1912 and 1913 Russia lost no opportunity to safeguard her claims to Constantinople, but there seemed to be no chance for real success until 1915 when France and Great Britain by secret treaty at long last promised to award Constantinople and the Straits to their slav ally as part of the spoils of victory. However, even these promises were soon to be nullified by the Bolshevik Revolution.

The dramatic events of the Russian Revolution of 1917 seemed to herald a new era. There was a brief interlude of renunciation of imperialist aggression by moderate and extremist leaders of the revolution but it was a repentance of very short duration, a fleeting episode born of dire need for survival, a temporary tactical renunciation to justify a plea for "peaceful co-existence." The most significant aspect of the revolution, however, was the enthusiasm with which the Soviet leaders returned to the autocratic traditions of aggression of old Russia. They infused new life into old slogans and under the ægis of a new faith determined to make the world safe for communism.

Defeated by Poland in 1920, Lenin adopted a policy of peaceful co-existence, inaugurated the New Economic Policy, and prepared to put his house in order for the next phase of expansion. Under Stalin the industrial development of Russia with its emphasis on heavy industry at the expense of consumer production established a base for

military power that exceeded the fondest dreams of a Catherine the Great, a Peter the Great, or an Ivan the Terrible.

World War II witnessed the adroit and unscrupulous use of this power in a dramatic extension of Soviet boundaries and influence. By collaboration with Hitler, Stalin shared in the division of spoils in Eastern Europe. When the German armies launched their surprise attack of June 1941, he joined the democracies and emerged from the war in control of half Europe.

All the courageous, generous, patient, and naive attempts of President Roosevelt to convert Stalin to the western, civilized point of view failed completely. It is common knowledge that the President of the United States did all in his power to give Soviet Russia a good press in America, and to allay any suspicion of bad faith, he tried to convince himself and the American people that "Stalin does not want anything but security for his country and I think that if I give him everything I possibly can and ask nothing in return, noblesse oblige, he won't try to annex anything and will work for a world of democracy and peace."⁴

When in need of lend-lease assistance, the Soviet dictator knew how to repay his benefactors with fair words. On November 2, 1942, he declared, "We have not nor can we have such war aims as the seizure of foreign territories or the conquest of other peoples, irrespective of whether European territories or Asiatic peoples and territories, including Iran are concerned. Our first aim is to *liberate* our territories and our peoples from Nazi yoke.

"We have not nor can we have such war aims as the imposition of our will and our regime on the Slavic and other enslaved peoples of Europe who are waiting for our help. Our aim is to help these peoples in their struggle for liberation from Hitler's

⁴ William C. Bullitt, "How We Won the War and Lost the Peace," *Life*, August 30, 1948.

tyranny and then to accord them the possibility of arranging their lives on their own land as they see fit, with absolute freedom."

Nor did Stalin hesitate to sign formal treaties and agreements at Teheran, Yalta, Cairo, San Francisco, and Potsdam. Who today would have the temerity to say that these agreements have been kept or that they can effectively check Soviet expansion?

"Words must have no relation to actions," Stalin once remarked, "otherwise what kind of diplomacy is it? Words are one thing, actions another. Good words are a mask for concealing bad deeds. Sincere diplomacy is no more possible than dry water or wooden iron."

In the post-war era since 1945 the Free World at long last began to understand that the prime objective of the Kremlin in all its dealings was the enhancement of its power regardless of the interests of other states. The increase of Soviet power until it should become total and absolute without any sense of ethical responsibility was the one constant factor in all their calculations. All else including communism could be and often was a variable quantity. Truth itself was defined as anything which contributed to Soviet aggrandizement and power, and today's truth could be a lie tomorrow if it ceased to be useful.

This totally amoral and uncivilized frame of reference in the conduct of international relations baffled western diplomats who sought and found many precedents for such treachery and chicanery in the conduct of earlier Russian rulers. The technique of "liberation" coupled with aggression and conquest they discovered was an old formula of Tartar days and had often been repeated down the centuries.

In the Truman administration Secretary of State Byrnes asked himself "what are the ends sought by Soviet leaders?" and gave the American public the benefit of his experience in these words:

My experiences merely confirm an answer that actually is found in Russian history. Few Americans are well informed on Russian history. I do not profess to be. But I have learned enough to conclude that many of the problems that perplex us today have their explanation in that history. Despite the violence of the Russian revolution, the aims of Bolshevik diplomacy differ very little from those of the Czars. And the aims that Stalin and Molotov have pursued since the end of the war very little from the demands they made of Adolf Hitler.

Russian expansionism, which has concerned us so deeply in the post-war years, was clearly exposed, and strangely enough, by the godfather of the Communist revolution, Karl Marx. In a series of articles written for the New York *Tribune* from London in 1853, Marx dealt at length with the "Eastern Question." Among his observations were these:

As to Russia's antipathy against aggrandizement, I allege the following facts from a mass of the acquisitions of Russia since Peter the Great.

The Russian frontier has advanced; toward Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna, about 700 miles; toward Constantinople, about 500 miles; towards Stockholm, about 630 miles; toward Teheran about one thousand miles. . . . The total acquisitions of Russia during the last 60 years are equal in extent and importance to the whole empire she had in Europe before that time.

In another dispatch, Marx wrote:

And as sure as conquest follows conquest, and annexation follows annexation, so sure would the conquest of Turkey by Russia be only the prelude for the annexation of Hungary, Prussia, Galicia, and for the ultimate realization of the Slavonic Empire which certain fanatical Pan Slavistic philosophers have dreamed of. . . . The arrest of the Russian scheme of annexation is of the highest moment.

"How contemporary that sounds!" exclaimed Byrnes.⁵ Indeed there were many who were beginning to ask, can this five hundred year old tradition of imperialism and aggression strengthened and rendered vastly more dynamic in our day by grandiose programs of industrialization geared to a war economy at the expense of the sub-

⁵ James F. Byrnes, *Speaking Frankly* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1947), p. 282. By permission of the publisher.

ject peoples be stopped or modified without recourse to all out war?

President Truman on October 27, 1945, announced that "We must fulfill the military obligations which we are undertaking as a member of the United Nations Organization — to support a lasting peace, by force if necessary."

This courageous stand based upon the use of force as a calculated risk to stop aggression was tested in Greece in 1947, the Berlin Blockade (1948) and in Korea in 1950. Together with the Marshall Plan, the Truman containment policy gave pause to the Soviet Leaders, but it did not solve the problem of peace and security.

In June, 1951, Dean Acheson declared:

"Historically, the Russian state has had three great drives — to the west into Europe, to the south into the Middle East, and to the east into Asia. . . . The Politburo has acted in the same way. It has carried on and built on the imperialist tradition. What it has added consists mainly of new weapons and new tactics. . . . The ruling power in Moscow has long been an imperial power and now rules a greatly extended empire. . . . It is clear that this process of encroachment and consolidation by which Russia has grown in the last 500 years from the Duchy of Moscow to a vast empire has got to be stopped."

But how this encroachment and consolidation by Russia can be stopped is the crucial problem of our time. Recognition of the continuity of Russian imperialism and a study of Russian history to discover the background and dynamic force of this continuous expansion in the past is certainly a step in the right direction. Such an historic approach based on the long view of Russia's relations with the West and an analysis of her objectives and techniques in the past might have spared us many a naive illusion. Autocracy or dictatorship could not and cannot be stopped in its course by mere personal considerations of good-fellowship, by appeals to humanitarian idealism, by betrayal of democratic principles through appeasement, or by the simple naive as-

sumption of the existence of goodwill in the Kremlin.

Ensconced in the great heartland of Eurasia, surrounded by satellite buffer states, aided by communist allies ready to do battle at the command of the master, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics challenges the free world in the struggle of the "universal proletariat against the universal bourgeoisie." The long term strategy of attaining world dominion has been spelled out in a detailed blue print of world conquest in terms more explicit even than Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, which many thought was too fantastic for belief.

It would be a serious error to assume that this multinational complex of peoples ruled by a Great Russian minority through the agency of an imperial autocrat or a Soviet dictator could ever tolerate for any length of time democratic and liberal principles in the management of foreign and domestic affairs. It would mean the weakening of autocratic power and would unloose centrifugal forces among the subject and captive peoples which would disrupt the state and lead to the collapse of an empire.

It does not seem likely that Russian leaders of today can, anymore than did the Tsars of yesterday, depart from an age-old policy of increasing the economic and military power of a colossal empire which by its very nature, regardless of ideology, must expand to survive at all. In the estimation of the Kremlin leaders there can be no security for the Soviet Union until it gains control of most of the peoples of the world and imposes its "new dispensation of communism" upon them. By the same token the free world can never feel secure so long as overwhelming power remains in the hands of dictators who control one-third of the population of the earth and maintain military occupation of half Europe and a large part of Asia. Obviously the world cannot remain half slave and half free. We

are faced with another irrepressible conflict.

Lenin said in 1915, "Disarmament is not an international program of the proletariat. . . . Only after we have completely forced down and expropriated the bourgeoisie of the whole world and not of one country alone. . . . Only after the disarmament of the bourgeoisie by the proletariat, can the latter without betraying its world-historical task, throw armaments on the scrap heap." Stalin fully subscribed to these views and in 1946 permitted the Soviet Deputy Premier, Nikolai Voznesensky, to publicly announce that "a third world war can be prevented only by the military and economic disarmament of the United States and the military and economic hegemony of the Soviet Union."

Does the Kremlin desire all-out war with the United States? The answer to that question seems to be an emphatic no. A war between the two major powers of the world would bring about a general conflict, possibly an atomic war, which would jeopardize the very existence of the Soviet Union. Besides, the Soviet leaders hope to undermine the economic and military power of the United States by indirect aggression leading to many little wars that can be fought with conventional weapons and safely directed without official involvement. It should be stated also that Marxian teaching represents communism as "the Wave of the future," a determinist view which renders communist victory inevitable and of early achievement provided an all-out war does not upset the timetable.

Does the Soviet Union want peace? The answer to this question is an even more emphatic no for several reasons. In the first place there can be no thought of abandoning the scriptures of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin. Those who delude themselves with this possibility in the words of Khrushchev

will have to wait until "a shrimp learns to whistle." Secondly, the very nature of the Soviet dictatorship is such that even if peace could be attained permanently, the Kremlin would be compelled to keep its economy, administration, and army on a constant war footing. Finally, the Soviet leaders prefer an atmosphere of war tension and conflict, for it enables them to exercise greater flexibility of tactical maneuver in exploiting every political upheaval in the camp of the free world. This advantage can be exploited in comparative safety, for thanks to its democratic nature and the power of public opinion, the West is most reluctant to start a war or to be the first to attack. Indeed, as an assurance of good faith, the West has pledged that it will never be the first to attack.

But while the West has given its pledge not to be the first to attack, it did not neglect ways and means of stopping further expansion of communist influence and control. The response of the free peoples and their governments to the Soviet Union's challenge of the "cold war" or so-called "peaceful co-existence," a euphemistic synonym for cold war, was to put their household economies in order as quickly as possible with the aid of the Marshall Plan, to repair the damage done by too hasty demobilization of troops, and to join forces in collective security arrangements such as the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

The very notable success of the West during the past half dozen years in stabilizing its economy and consolidating its strength did not go unnoticed in Moscow. As communist voters and parties dwindled in Western Europe, the Soviet Union assumed a more truculent attitude and threatened dire consequences if Germany were re-armed or permitted to join the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. But the West did not scare easily which indicated a grow-

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ing confidence in the unity and strength of the Free World.

In Asia, too, the Soviet leaders seemed to be losing prestige. Their "tough policy," seconded and ably supported by Communist China, did not prevent eight Asiatic nations in 1954 from joining a South East Asia Treaty Organization for defense against aggression. Nor was news from the Bandung Conference of Asia in April of 1955 very reassuring in its condemnation of both colonialism and communism as oppressive forces.

Even more distressing to the Kremlin than its failure to prevent the growing unity and strength of the Free World was a serious crisis on the home front. The over-extension of Soviet economy by the arms race, the continued concentration on production of heavy machinery in place of consumer goods, and satisfaction of the economic and military demands of China seem to have upset the economic equilibrium of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. Food shortages have not been met and consumer goods are more scarce than ever before. Soviet Socialist planning and Marxian determinism have failed to solve the economic crisis at a very inopportune moment when capitalist countries are enjoying a sharp recovery from depression. The long and confidently awaited economic depression in the United States that was to be the harbingers of capitalist collapse everywhere also failed to materialize.

These untoward events are probably the reason for the humiliating pilgrimage of Khrushchev and Bulganin to Belgrade to meet with Tito and for their readiness to accept an invitation for a conference at Geneva in July of 1955. It may be inferred from their words and actions that the Soviet negotiators hoped to achieve four main objectives at the "summit conference": first, a relaxation of tension to give them a temporary breathing spell for stabilizing their

position at home and abroad; second, to demonstrate ostentatiously that they can smile like human beings who are civilized and that they are capable of using the language of the West in reaching agreements on the basis of trust and good faith; third, to prove to the world that there is a temporary military stalemate between the two greatest powers who possess atom bombs and that neither can attack the other without disastrous consequences; and, fourth, to suggest acceptance by the West of the political and territorial position of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. This point is forcefully stated by the Russian historian David Dallin who declared, "One Soviet objective in the coming period (after Geneva) is of a psychological nature: it is to dispel the impression of a huge over-extended communist empire, and to make that empire instead a 'normal' and accepted feature of world politics. It has been a traditional method of Russian expansion over the centuries to advance to a new frontier, break resistance, withstand all attacks, and then to make it a constant feature of the landscape."⁶

Khrushchev also let it be known before going to Geneva that he was not going with "broken legs" and had no intention of entering into a public discussion of the status of the satellite states. There was no evidence that he desired any peace settlement except on his own terms. Indeed, the Soviet leaders themselves are prisoners of two dynamic forces, the five hundred year old tradition of aggressive imperialism and the world revolution of Marx-Lenin-Stalin. To remain in a position of power they must go with the "wave of the future."

What does the future have in store for us? To this the historian can give no answer. Let me beg your indulgence to speak as

⁶ David J. Dallin, "Soviet Policy After Stalin," *The New Leader*, August 22, 1955.

an uninspired prophet who has some "predictions of things to come."

Perhaps, the most important and most significant feature of the Geneva meeting was the exchange of information by our greatest scientists who publicized to the world that atomic energy can be a boon to mankind or it can bring total disaster with the ruin of civilization itself. This knowledge will give pause to those who speak glibly of preventive wars lightly undertaken. The Soviet Union has already pounced upon the propaganda value of this important deterrent to war by warning countries cooperating with the United States to get out of the way of the atomic giants and seek a neutral camp. Yet these very threats may be the Achilles heel of the Soviet Union which terrorizes its subject peoples into unity on the home front and mistakenly challenges the free nations with the same weapon.

It is not likely that the communist leaders will ever be able to convince or force the democratic free world to accept tyranny as a way of life, for the democratic way of life is essential to our existence as free men.

Nor does it seem likely that the Free World will ever be able to convert or force the Soviet Union to renounce its conspiracy *against the whole world because that conspiracy is essential to the preservation of its existence as a great empire.*

President Eisenhower emphatically announced that there can be no alternative to peace. I should like to agree with him but some historical sense tells me that we are now living and have been living at least since 1945 in what may be called an alternative to peace, namely, the "cold War," euphemistically referred to as "peaceful co-existence." But, perhaps, President Eisenhower is right after all, for when the time arrives that one side or the other can no

longer stand the strain of perpetual and exhausting preparedness wars will be fought with conventional weapons as in Korea. And when defeat stares a people in the face, there is no guarantee that atomic bombs will not be used.

Is there any hope that tensions and unforeseen forces in the Soviet Union will bring about some cataclysm that will change or break up the colossal empire of the Tsars and the Commissars? Yes, but not in my generation or perhaps yours.

Meanwhile we shall fall back upon *American* tradition and recall the warnings of the founding fathers that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. The Soviet Union seeks to enslave and to destroy us. We dare not relax our guard or fall behind in the gigantic endurance contest, euphemistically called "peaceful coexistence."

Since world dominion is the ultimate goal, the Soviet leaders will use any means to achieve their end, for in their philosophy the end justifies the means.

In 1932 while in Russia I had occasion to speak with Karl Radek, a brilliant propagandist of communist ideology. It was the year when Stalin deliberately allowed five million peasants to starve to death because of their non-cooperation and political opposition. I said to Radek, "It is a pity to see so many people liquidated or destroyed by the revolution." He looked at me with amazement, commented on my bourgeois sentimentality, and replied without a trace of human feeling, "They deserved their fate. After all what is one generation in the history of the Russian people?"

Today, the stakes are higher and the Soviet Union has far greater power. World dominion is the goal. What is one generation of all mankind in the history of the human race?

Extrovert vs. Introvert

P. K. THOMAJAN

*One is a bold daisy
The other . . . a shy violet.*

*One makes the world his oyster
The other acts like . . . a clam.*

*One is a bundle of nerves
The other . . . a bungle of nerves.*

*One is a violinist
The other . . . just fiddles around.*

*One takes yard-strides
The other . . . inches along.*

*One makes hay
The other lets grass grow under his feet.*

*One claims the right-of-way
The other takes detours.*

*One winds things up
The other lets things run down.*

*One rings the bell
The other gets . . . the gong.*

*One molds his own destiny
The other acts as a victim of fate.*

*One gets Life's extras
The other . . . its leftovers.*

THE ARMENIAN WOMAN IN HISTORY

SHOKRAM BAGGS

The proof of the culture and standard of any nation is measured by the active participation of her women in social life and the freedom and respect these women enjoy.

The Armenian woman has had her well deserved place in society before, as well as after, the Armenians adopted Christianity as a nation at the beginning of the fourth century. The heathen goddess Anahit of the pre-Christian era represented the symbol of womanhood, as the mother of mercy, virtue, and high and divine wisdom. Afterwards, with the moral refinement brought about by Christianity the Armenian woman took her proud place in society.

As a young girl and bride, the customs of her time restricted her to her living quarters and even forced her to keep her silence in the presence of her in-laws. After attaining womanhood, the Armenian woman was free to go out and take part in social affairs and church benevolent work. She did a great deal of entertaining and was considered a gracious hostess. Handicraft and arts have occupied a good deal of her time as well. We will later see the Armenian woman in public life and learn of her proud heroic deeds for her country and religion.

To be able to appreciate fully the role of the Armenian woman and her place in history, we must start from the day she began her life and see the care lavished on her for her proper physical, as well as moral and spiritual up-bringing. We will begin with the fourth and fifth centuries, a glorious,

but critical period in the Armenian woman. This choice is justified by the fact that while the provincial and lower classes could not afford the proper upbringing for their offspring, the daughter of the upper classes had the privilege of acquiring education and social status. While the male of the lower classes had a better chance of learning because he was allowed to attend the public schools of Gregory the Illuminator and of Sahak and Nerses, the female of his class was forbidden to attend school and had to receive her education at home, from her mother or tutoress, as the case may be, the main source of this education being the Bible. These girls proved to be very intelligent and studious. Along with her book learning, the model Armenian girl received her moral and spiritual education from her mother, who taught her to be virtuous, kind, humane and God-fearing - virtues for which she was well known among other nations as well.

The Armenian woman has been famous for her fine needlework, embroidery and weaving. Her mother began to teach her these arts while she was quite young and she soon mastered them. After she grew up she used her skill according to her needs, the lower classes, as a means of earning a living, if in need, and the ladies of the upper classes, as a skill used for charitable purposes or merely as a hobby. This handicraft took many forms, from the making of the loom to the weaving of the material and finally, making the wearing

apparel, or weaving rugs and other pieces of needlecraft. Among the fabrics woven by these women were silks, woolens, muslin and satin. Also produced were chiffons and luxurious fabrics such as brocades, for which they sometimes used pure gold thread. In the year 1271, when Marco Polo visited the market in Armenia, where the Genoese and Venetian merchants came to trade in Armenian goods and medicines, he remarked that the Armenians wove the best printed fabrics in the world. The Armenian woman also created amazing pieces of art from needlework. These pieces of art consisted of tapestries used in decorating religious vestments and altars. The famous city of Ani, consisting of its 1001 churches, was draped and decorated by the handicraft of the ladies of that period.

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PERSONAL GROOMING AND ENTERTAINING — The Armenian woman is recorded in history as being by nature attractive and well-groomed. The dress she wore in the fifth century is said to be comparable to the most stylish gowns of present day styles. She was very fastidious about her personal grooming. For evening wear she chose a luxurious evening gown with a gold embroidered train. Over this dress she wore a colorful print tunic which stopped just short of her knees. A wide band of fine needlework tied around her bosom, another band which was the real belt, hugged her narrow waist with luxurious tassels hanging over the front of the dress. The whole effect of the complete outfit was a colorful combination of skyblue, crimson and gold.

She arranged her hair by weaving a string of pearls through her locks and wrapped them around her head; or she curled the ends of the hair and let them hang over the nape of the neck, under the pearls. On her head she wore a pillbox hat of fine workmanship, leaving exposed the pearl-

strung hair. She had a transparent silk scarf going around the hat and left hanging in the back of the head. On the front of the hat, in the center of the binding ribbon, glistened a pearl-studded brooch.

Her earrings were of gold and pearl, her precious necklace made of gold, pearls and diamonds. The golden bracelets she wore were of two kinds — wide bands, worn over her bare upper arms and narrower ones, worn over her wrists, and of course, the precious rings on her fingers. A pair of low, pointed, gold colored evening slippers completed the outfit.

She also made good use of cosmetics.

Thus adorned, and sitting at the head of the table, the lady of the house entertained her guests, similarly well dressed. Food was served in expensive dinnerware of silver and gold; the food itself consisted of delicacies. After dinner came the entertainment, also shared by men and the women equally. Needless to say, this description of attire and entertainment belongs to the well-to-do and the aristocracy, while the commoner had a much simpler life.

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THE ARMENIAN WOMAN AS A WIFE AND MOTHER — The Armenian girl had no voice in the choice of a husband. Love came as a result of marriage rather than the incentive for uniting in matrimony. Most of the time she was married off too young to know anything about love, yet she became a very devoted wife and mother, her only source of happiness being her family.

The wedding among the ancient Armenians, whether from the wealthy or poor families, was a family affair. Middlemen from the groom's side and middlewomen from the side of the bride-to-be visited their respective families, according to class and desirability. In the case of a royal marriage the consent of the ruler was also necessary. Upon the approval of the middlemen and

the middlewomen, the boy visited the girl to get acquainted, after which the engagement was celebrated in a religious ceremony. In later years, in the Middle Ages, the custom of the exchange of the wedding ring also was adopted. All through the duration of the engagement the families of the engaged couple visited each other with gifts, which consisted of luxury gifts from the groom and food items from the bride-to-be. The day of the wedding was picked, again, by the family. No wedding was permitted on holidays. The engaged couple was required to stay away from each other during the last day of the preparations, so that they would be clean and worthy of the holy ceremony.

On the morning of the wedding day the couple received their parents' blessings, and then dressed for the ceremony, the bridegroom resplendent in his wedding outfit, with a sword around his waist and the wedding sash (Khatchgoti) in red, over his shoulder. The bridal gown was made of luxurious brocade, embroidered with pearls and diamonds, according to class, the choice of the gown being white. The bridegroom next mounted his horse, and at the head of his party of relatives and merry-makers, went to the church to wait for the arrival of the bridal party. At a royal wedding a gilded coach was driven in the procession in honor of the bride. The priest met the couple at the gates of the church and after giving them spiritual and moral advice about marriage, led them to the altar with a group of chanting priests. During the ceremony at the altar, the priest secured the Narots, one, around the neck of the bride and the other, around the neck of the groom. The Narot is a band of three lengths of red, white and green cords, woven together, signifying the holy tie of matrimony. After the wedding ceremony the celebration began, which sometimes lasted seven days or more. The families and guests feasted

and danced while the bride and groom sat on their throne with crowns upon their heads. Then followed the exchange of the dowry by the bride and groom, while their families exchanged gifts too.

The Armenian woman regarded marriage as a spiritual tie for motherhood and considered motherhood itself sacred. She was fond of children and aimed at having a big family. She considered losing her life during childbirth (common in those days) an act of God, and died happily. She wanted children who would be worthy of the fine name and high ideals of the family, and good citizens too. The Armenian woman has strived toward that goal with the persistence and zeal of a determined individual, from ancient times to the present. She began by proper character building at home and later, tending to their schooling (according to her means) and most of all, to their spiritual education. History tells us that our famous Armenian noble families of Bagratouni, Mamikonian, Pahlavouni, Roubiniantz etc., owe their greatness mainly to the mothers and wives in their families.

The proper and virtuous upbringing of children was not for royalty and nobility alone; the commoner also was very particular about her children's character, for, besides teaching them their worldly responsibilities, many mothers devoted their children's whole life, while they were quite young, to serving God. Thus, one of Armenia's greatest poets Narekatzi, who came from an average family, owes his education and fame to his mother. This brilliant woman further extended her influence over her whole family including her husband Khosrov, who finally became Bishop of Andzevatzvotz, and her three sons served God.

Another woman, so the legend goes, knowing she could not afford proper education for her baby son, found a way out by sitting at the gates of the Catholicos's

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Rectory day and night, with her baby in her arms, ignoring adverse weather. In reply to inquiries for this strange vigil, she said that she was trying to prepare her baby son for the high rank of Catholicos. Consequently, the baby was taken into the Rectory, given his highest education, so he could serve his God and his nation, this baby later became the well known Catholicos Yesaye. A vivid example of the perseverance and will power of the Armenian woman and her recognition of the high ideals of her time.

These are but a few of the countless women, truly models of virtue and devotion, who molded the future generation so remarkably, while their husbands and sons were constantly engaged in wars, trying to ward off the endless attacks of their enemies, who were determined to overrun and destroy Armenia.

These women in turn were loved and worshipped by their grateful families. We are told by our historians that if it were not for the undying spirit of these valiant women, the Armenians would have never had such immortal heroes as Vahan, Vartan, and Hmayak, who gave their lives in the field of battle fighting with a handful of men and greatly outnumbered by the ruthless enemy, to preserve their religion and their country. Who was responsible for their deep-rooted patriotism and unquestionable bravery? Of course, it all goes back to their mothers, who sang lullabies of heroism and independence to them as infants.

After the famous religious battle of Vartanantz against the Persians, in the year 451, most of the defeated Armenians migrated to different countries, mainly to Georgia. Princess Dzvik Mamikonian, sister-in-law of Vartan Mamikonian of the Mamikonian nobility, took her young son Vahan, together with two children of the Kam-sarakan noble family and fled to Georgia.

There, with great personal sacrifice and self denial she educated them according to the heroic tradition of the Mamikoniantz. Eventually, her son Vahan Mamikonian became the leader in the Armenian struggle to secure recognition by the mighty Persian Empire, by compelling them to sign, in the year 471 A.D., the Treaty of Navarsag, considered the religious Magna Charta of the Armenians, which gave the Armenians the right to worship their Christian religion.

In times of peace, these model women of Christianity not only influenced their families to serve God, but a great number of them set the example of service to God, in many different ways. The poor who had only their labor to offer, would devote their entire life to the care of a church and its clergy, by doing the housekeeping. The

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Writes Shokram Baggs:

"I was born in Iran, of Armenian parents, Rev. and Mrs. Casper Petrossian, and the last of their thirteen children. In my early childhood I traveled all over Iran, as a result of my father's occupation as a Missionary.

"We all received our education at the American schools, adding the English language to our native Armenian and Persian languages. Soon after my graduation from the American High School in Teheran, we moved to Tabriz, to join my brother who had gone there before us.

"Another journey took me to Beirut, Lebanon, where for a while I attended the musical division of the American University of Beirut, and back to Tabriz again, where I met my prospective husband, one of the Bagdassarian brothers, formerly of Kars.

"As it turned out, my traveling days were not over, because a few years later I was moving again, this time with my husband and children, to reside in the U. S., my husband being a U. S. citizen. In December of 1937 we arrived in the States with our two little boys, aged 1, and 4½ years.

"From travel to homemaking, and change of environments. But, busy as I was with my home-life, I was interested in doing something besides. Consequently I have been active in different groups. The Armenian American Club is currently keeping me busy and interested. Over the years, both nationalities in our club have come to know the national culture and habits of each other. We Armenians find that our non-Armenian friends are deeply interested in our past as well as the present, and appreciate our culture and good traits."

rich, or royalty, adopted a church or monastery and supported it, and later bequeathed their entire wealth to its upkeep. These were called Church Mothers.

Still another group of self-sacrificing women, many from royalty, exchanged the luxury and comfort of their mansions for the plain life of a convent. One of these, from the Bagratouni dynasty, was a queen named Katranide, wife of Gagik Bagratouni. This righteous queen, who is credited with the erection of the famous Cathedral at Ani, renounced her throne and together with her daughters, entered the nun-hood. She died in her beloved Ani. Afterwards, the archeologist Nikolai Marr, while excavating in the ruins of Ani, found the remains of Queen Katranide with her feet nailed together. After long study for an explanation of this puzzling spectacle, he came to the conclusion that the Queen may have requested that her feet be nailed together after her death, in likeness of the crucifixion of her beloved Lord.

In addition, these saintly women performed numerous acts of benevolence, of which a few are mentioned by our historians. For instance, Queen Shushik Pahlavouni, with the help of her husband, took in the hungry and the poor, and fed and clothed them. They attended the sick and befriended the despondent. Everywhere they went, sorrow vanished and widows and orphans rejoiced. Other first ladies, too numerous to mention, donated public utilities to the people of their kingdom; rendered tax-free an entire city, village or township, in order to help their people. Still others made generous gifts of Holy Literature and all sorts of religious vestments and precious vessels to the various churches and monasteries. They certainly acted as mothers, rather than rulers to their people.

The name of Queen Zabelle stands out as the founder of the Main Hospital at Sis, capital of Cilicia. After the tragic loss of

her beloved husband, the handsome, part-Armenian Duke of Antioch, the beautiful Zabelle was almost forcibly married to King Hetoum, for whom she had only deep respect. Because of her compliant nature and understanding of her duties as queen, she became a faithful wife and the loving mother of seven children, all of whom she brought up in the full dignity and tradition of her rank. Finally in her constant search for means of helping the sick and the poor, she found solace in building the famed hospital in Sis and devoted her life to serve her country by nursing the sick in this hospital. She is said to have contracted one of the diseases to which she was constantly exposed in her duties as a nurse and Queen Zabelle died quite young, at the age of thirty-seven.

One example is given of the true spirit of Christianity and forgiveness of the Armenian woman. In the year 700 the Arabs invaded Armenia, massacred many and burned their homes. Somehow the Armenians recovered from this surprise attack and struck back. The battered remains of the enemy fled from the pursuing Armenians and reached the estate belonging to the Kamsarakan Armenian nobleman. The lady of the estate, Shushik Kamsarakan, seeing the enemy's plight, could not bear to see even the enemy suffer. She ran out, her arms extended toward the pursuing Armenians and pleaded and begged of them to stop harassing the wretched remains of the enemy, until the Armenians gave in to her pleas. She then took in the wounded and the sick, even attending to them personally. After a few days, the wounded, healed and fed, were each given a donkey to return to his home, with the warning not to come back. The enemy was, of course, impressed and ashamed but for how long?

While the good deeds of these eminent women of history became records or just memories, standing evidence of their patri-

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otism and greatness shone through the ages to tell the story. This evidence consists of churches, hospitals, libraries, bridges and even forts, built by these women; some were helped by their husbands while others shouldered the responsibility alone. Among the most famous of the structures thus built are: the Cathedral at Ani, which we mentioned before, and the Monastery at Haghpat. The construction of Ani was begun by King Smbat 2nd., in the year 988, and after his untimely death, his sister-in-law Queen Katranide undertook the tremendous task of completing the famed structure, in the year 1010. The ruins of Ani still remain standing and are often likened to the unbreakable spirit of the Armenian. The second most famous structure, the Monastery at Haghpat, was erected in 991, by Queen Khosrovanoosh, wife of King Ashot Bagratouni. Other structures, large and small, built by other prominent Armenian women, are too numerous to mention.

LITERATURE AND ARTS — With time off from her family and community duties, the Armenian woman indulged as well in literary and artistic activities. We have records of such books as studies of stars and the universe written by Armenian women. There are many religious cantatas also written by them.

Some studied and commented on the Bible, after the invention of the Armenian alphabet, in the fifth century, a period called the Golden Age in Armenian Literature because of the major movement toward education, brought about by the enthusiasm over the all-important invention of the Armenian alphabet.

Beginning as far back as the fourth century, the Armenian woman has shown her talent in singing and playing all sorts of musical instruments of her time. She has appeared on the stage as dramatic actress or satirical entertainer. The career on the

stage, however, did not meet the approval of the serious minded heads of the church and religious leaders and they constantly criticised and berated these women artists who, they claimed, made a spectacle of themselves in front of the audiences. Because of these criticisms, the Armenian woman was forbidden the stage for a while.

IN PUBLIC OFFICE — We have mention of Armenian women as queens or in lower ranks in office, titles which they held and managed quite ably. It is noteworthy that in historic times, as in modern times, women rulers were very rare, even among the Western nations. Of the Eastern nations, Egypt was the first to have a queen. Assyria followed suite and so did Judea. Persia, Greece and Georgia. Armenia was no exception; furthermore, a number of her daughters ruled as queens at one time or another in Byzantium, Georgia etc.

Under her Feudalistic system, Armenia had a considerable number of women rulers, consisting of queens and duchesses. As a rule, queens became sole rulers after the death of the king, or in the event there was no male heir to the throne, but in many cases the queens appeared to have equal authority in public affairs even during the reign of her husband, the king. According to history many of these women in public office, saved their country in times of invasion, by mediation and the use of great diplomacy with the enemy, often risking or sacrificing their very lives. For example the famous Queen Parantzem.

THE ARMENIAN WOMAN AS A HEROINE — No characterization would be complete without an account of the individual acts of womanly courage in the face of danger and sorrow. Here we will

mention briefly just a few of the countless heroic acts of the Armenian woman throughout history.

We have records of women martyrs, who helped in the conversion of Armenians to Christianity. Among the famous are, Sandoukht, daughter of King Sanatrouk; and Hripsime and Gayane, the sainted nuns. Sandoukht was one of a number of Armenians who became followers of the first Disciple who visited Armenia at the beginning of Christianity. The enraged King Sanatrouk ordered all the newly converted Christians to be killed and his own daughter Sandoukht, imprisoned. He failed in all his attempts to wipe out the Christians and turn his daughter away from Christianity, each attempt was foiled by a miracle from heaven, according to legend.

The king tried all sorts of tortures on Sandoukht, even attempting to take her life, but each time she was protected by a miracle and she kept on succoring the cause of Christianity. Finally King Sanatrouk succeeded in the execution of the Disciple along with many of his followers, including Sandoukht. According to legend, a ray of light descended from heaven and claimed their bodies in the presence of the crowds, upon which many more were converted.

The nuns Hripsime and Gayane, supposedly of Scythian and Roman origin (while some historians insist that they were of Armenian parentage, from the Hogvotz convent) are said to have fled to Armenia because of persecution against the Christians in Rome. The nuns found refuge in Vagharshapat, and soon word got around of the outstanding beauty of Hripsime, whereupon King Tiridates ordered her brought to the palace in order to marry her. Hripsime refused to submit to the king's command, and her companion Gayane was brought to the palace as a possible inducement to Hripsime, but instead, the two nuns fled the palace, only to be caught by the

guards, who tortured and finally slew them.

Later King Tridates became severely ill from remorse, and recovered only after he became a Christian. Thus, he was the first Christian Armenian king and made Armenians the first nation to adopt Christianity, in the year 303.

Queen Shushanik, daughter of Vardan Mamikonian, became a queen in Georgia. Her husband who had been converted to Zoroastrianism, tried to force her to adopt his religion. Shushanik refused to give up her religion, and together with her children, took refuge in a church. After being coaxed back to the palace by friends, Queen Shushanik refused to face the king. She was thrown into the dungeon, and put in chains, starved and tortured, but she still refused to change her religion. After seven years of punishment, she finally died in the dungeon.

Another queen named Parantzem, of the Arshakouni dynasty, was forced to defend a fort against the Persians for fourteen months. She had taken refuge in the stronghold of Ardagers, with thousands of her countrymen, in the absence of the king, and perhaps could have held out much longer, until help arrived, but for an epidemic which struck the occupants of the fortress. Within a month tens of thousands were dead, with the exception of Queen Parantzem and her two ladies-in-waiting. The Queen became frantic and distraught. On the advice of a traitor she decided to surrender to the enemy who had surrounded them. After bidding farewell to her kingdom, with a last prayer on her lips and tears in her eyes, she opened the gates of the fortress to her executioners, who took her captive to Persia and executed her, after publicly disgracing her.

Another woman, a commoner, was seen standing on top of the fort, during the battle of Ani, and hurling stones on the heads of the invaders who were trying to overtake Ani. Needless to say she was final-

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ly killed by the arrows. Another queen is said to have received many gifts of precious jewels from the enemy ruler for her bravery, for not having left the husband's side during battle.

Another incident of individual bravery: During the battle of Moush, a mother, a commoner, with her baby tied on her back, stood on top of the cliffs, loosing arrows at the enemy. Presently she realized that she and her baby would soon fall into the hands of the enemy. To her, this was worse than death, so she threw the baby down the cliffs and took her own life by jumping down after the baby. This scene could be multiplied by thousands of young women in Armenia who jumped down cliffs during war, or in peacetime, to escape falling into the hands of the enemy abductors. Another brave woman, the wife of an Armenian officer, escaped capture by the enemy and took refuge in the mountains of a little town in Cilicia. She wandered around for five years, assembling 300 brave men and fought and dispersed the enemy who had taken the town. Thus she acted as a military leader as well as a ruler of the town she liberated.

Another episode tells of a group of ladies from the aristocracy, who were held prisoners in an enemy fort, after one of the Holy Wars. Offered the choice of denying their religion or losing their lives, not one of these valiant women was weakened by the offer of freedom, preferring to die for their religion. Many more of these martyrs had harrowing experiences which were worse than death, such as witnessing atrocities committed throughout the ages by the Arabs, Turks, Tatars, Egyptians, Persians, Romans and others. What is worse for a mother than to witness the suffering of her loved ones? These gallant women, who raised their children with such adoring care,

saw them literally cut to pieces before their eyes. They witnessed the same fate overtaking their beloved husbands too. Countless widows and children were left to hunger and suffer deprivation, over and over again, as the result of savage enemy attacks. These episodes took place on a much larger scale, especially during the First World War, in 1915.

After Armenia was overrun by the enemy, in about the fourteenth century, the Armenians were scattered all over the world. In the year 1605 a great number of the Armenians were forcibly taken to reside in Persia by Shah Abbas, one of the Persian rulers. As an inducement he is said to have taken the cornerstones from their churches in Armenia, transporting them into Persia for their new churches to be built there. But to the Armenians this change meant only one thing namely, from fame and freedom they were going to subjugation following the loss of their country. Small wonder, when the French historian Cornell Lebrun visited Persia in 1704, he noticed that the Armenian woman who had migrated there, had changed beyond recognition, both in appearance and in personality. The blood-curdling experiences had left their mark on her — these same Armenian women whom the ancient Greek historian and geographer Strabo had typified by the words, "Megala ke Kala."

The fact remains that in spite of the constant punishment which the Armenians received from the nations all around them, throughout the ages they managed to survive as a nation, while many other big or small ancient nations have disappeared completely from the face of the earth. No doubt, the devotion and the patriotism of the Armenian woman has played a great role in this struggle.

The Woman in the Window

H. PROKLOFF RENICK

For years, at almost regular intervals, I saw her sitting there. To anyone else, whose eye happened to fall on her, she probably was just that — a woman in the window. But, outlined by the spotted, dilapidated frame of the window, to me — she was an obscure painting; mysterious and enchanting. The red of her bodice, rich and vibrant, was such as often used by Titian and Rembrandt. Her hands, folded against the dark of her skirt were restfully pensive. The face — only an imperceptible oval, had to be completed by the imagination of the observer.

The window of my apartment was directly in front of hers, although many floors lower, and if I happened to spend any time at my window, I found that I began to look for her, wait for her quiet appearance there, as one awaits something dear and loved rather than the necessary presence of a permanent fixture. I used to imagine all sort of things about her. There were times, (perhaps the time of the day had something to do with it?) when with the golden rays of the setting sun she seemed to radiate the "Eternal Feminine", the maternal spirit embracing all the disquietude of the world.

At other times I saw in her a mediaeval maiden, patiently awaiting the return of her lover. The immobility of her hands

suggested that she might be praying for his safety, or devising incantations for the success of his crusade. The position of her hands changed from time to time. Sometimes the wrists, parallel, looked like the classical positions of Italian Masters, at other times, if one hand clasped the other, the "painting" looked more Flemish.

In time, she became a starting point for a day's mood; a quiet silent influence that governed my thoughts and senses.

One day, I was surprised to notice in the immovable pose of the woman a great change. The whole figure was now much closer to the pane, but the impassive face, turned away from the window, seemed lost in the dusk of the room. Suddenly, she no longer looked like a painting. The spell of the image was broken.

A few days passed. Our quiet communion broken, I no longer felt the need of her presence there.

However, with a gradually growing curiosity, I began again to wonder about her and decided to investigate.

I found out that the house was totally empty. Its dark red drapes were covered with cobwebs. All windows were broken and streaked with dirt.

The woman existed only in my imagination.

APB. POLADIAN ON THE CHURCH IN SOVIET ARMENIA

PETER FARADIAN

Archbishop Derenik Poladian is an anomaly.

He has visited Soviet Armenia on four different occasions. As a *persona grata* to the Soviet government, he has quite obviously with little official restraint traveled the length and breadth of the country. He has seen with his own "tear-filled" eyes the ravages of Soviet control of Armenia as reflected in the ruination of the Armenian church establishment by the atheistic Communists — and he has, as we shall see, had the temerity to record in print his impressions of the graphic dishabile of religion in Soviet Armenia.

Yet, Archbishop Poladian remains today one of the most outspoken supporters of the Soviet Union in the Armenian church establishment abroad!

Faced with this dichroism, one inevitably concludes that the Archbishop is simply a wicked man who, though shocked by what he has seen of the ruined Armenian church establishment at home, through some fatal and sadistic idiosyncrasy, wishes to see the Armenian Apostolic church organization abroad subjected to the control of that same government which in fact was responsible for the destruction of the Armenian church establishment in the homeland.

Arch. Poladian is either wicked, or he is very foolish — and it is doubtful that he is foolish. His action in returning to the free world after each of his four trips to

the Soviet Union is hardly that of a foolish man.

While head of the Seminary of the Catholicosate of Cilicia, in Lebanon, Apb. Poladian not only failed to preach the true gospel of what he had seen for himself in Soviet Armenia but on the contrary became one of the bitterest enemies of the new anti-Soviet Catholicos of Cilicia, Zareh I — so bitter in fact that the Catholicos, on July 24, 1956, was forced to relieve him of his official duties at the Seminary for insubordination.

His opposition to Zareh I has emphasised once again the anomaly that is Archbishop Derenik Poladian.

What he had seen in Soviet Armenia, what he has written about the desperate conditions in that country, should have logically led him to support — rather than fight — an anti-Soviet Catholicos of Cilicia. But it is obvious that logic has clambered out of the window as far as Archbishop Poladian is concerned.

Apb. Poladian's four trips to Soviet Armenia took place in 1945, 1953, '54, '55. In 1955, he returned to Lebanon, where he assumed nominal leadership of the pro-Soviet faction which attempted, unsuccessfully and abortively, to block the election and consecration of Catholicos Zareh.

Meanwhile, his volume "Yerkir Hairent" (*The Fatherland*) appeared. While Archbishop Poladian is "crusading" against the anti-Soviet Zareh Catholicos, his book is

making the rounds destroying and rendering doubly contemptible everything he says and does against a resolute Catholicos who clearly enough doesn't want the conditions outlined in Archbishop Poladian's book to spread itself to the Armenian church abroad!

Here are a few samples of what Archbishop Poladian's "Yerkir Haireni" has to say:

Important space is given over to describing historical places — but the historian is struck by one fact. The author has borrowed his material almost directly from the works of the great Mekhitarist historian, Father Alishan! The pictures, too, give cause for wonder. They are old—antique and often-seen pictures taken from the Mekhitarist works or else from Thoramanian's two volume study of Armenian architecture!

But let's put to one side this bold attempt to "cover up" on the awful nature of things today. Let's get to what he has had to say about conditions in Soviet Armenia.

Archbishop Poladian visited the Dilidjan area, where 10-15 kilometers outside of the town is found the fabled monastery established by Mekhitar Gosh — *Goshavank*. Says he of this hallowed relic:

"Right now, the vestibule and church is full of wheat and cereal grains."

But he has an explanation for this sacrilege. "A villager assured me: 'This is merely a temporary arrangement!'"

En route to Kirovakan (Karakilisseh), he came upon the village of Hamgheghman, where, shortly after his arrival, he was surrounded by the country folk.

"Have you a church," I asked them.

"Yes," came the answer, "but it is not being used."

"What is its name?"

"The name. . . . ko. . . . we don't

know. . . . ask those who are older than we are."

"But you people are not so young," I said as I made off for the church.

"Do you go to church, do you hear mass?"

"No we don't. It's been forbidden. The church has been made the storehouse of the collective farm."

On the road to Sanahin, Archbishop Derenik Poladian fell in with a group of Armenian women who told him that they were on a pilgrimage to "very distant Artsakh district". But why were they going to such a distant place, the Archbishop inquired. "What can we do?" the women asked him. "We have no church, we have no priest."

"I was moved and troubled," he writes.

While visiting the famous abbey at Haghbat, in Sanahin, he observed the village school.

"At the recess period, the pupils surrounded me. Clad in my black robes, I seemed an altogether strange and grotesque figure to these young people. . . . And this right in the sacred precincts of Haghbat! My emotion soon welled into tears. . . ."

Haghbat and vicinity are very rich in history. On leaving the area, Apb. Poladian recorded this sentiment:

"In thirty years, this sacred and hallowed place has had neither a church nor has it heard mass. Angered, head-down, ashamed, I entered my automobile. . . ."

At Ahlaverdi, he went to visit the Otzoun church, which had been built in 735. "This ancient and sacred church too has no priest. Walls one-half meter high have been built in the vestibule and interior of the church, and the resultant bins separate wheat, beans, grapes and other produce." He asked the villagers if they had a church or if they heard mass. Did they have their children baptised? Came the curt answer: "Such things have been taken from us."

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Archbishop Derenik Poladian had the opportunity to visit the fabled Armenian district of Siunik in the capital city of which, Koris, he saw the St. Gregory the Illuminator Church which, he testified *"is still being used as a storehouse. The church is locked."*

As for famous old Tatev monastery: *"I kiss the stones of the front portals, and enter the edifice. We walk forward reverently. There is no ringing of the bells, and no singing of the church hymns. There is no censor and no flickering candles. There is no cross, no Gospel, no vartapets and no acolytes. There are no pilgrims and no congregation — just perfect ruins and silence."*

It is no wonder that we learn from Derenik himself that his trip to Tatev had been discouraged sorely by the government authorities. . . .

In 1954, accompanied by his equally now pro-Soviet colleague Archbishop Khat, Archbishop Poladian visited the large Armenian city of Leninakan, the former Alexandropol, in the Armenian Shirak, Soviet Armenia. There were at one time four Armenian churches in this city but, according to Archbishop Poladian, *"of these only Holy Astvatzatzin is being used (gortzoumeh)."* They proceeded to the Artiki district and its Haridj monastery, where the Catholicosi of Armenia in happier days would spend their holidays. Says Archbishop Poladian: *"Haridj Monastery has not had an Abbot*

since 1915. It has been used as a storehouse for years."

Via automobile, Archbishops Derenik and Khat made their way to the village of Mastara, a community of 420 families. "The Hinavourtz chapel there was founded in the fifth century," Apb. Poladian writes, "and was used up to twenty years ago as a community church. It has been converted into a storehouse housing the equipment of the collective farm."

The villagers there begged Arch. Poladian for "one church, say one mass for us. We entered the sacred precincts where once the sweet smell of holy incense prevailed. Our nostrils were assailed by the pungent, disagreeable smell of grains stored there. Apb. Khat's brows fell, his face became stern, and we awaited his deep voice sounding out in protest — but he had already fled from the sanctuary."

And eventually in his travels, Archbishop Poladian got to the city of Tiflis, Soviet Georgia which "once had twenty-eight Armenian churches, of which only two — St. Gevorg and St. Gevorg of Etchmiadzin are open today." He found the famous Nersesian school there a "refugee center" and the Armenian theater "comandeered by the government".

And finally, to Moscow: *"The almost 65,000 Armenians living in Moscow have no church they can call their own, no school, no cultural organizations. They haven't even got a gathering place, a center where they can meet their fellow compatriots."*

THE ARMENIAN PLUM, CLAY, STONE AND MOUSE

H. BABESSIAN

The following four brief studies will appear in the forthcoming illustrated research work entitled "Armeniaca" being prepared by Mr. H. Babessian, of Fresno, Calif.

THE ARMENIAN PLUM

The scientific Latin name of the apricot, according to Linnaeus, is *prunus Armenica* which means Armenian plum, but it is not a plum. In botany the term plum includes the apricot, the peach (*prunus persica* — persian plum), now called *persica vulgaris* and seldom called *amygdallus persica* (Persian almond).

The plum family also includes the cherry (*prunus cerasus*), the Mahaleb (*prunus mahaleb*) etc. The Armenians dry the seed of the latter, powder it, and use it to flavor pastries and bread. The abovementioned trees belong to the Rosaceae Family whose principal specimen is the rose; the rest are: the familiar *rosa canina* (dog rose, eglantine), the bramble, the pear tree, the apple tree, the cherry tree, the *cerasus avium* (sour cherry), the almond tree and the pomegranate tree. The apricot, as a member of the rose family, belongs to the almond branch.

The Romans brought the apricot to Rome from Armenia some 30 years before Plinius wrote about it. The Arabs have called it Armenian apple (Tooffah-el-ermeny), while Dioscorides calls it Mylon armeniakon praikokkion (Armenian premature apple). The Latin equivalent is *Armenia mala et precocia*. Following the lat-

ter the French eventually called it pomme d'Armenic precoca.¹ Ainsworth's Dictionary (Lat-Eng. Eng-Lat) defines the Armenian plum as *Armenium pomum*, sc. ex Armenia. A fruit like apricots. *Malus Armeniaca*, the apricot tree, col.² "*Armeniicum pomum et Malus Armeniaca*." Both mean Armenian plum, the former (*Pomum*) from the Latin, and the latter a latinized form borrowed from the *Malos* (mylon — apple). Science calls it first *prunus Armenica* (Armenian plum), and second, the botanist and traveler Joseph Pitton Tournefort calls it *Armeniaca vulgaris*, the term which finally was adopted. Columellus has called it *Armeniaca malum*, *Malus armeniaca* or simply *Armeniicum*, while Linnaeus has adopted Tournefort's terminology. Botanical works always precede the word with the names of Tournefort and Lamarck to indicate that the term has been recognized by both equally.

¹ Commentaires de P. M. Andre Matthioli sur Dioscorides, Lyon, 1680. See footnote on Armenian clay.

² Col (umellus), Lucius Moderatus. — The most erudite Latin agronomist of antiquity, born in the first century B.C. in Cadiz, Spain. He traveled the Roman Empire and settled in Rome in 42 A.D. Had visited Cilicia and Syria. His works are: *De re rustica*, 12 volumes, a highly interesting work on variants and trees (*de arboribus*).

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It seems the Arabs translated the Armenian apple (*Tooffah-el-ermeney*) word for word from the Greek *Mylon armeniakon* (Armenian apple) or from the Latin *Armeniacum pomum* (Armenian apple), and very likely they followed the work of *Colemellus* during their seven century domination over Spain.

As to the specie of the apricot whose meat does not separate from the seed, the Armenians call it *bargoog* which is known to science as *prunus pseudo-armeniaca*. The Armenian *bargoog* is derived from the Arabic *barkook* or *elbarkook* (the *barkook*) which in turn has given birth to the Spanish *albaricoque*, the Portuguese *albricoque* or *albercocca*, the French *abricot*, the English *apricot*, and the German *abrokose*.

The pit of the apricot is bitter and contains a poison called *Prussic acid*. The Armenians soften the apricot seed in boiling water, sweeten it, and make of it a highly cherished confectionary. Boiling removes both the bitterness and the *Prussic acid* in the seed.

In concluding I would like to give two different views in regard to the origin of the apricot. The French periodical *Magasin Pittoresque* says the following: "The common apricot (*abricotier commun*) was introduced into Rome from Armenia some 30 years before *Plinius* was writing about it. Nevertheless a number of botanists, including *Allioni*,³ testify of having seen wild specimens in a number of countries in southern Europe, indicating that Asia had no monopoly as the sole producer. (*Magasin Pittoresque*, Tome XXI, page 198, January, 1853).

Again it is contended that the apricot first came from China, mention of which is found in a Chinese work entitled *Shan-Hai-King* as early as 2205-2198 years ago.

Its introduction into Italy was new at the time of *Pliny's* writing and it was the Romans who introduced it into Spain and Africa. It was cultivated in France in the XVIth century; *Woolf*, the gardener of King Henry VIII, introduced it into England in 1524.

The Siberian plum (*prunus siberica*, *Linn*) is a variant of the Armenian plum (*prunus armeniaca* — apricot) which is also called *armeniaca siberica*, no doubt an abbreviation of *prunus armeniaca siberica*. The Siberian plum is a bush or small tree 12 feet high whose blossoms are white or rose colored but the fruit is yellow-red. It is not edible. The tree is often used for ornamentation. In all probability it is a native plant of China (*Tahuria*, *Manchuria*).

ARMENIAN CLAY

This clay, called the Armenian clay, is a composite ochre of iron and silicon with a vivid dark red color, used anciently in the healing of wounds and cuts as an astringent and hardener. It owes its red color to its peroxide of iron content which the ancients used as a congealer.

Anciently the Armenian clay came from Armenia and Persia but now it may be found in the province of Tuscany, Italy, and in the vicinities of the French cities of Saumur and Blois. The pills of the Armenian clay were once known in France as "*Pilules de Bol d'Armenie*."

Pedacius Dioscorides, famous first century physician and physicist born in the city of Anazarbe, Cilicia, (40 A.D.) says: "The Armenian clay comes from Cappadocea which, being purified, is transported to the City of Sinope on the Black Sea coast and is sold there. For this reason this common clay is called the red chalk of Sinope (*Rubrica Sinopica*).

The Italian physician and physicist *Andrea Mattioli* in his *Commentaries on Dioscorides* (page 514) rejects the notion

³ C. Allioni, Italian physician and botanist (1725-1804). His monumental work is *Flora Pedremontana*, 1785, vols.

that the Armenian clay and the red chalk of Sinope are identical, despite the fact that both contained iron oxide and silicon. Likewise he rejects the idea that the common clay and the Armenian clay are the same thing. In this connection he writes: "A few authors admit that Bol d'Armenie orientale (the eastern Armenian clay) and the red chalk of Sinope (Rubrica Sinopica) are identical."

The weekly periodical *Dimanche Illustre* published in Paris, in its issue of August 19, 1928, identifies *terre de Sinope* (Rubrica Sinopica) with the Armenian clay of Armenia (ochre d'Armenie), using the two as synonyms. The ochre d'Armenie is Dioscorides' Armenian clay which was refined and sent to Sinope.

It is plain that the Armenian clay of the abovementioned periodical and Dioscorides' common Armenian clay (Bol Armene Commun) are identical.⁴

In my opinion the expression "Rubrica Sinopica" has no right to exist since Sinop possessed no such unique clay, but as Dioscorides has narrated, the product was first excavated and refined, and then was sent to Sinope for sale.⁵

As to the "eastern Armenian clay" whose real name is the clay of Lemnos, it comes from the slopes of a red hill in the Island of Lemnos or Stalimene. And although the expression "eastern Armenian clay" has been used as its synonym, nevertheless it has no connection whatsoever with the Armenian clay. Thus, through an improper application, the two have become synony-

mous usage of the Italian *terra sigillata*, different as will be seen from the synonymous usage of the Italian *terra sigillata*, sealed bole and the eastern Armenian clay (Bolo Armene orientale).

To start with, the identification or the synonymous use of the eastern Armenian clay and Bolus orientalis should exclude all controversy as regards the clay of Lemnos. In other words, the usage of the expression "Eastern Armenian clay" is erroneous; it should read simply "eastern clay" which conceivably could be synonymous with the clay of Lemnos. In this respect the French Tenth Century Encyclopedia is very specific. It says: "The most noted among these were the Armenian clay and the clay of Lemnos, the likes of which were found in Germany and France. They bore the emblems of the French medical faculty and of the Pope from which is derived the expression of 'seale bole.' The separate use of the expressions of Armenian clay and the clay of Lemnos definitely proves that they were not synonymous. The famous Greek philosopher and physician Galen (born in Pergamus, 131-201 A.D.) and Mattioli distinctly state that the Armenian clay and the clay of Lemnos are not the same thing.

Although the two names have been used as identical, as we have stated, the expression eastern Armenian clay should not mislead us into thinking that these two clays are identical because one of them, produced in the Island of Lemnos or Stalimene, by virtue of its close resemblance to the Armenian clay, has been called eastern clay, while the other is the product of Armenia as confirmed by Galen and Mattioli. On the other hand there is no special inadvertance in calling these two clays by their respective names because they both possess the same composition and qualities. The only objection is, since Lemnos is to the west of Armenia, the expression "eastern" cannot properly apply to the Armenian

⁴ The French expression of "common Armenian clay" used in that century should read in modern French "Boi d'Armenie commun."

⁵ Similar example of the confusion or the improper usage of the expressions "Red chalk of Sinope" and "Armenian clay" are the "sugar of Trieste" and the "oil of Batum." There was time when the Austrian sugar was called "the sugar of Trieste" because it was exported from that port. Likewise, the oil of Batum really came from Baku, but was exported from that port. There is no oil well in Batum.

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clay. It would be more proper to call it western Armenian clay.

In Mattioli's work, page 515, the clay of Lemnos or the ancients' Armenian oriental bole is called Lemnia terra (the soil or the clay of Lemnos), Lemmum sigillum (sealed bole of Lemnos), or terra sigillata, Lemnis sphragis (seale bole).⁶

The Arabs called the sealed bole "Tun makhtoom", the Armenian clay "thun arindull," and later "hojr-e-ermony" — Armenian stone. This latter expression is wrong as we shall prove later. In our opinion, if they wanted to give the Armenian clay a new meaning, they should have called "thun-e-ermony (Armenian bole), and not "hojr-e-ermony" which is the Armenian stone.

What is the color of the Armenian clay? Generally it is red, but there are species of the yellow as seen from the writings of Galen: "During this great plague they brought to us a yellow clay from Armenia, the neighboring country of Cappadocia." This obviously refers to the Armenian clay. At the beginning of this article we have already stated that the Armenian clay is a red colored ochre, and since the word ochre in industry is applied to various kinds of impure iron oxides, and the red ochre being a mixture of clay and red hematite ($2\text{Fe}^2\text{O}^3\text{H}^2\text{O}$), therefore it cannot exclude the yellow color as confirmed by Galen's last statement. The yellow ochre is a hydrated iron oxide which assumes a red color, or becomes a red ochre. It follows that both the red and the yellow ochre exist in nature of which the yellow is implied in the words of Galen. The Persians call the Armenian clay *gilermeney* and their synonym for the word is *gil soorkh* (yellow ochre); the Arabs call it *kil-esfer* (yellow ochre).

⁶ Sphragis, Greek Sphraghis, meaning a seal, a seal ring, something which bears a seal, such as coins, a ticket or a passport. The infinitive is sphraghito, to seal.

The ancient Romans used twine painted with chalk which they called *linea*. They used this device to snap a straight line on lumber to be able to saw it on a straight line. The Armenian carpenters use this device to this day, using the ink instead of paint. A long piece of twine is dipped in ink and then stretched on the board which is to be sawed. As the taut rope is snapped at the middle it leaves a straight black mark along the length. The ancient Greeks called the *linea* "stothme." The French use for the purpose the "arcanne" which means red chalk, to draw straight lines on the board.

In conclusion mention should be made of two Arabic synonyms of the Armenian clay: one, tun arundull, the other, hojr-e-ermony (Armenian stone) as was mentioned above. The question arises, is the Armenian clay really a stone? To be sure its name is clay, but when we consider the index of its density which is 2.8-3.2, according to Friedrich Mohs who gives the limestone a hardness of 2 degrees and the claystone 3, we are forced to admit that the Armenia clay is a stone as clearly seen from the following words of Galen: "Therefore we could call it a stone even as the man who brought it to me called it, or clay as I call it." In the light of minerological grading of hardness, it would be no error to call it a stone but this is not necessarily our aim. We only want to point out here the error which the Arabs committed in calling the Armenian clay hojr-e-ermony (Armenian stone) which they eventually applied to a stone from Armenia which is the real Armenian clay.

What could have been the sources of this error? In all probability the Arabs recognized the Armenian clay much earlier as a medical substance, and consequently, following Galen's abovementioned explanation, and perhaps based upon the degree of its hardness, they called it hojr-e-ermony. But when they finally recognized the Ar-

menian stone, they rightly called it *hojr-ermeniy* which is the proper word for the stone, but the wrong word for the clay.

ARMENIAN STONE

Some authors have pronounced the Armenian stone (Armenian word *Haikar*) as synonymous with *lapis lazuli*. The *Nouveau Dictionnaire de Sciences* (R. Perrier), 1924, Paris, translates the Armenian stone (*Pierre d'Armenie*) as *azurite*. Father Gabriel Menevishian of the Mekhitarist Institute of Vienna in his *Minerology*, page 64, says: "among the various species of *azurite* noted is the Armenian stone which is found with *Malachite*."

From the testimony of these two authors it follows that the Armenian stone which is a specie of *azurite* must contain brass as do *azurite* and *malachite*. Again, according to the description of some authors, the Armenian stone is shown as green. The celebrated Latin author *Plinius* says: "In Armenia there is a stone which bears the country's name. It has the color of *borax*." The *borax* of Armenia, according to *Dioscorides*, is the very best and is green like leek. Speaking of the Armenian stone *Plinius* writes: "Because they are best appreciated, they are very green and seldom blue." *Andreas Matheol* attests that the Armenian stone is bluish green.

The Twentieth Century *Larousse* defines the Armenian stone as follows: "A hydrated phosphate which is false *lapis lazuli*," indicating that, as a gem, the Armenian stone was often sold by unscrupulous merchants for *lapis lazuli* which means the latter was more highly valued, especially in view of the fact that the two are entirely different stones. Undoubtedly the Armenian stone, when bluish, could easily be confused with gems of the same color. Farther on we shall prove the confusion of these two stones in trade as result of identity of colors.

Father Manuel Vardapet Katchuni of the

Mekhitarist order of Venice in his French language *Encyclopedia of Arts and Sciences* gives the following definition of the Armenian stone: "*Armenite* or *Armentine* called *Pierre d'Armenie* — a refined stone, bluish and soft, native of Armenia and found in the copper mines of Tyrol and Hungary, resembling the *lapis*."

Father Katchuni's *lapis* which means stone should have been accompanied with the word *lazuli* because there is no such thing in minerology as *lapis* alone. Therefore Father Katchuni's omission of the word *Lazuli* indicates that the two are different stones which we shall prove later on. We merely point out here that the identity of *lapis* has not yet been verified, therefore making it synonymous with *lapis lazuli* cannot be correct. In the Armenian translation of the Bible the corresponding word for *lapis* is the Greek *ligurion*, Latin *ligurius*, and the Hebrew *leshem*. The latter is known in minerology as the *opal* which observed from various angles reflects different colors. Katchuni's identification of the *lapis lazuli* or *lazulite* is erroneous because the two are different stones.

The German physicist and minerologist Dr. L. Feuchtwanger confirms the *Larousse* view that the Armenian stone is a false *lapis lazuli*. He says: "It is generally called in trade the Armenian stone." The Century Dictionary comments in confirmation, "also a commercial name for *lapis lazuli*." Webster's Universal Dictionary, New York, 1942, says of the Armenian stone, "a popular name of *lapis lazuli*." Finally, the London Medical Dictionary,⁸ although somewhat vague, ventures, "it is not essentially different from *lapis lazuli*."

These explanations suffice to prove that the *lapis lazuli* is the popular or trade name

⁷ Dr. L. Feuchtwanger, *A Popular Treatise on Gems*, New York, 1859.

⁸ Bartholomew Parr, *The London Medical Dictionary*, London, 1809.

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for the Armenian stone which leads me to suppose that the sale of lapis lazuli as the Armenian stone lends the latter and added value.

The difference between these two stones is proved by mineralogy, based upon their respective compositions and specific gravities before which all theories must give ground. Thus, lapis lazuli is composed of sulphur, iron, aluminum, sodium, magnesium, calcium and phosphorus. It is to be observed that lapis lazuli lacks phosphorus while the Armenian stone lacks sodium which distinguishes the two, and what is most important of all, their density and specific gravity is entirely different. The specific gravity of lapis lazuli is 2.38 — 2.45; the Armenian stone has a specific gravity of more than 3.

Andreas Mattioli describes the Armenian stone and lapis lazuli through Dioscorides and his own interpretation, presenting them as entirely different stones in different chapters, giving each its name and synonym in several languages.⁹ O. C. Farrington, speaking of lapis lazuli, mentions the Armenian stone regarding which he says: "The Armenian stone is another term by which the stone is known in trade."¹⁰

Andrea Mattioli further comments on lapis lazuli: "This stone, in my judgment, is closely related to the Armenian stone because not only the two are found in the same mines, but they practically possess the same qualities as medicine for melancholy, for which reason some Arabs have seriously confused the two with each other." And a little farther on he continues, "according to which the Armenian stone and lapis lazuli not only are found in the same mines but they are packed together as I often have seen in Germany. So that I saw many specimens of lapis lazuli which

contained a considerable amount of the content of the Armenian stone, and conversely, many specimens of the Armenian stone which contained the content of lapis lazuli. Again, farther on, Mattioli writes, "As to the Arabs, they have simply confused the two stones because Ibn Serapion and Ibn Rosht (Averroes) knew the Armenian stone and lapis lazuli by the same name."¹¹

The painters of the Middle Ages used a paint which was called "Armenian blue." This blue was prepared with the dust of lapis lazuli which was called native ultramarine. This blue was so valuable and costly that in 1859, in Paris, together with lapis lazuli, it sold one kilogram for 3300 francs, and the abovementioned blue dust derived from this product sold one kilogram for 6,400 francs.

Is the name "Armenian blue" correct and what is its derivation? We have already proved that the Armenians stone and lapis lazuli are different stones, and since the Armenian blue is prepared from the dust of lapis lazuli (native ultramarine) and not from the Armenian stone proper, consequently the expression "Armenian blue" which is the result of an error, has no right to live, as clearly seen in following lines: "The Armenium must not be confounded with the lapis Armenius (lithos Armenikos, or Armenian stone)."¹² Armenium here means Armenian blue. These words clearly indicate that the expression "Armenian blue" is a direct product of the erroneous usage of "Armenian stone" and "lapis lazuli" as synonyms. This view is confirmed by the Century Dictionary which says: "Armenian

¹¹ Jean Baptiste Guimet (1795-1871) discovered the artificial ultramarine in 1827-28.

A Christian Assyrian physician who lived in the 9th century A.D. His work is called *Xel Quennash*. Translated from the Assyrian into Arabic whose Latin translation "*Breviarium Practica*" (Practical Breviary) was published in Venice in 1530.

¹² William Smith. Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, 1845, New York.

⁹ Commentaires de P. M. Andre Matthiole Sur Dioscorides, Lyon, 1608.

¹⁰ Oliver Cummings Farrington, *Gems and Gem Minerals*.

blue. — A pigment used by the ancients, probably a native ultramarine," but does not say that it is manufactured from the Armenian stone. A New Latin Dictionary (Harper, 1892, New York) is more specific. It says: "Armenium, ii (Sc. Pigmentum, a fine blue color obtained from an Armenian stone, ultramarine, Varr. R.R. 3.2.4; vitr. 7.5 fin; Plin. 35, 6, 12.

According to this dictionary the "Armenian blue" is obtained from an Armenian stone which is "ultramarine, namely lapis lazuli," since Armenian stone and lapis lazuli seem synonymous, whereas we have established their difference by various authoritative testimonies.

Needless to repeat that these two stones are not the same thing and that the expression "Armenian blue" is directly traceable to the hitherto erroneously synonymous usage of the two words.

In his Hieroglyphic Dictionary Sir E. W. Budge makes mention of the artificial ultramarine with the designation of "arit" (artificial) and "Kesbeth" (lapis lazuli) in parenthesis. Kesbeth arit — artificial ultramarine. He also uses the expression Kesbeth Babar which means the ultramarine of Babylon.¹³

The ultramarine is mentioned among the gifts which were brought to Thotmes III (1515-1461 B.C.), one of the Pharaoh's of the 18th Egyptian Dynasty (1545-1350 B.C.) who fought some 70 wars and spread his kingdom as far as the Euphrates. The gifts were brought by the nations he had conquered — the Hittites, the Babylonians and the Assyrians. "From Shinar (Mesopotamia) came the native ultramarine, from Babylon the ultramarine and the artificial ultramarine." It follows that the manufacture of the ultramarine was familiar to

the ancient Babylonians and the Egyptians.

At the time Thotmes was being presented the ultramarine from Shinar the Armenians were still in Thrace and had not as yet crossed the Bosphorus. The same is true of the artificial ultramarine from Babylon. Consequently, Pharaoh's gifts cannot be the Armenian blue since the latter was not yet known and the name "Armenian" was not included in the Egyptian hieroglyphics until after their settlement in Armenia. The name "Armenia" or "Armanyō" first appeared in an inscription of Darius, the Behistun Rock, in 550 B.C. The conclusion is, the erroneous expression of "Armenian blue" is the direct result of the confusion or the synonymous use of the "Armenian stone" and "lapis lazuli", as well as the promiscuous presumption of Middle Age painters who thought their gorgeous blue was derived from the Armenian stone. But once the error has slipped into science it seems it will remain.

Before concluding this chapter the reader should be advised of an important circumstance in order to avoid future confusion. The French mineralogical name for the Armenian stone is Armenite. The Encyclopedia Americana (1950, New York) gives the following information about another Armenite. "Armenite, a barium-calcium-aluminum silicate. The existence of this mineral was first reported in 1941. According to H. Neumann, *armenite* was found at the Armen mine near Kongsberg, Buskerud (County), Norway."¹⁴

ARMENIAN MOUSE

In zoology this little quadruped is called "*ermine*," the scientific name *mustela erminus*, (Armenian mouse), which scientifically is wrong if we are to be exact. *ermine* is not a small animal like the mouse

¹³ The discoverer of artificial ultramarine was Jean Baptiste Guimet (1795-1871) the French physicist, born in the City of Vorion. He made the discovery in the first quarter of the 19th century.

¹⁴ Of the two Armenites the French differentiates the first with an accent *aigu*; the second is without accent.

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but is larger than the rat, therefore it should have been called "*mus Armenius*" (Armenian rat). But even then the term would be wrong, although in a smaller degree through the magnification of the mouse. All the same, zoology recognizes it as *putorius erminca*,¹⁵ because it is neither rat nor mouse. It is a quadruped with a white fur (only the tail is black) which belongs to the Mustelina tribe. The fur is whiter in winter which turns into a light gray in the summer. Its milky white fur is much in demand and is used in winter to wrap around the necks of little girls.

The Romans introduced this animal into Europe from their expeditions to Armenia and called it "Armenian mouse," which, as we stated, scientifically is wrong.¹⁶ However, both in zoology and in botany similar wrong or improper terminology has been accepted, such as the rose of Jericho (*Anastatica Hierachuntica*), an obscure ugly plant which is not a rose but belongs to the Cruciferae family (cabbage, mustard, turnip and radish), whereas the rose belongs to the Rosaceae family, an entirely different plant.

¹⁵ It seems the expression *erminca* is derived from the ancient French word *Ermenie* for Armenia. In the Middle Ages the French called Armenia "*Ermenie*" or "*Hermence*". From the latter word the French eventually adopted the "*Hermine*" (*Ermine*) which is the familiar animal of Armenia.

¹⁶ The Romans invaded Armenia under the command of Lucullus in 69 B.C. They fought against the Armenian King Tigranes the Great's father-in-law Mithridates, King of Pontus, who after several temporary victories, was eventually defeated by Pompey in 66 B.C.

There is one objection against the view that this name was derived from Armenia. "The fur of the ermine, the ancient French ermine, originally came from Armenia. It is the fur which has transmitted its name to the animal, because the latter has no Armenian origin." See *Dictionnaire d'Etymologie française*, August Scheler, Brussels, 1888.

It follows that, according to the French dictionary, the fur of the ermine originally came from Armenia, but the ermine itself did not come from Armenia, and therefore the scientific name of the ermine is derived from its fur, although the French dictionary offers no proof that the animal itself did not come from Armenia.¹⁷

Another observation. If the Armenian merchants introduced only the fur of the animal to the foreigners, according to the dictionary the animal should have existed in the neighboring countries of Armenia — Persia and the Caucasus — as well, to confirm the view that the fur only transmitted its name to the animal, whereas this name does not exist in these two countries. Bear in mind that it was the Romans who introduced the animal into Europe from Armenia, and not its fur.

¹⁷ Supported by Littré, Paul Mayer and others, another view presents the Roman word "*L'Armenius*" (Armenian) — *Mus Ponticus* (Armenian mouse), mentioned by Pliny without proof the ermine, and since Armenia and Pontus were bordering countries, it has been suggested that one of the two names of the animal was *mus Armenius*.

"GET A HORSE!"

KENNETH J. BARSAMIAN

I'm posting the sales my three outside salesmen have turned in when Lani, who helps me run the Angora Sewing Circle, says, "Didn't Dynamite look pitiful this morning? Honestly, Day, you ought to retire him."

"Retire that horse and he'd die in a month," I offer.

Lani needn't be reminded that Dynamite pulls down on her crisply tucked blouse. "And you lecture the boys about extra expense," she says.

Lani needn't be reminded that Dynamite comes in mighty handy when any of the other horses are lame, it seems to me. So I keep posting. And she goes about straightening the sample swatches on the sewing machines.

Suddenly we both look out to see a red roadster roar to a stop inches away from Dynamite's hitching post. The young man in a checkered cap guns the motor three times and for a moment I fear Dynamite's going to duplicate what that O'Leary's cow done in Chicago. Lani beats me out the door.

"What are you trying to do?" she yells, gripping the sides of her skirt tightly with both hands.

The man is a complete stranger to me, looks and acts like a city slicker. "May we help you?" I ask, for he's already in the store.

He looks at Lani, then me, and tips his head to remove his cap. "I'm Quentin McCardy," he says. "I'd like to sell sewing machines for you."

"I'm Ezra Warbler," I say and shake his clean, big hands. Lani is soothing Dynamite outside. "Are you experienced, Mr. McCardy?"

"Plenty," he says. "Have you a job?"

The answer isn't what I expected but 1920 isn't such a good year for us. "Merchants can always use good salesmen, Mr. McCardy."

"I believe I can do the job for you. I came here two days ago from Chicago where I was a sales manager for the Excelsior sewing machine people in the Heights area. I was fired for being 'too eager.' The Boss was scared of me jumping into his shoes so he told higher ups things about me that weren't true.

"I didn't fight the case. I bought me a car with the severance pay and ran out of money here in Kansas. I intended to go to California. So I called upon a buddy here hoping to get a loan and he talked me into seeing if I can get a job here."

"You wouldn't move on just as soon as you got enough money?"

"I swear," he says. His shiny hair glistens under the lights.

"You must have made good money as a g.m.," I say. "I can't cut you in but \$15 a week to start. And 20% of net. And, this isn't Chicago. We don't have but 10,000 people here. You might tire of the humdrum existence."

"You've got yourself a new man," McCardy says, and reaches for my hands. "And the nuts to Chicago."

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Next morning, McCardy is at the door when I reach the shop. He's all work once we get inside. Without my telling him, he grabs a broom and sweeps the walk. While I go in the back to feed the horses and ready them for the harness and buggy, he vacuums the moths and flies out of the display window.

When my other three men show up, I introduce them to McCardy and the suspicion is on right away. McCardy's city slicker style and dress put my plain-as-day trio on guard. Even Cyrus Morgan, my senior salesman and Lani's steady, looks at McCardy sideways. And Cy is usually friendly to a tarantula.

I give the boys the morning's pep talk and then Cy and Simpkins go through a mock demonstration. After I pass lead cards to the men, McCardy holds out his hands. "Where are my cards, Chief?"

"Chief?"

The boys look to my head like they expect feathers.

"You'll ride the buggy for this week," I say. "You know all about sewing machines and selling but I think you ought to learn our local territory. Today, tomorrow, go with Cy. Then you can ride with Mr. Welton. And Mr. Simpkins."

The boys turn in their collections and leases to Lani and after the morning coffee at the back of the shop, I follow the men out to their horses and buggies.

"Always horses and buggies around here," McCardy jeers.

"You can use your car," I offer.

"Smelly, slowpoke horses," McCardy says. "When's the world going to start getting smart and use motor vehicles?"

For a new employee, McCardy is doing some unnecessary talking, it seems to me. "On Angora's roads you'll reach for reins everytime," I say. "There isn't much paved roads where we sell in the country."

"Never found a horse that wasn't stupid or lazy," McCardy says.

All that week I feel McCardy is either going to quit or that I'm going to fire him. Always he's deriding people who have anything to do with horses. He's city-bred through and through, and narrow-minded about nature, I figure, and will work out of it.

Finally, McCardy's training is over. It's always a ceremony to have a new man take over a route. So this morning all of us men gather around McCardy and wish him luck before he climbs up the buggy behind Dynamite. There comes a swishing of skirts and we turn to find Lani.

"Good luck, Mr. McCardy," she says, and plants a kiss on his cheek.

McCardy grabs her and reciprocates with a long, strong kiss. We others stand around like four stone statues looking down on lovers in a park. While still stone, McCardy releases Lani, jumps on his buggy and giddaps Dynamite away.

Cy's fists clench and unclench but McCardy's buggy turns the corner and out of sight. "See you," he says and wheels away.

"I won't have to expect any business from them today," I say and Simpkins and Welton shake their heads and depart.

Inside the shop, Lani is busy with a woman customer. And although the lady doesn't sound interested, Lani keeps her interest until I have cooled off. And the heated way in which I was going to ask "What are you trying to do?" is but a lukewarm "You kissed Mr. McCardy."

"I had to dot it," she says. "I'm through with Cy."

"And is that the proper way of parting?"

"Cy Morgan's taken me for granted too long. Two years too long. Girls who started going out when I did with Cy are now married. And having children. I'm tired of living at a snail's pace." Her beautiful face

reddens. Then tears flood her eyes and she goes to the back to have a god cry.

In the afternoon, McCarty comes in with a sale. Made to a stingy farmer we haven't been able to crack in years.

"Wonderful," Lani says. "Isn't it, Dad?"

That night, Quentin McCarty and his red roadster show up around eight. Before the motor stops roaring, Lani says, "Oh, that must be Quentin."

"Or the devil," I say.

"I promised to show him more about filling out leases," she says.

Inside of half an hour, Lani has shown McCarty all there is to know about leases. Suddenly, she asks, "Have you seen Inspiration Point?"

I grumble my consent to Lani and the two roar away into the night. But not until I make her promise to be in by ten thirty.

Cy Morgan drops by a few minutes later to see if Lani is available for the Eagles' dance Friday night. I don't tell him of her cry. "You'll have to ask her," I suggest.

"She likes McCarty, doesn't she?"

"I suppose."

"You know I was thinking about her this afternoon. I couldn't sell all day. I've taken her for granted."

"Really?"

"I make plans without consulting her. That isn't right. I plan her to be with me regardless of how late I ask."

"Lani thinks a lot of you."

"I think a lot of her, too. She's the best, Mr. Warbler. The very best." He gets up.

"Lani's a woman," I say. "She's very much like her Mother. Always wanting attention and affection. And sometimes making errors in finding them. Let's have a cup of coffee. Unless you have to go."

"Coffee would be fine."

About ten, Cy is still telling me about his sales experiences. I have exhausted mine long before. Then we hear McCarty's car stop and a few minutes later Lani walks

into the house. McCarty's roadster roars out of earshot.

"Hello, Mr. Morgan," Lani says.

"Miss Warbler," Cy says. "What are you doing Friday evening, starting at eight?"

"Mr. Morgan, if you have the Eagles' dance in mind, I'm afraid I won't be available."

"You're going with McCarty?"

"Well, he asked me first."

Cy looks at her for a short moment. "You couldn't wait one hour more?" He looks at me and nods, "Good night, Mr. Warbler. Good night, Lani."

At breakfast Lani is gay. "Quentin's destined for big things," she says. "We had a big laugh about how he first met us. He's an easy talker, Dad. I can see why he can sell."

"Let's just hope he's a cast iron stove," I say, gulping the last of coffee. "Instead of a tinny one which burns out right away."

"Oh, I think he'll stay with us," Lani says. "I'd be more sure if he didn't have to put up with Dynamite. Can't you get him a real horse, Dad?"

"If he can't stand Dynamite, let him use his roadster."

"He did the other day. He got stuck in some irrigation ditch and had to pay \$2 to a farmer to pull him out with mules."

For weeks, Quentin McCarty keeps improving in selling. Sometimes I wonder how I ever got along without him. My Angora shop is supposed to sell \$900 per week; that is our planned sales quota. In the last three weeks we are hitting over \$1500 per. Then, in the week of May 7, I post an all time high of \$1617. The previous high before McCarty came on the scene was \$1102 in July 1918, so you can see the new mark is not by a nose but by lengths.

But McCarty has his bad side, too. He refuses to come into the shop early like the rest of the boys. He keeps away from the

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polish and cleaning and sweeping. I mean to sit on McCardy for this but what can you say when a guy comes in with big, necessary sales almost every morning?

One morning, McCardy comes in about ten; just as the boys are leaving. "Must be nice to get all the sleep you want," I say.

McCardy laughs like I don't deserve an answer. "From now on, McCardy," I shout. "Report on time. For the good of the shop."

McCardy looks at me like I have used pins in him. "I knew you'd get around to saying that," he says. "And Mr. Warbler, I'm glad you finally said it. But you're sorry you said what you did. Because you think I'm going to quit." He looks at Cy and then me. "But I'm not going to quit. For Lani's sake. I'll just pass off what you just said."

Lani rushes up. "Mrs. Canfield's on the line, Cy," she says. "Remember her? She wants you to bring her some needles today."

"Tell Mrs. Canfield to come in," Cy says, and the answer leaves us speechless.

"That's awful," Lani says. "Why, how can you sell with an attitude like that?"

"All right," Cy says. "So I'll be different. Here's a quarter. Mail her two packs. And buy a candy bar with the change."

"That can stop right now," I shout at Cy.

"I'm sorry," Cy says. He doesn't have to tell me that he isn't his old self; I know this.

After the boys leave I wonder just how bad sales would be if Cy and McCardy quit. The Angora Sewing Circle would be ruined. And I've seen managers with shaky organizations before. Of course they are not managers anymore.

But, call it luck or hard work, I harness the organization pretty well in the following days. And all pull together. Except Cy and Lani are very cold to each other and don't even talk. I don't know how the two feel but it tears me inside.

McCardy continues to wheel and deal. He's blunt and irritates us but a good sales-

man can get by with a lot and McCardy is better than a good salesman. Some weeks he's half of the shop's sales value.

His red roadster becomes about as important in Angora as the statue of the Angora cat in the city park. There are possibly a hundred cars in Angora but only McCardy has a red one. People begin to call it the "red comet."

By day, McCardy parks the car in front of the shop and soon customers say, "Oh, you run the shop behind that red comet, don't you?"

And, of course, McCardy and the roadster do not go it alone. Lani is always there. All over town, at dances, church socials, lodge picnics.

One morning, I am in the stock room checking the needle supply when I overhear Lani and Cy. Lani is dusting the bobbin bins when a handful falls out of her hands and scoot across the floor. She slowly picks them up.

"You should invent square bobbins," Cy laughs.

"If you were half a gentleman you'd help me pick them up," Lani says.

"McCardy's half a gentleman," Cy says.

"He'll be here in an hour or so. Maybe he'll help."

"Jealous," Lani says.

"Was," Cy says.

A day or so later, what was left unsaid comes full.

"Did you know Cy is dating Phyllis?" Lani asks.

"Phyllis?"

"You mean Phyllis Adams? Why, she's a nice girl, Lani. The Adamses are grand people."

"Well, she wasn't so nice when she ran away with that. . . ."

"Let's not go judgin' people by that," I interrupt and Lani sulks awhile. Midmorn-ing she says, "It's not that I dislike Phyllis. We were great chums once. But she has expensive tastes, Dad. And I know Cy can't afford them."

"Cy's free, white, and over 21."

"Yes, but . . . oh, Dad, you wouldn't understand. You've forgotten the ways of women."

Two mornings later, Cy Morgan comes to work with his face bandaged in several places. He had a hard time pushing the broom and I suspect something but wait for him to make the overture. The suspense kills me and the boys so finally I ask, "Which customer fell on you?"

"Looks like you got into a bag full of cats," Quentin laughs.

The next thing, I see a blur of Cy rush into McCardy, with a left jabbing his chin. McCardy drops heavily to the floor, but he gets up quickly. Before he can tighten a fighting fist, Cy reaches out another left and floors McCardy again. I grab Cy just as McCardy starts to get up and order him to quit. Lani rushes to McCardy and gets his handkerchief on the walloped jaw.

"There was no need for that," I say.

Cy looks at me like a boy who's lost a father. "Sorry," he says. "I'm going hay-wire. I'm quitting."

"Quitting?"

"I can't stand this anymore."

"Why, selling's in your blood, Cy. What's wrong?"

Lani leaves McCardy and comes over. Her lips tremble but what comes out makes sense. "Last night," she says, "Quentin and I saw Cy and Phyllis near Inspiration Point. When we drove by, Quentin got mad because Cy wouldn't recognize us. So he gunned the motor and blew the horn and scared Cy's horse. I guess Phyllis and Cy got an awful spill. I told Quentin we should

go back and apologize but he laughed and didn't."

A customer enters the shop and all of us disperse after I say, "The incident's closed. Everybody back to their posts."

After a few days, Cy forgets about quitting. He gets "hot" and closes three in one day and this is such a nice taste in his pocketbook that you couldn't pry the job away.

McCardy still continues his hot pace and Lani and he hit it off just as before. And Phyllis and Cy, too. One morning Lani says, "Quentin's sure scared Cy's going to be top man next quarter. I never seen him so nervous. And another thing, he's always asking if a certain lady came into the shop."

And what did she do or say? He's always questions, questions!"

"Good salesman," I say. "He wants to see if any of those he flushes from the sticks are coming in."

"Maybe," Lani says. "Anyway, it's very tiresome to be talking about other women throughout the evening."

"Selling gets in your blood."

"It's either customers. Or Dynamite."

Several nights later, after her date is gone, Lani says, "Quentin wants tomorrow off, Dad. He's going to a funeral of a relative."

"A funeral?"

"That's what he said."

"But he doesn't have any relatives here."

"I don't know."

"Right when we need him. Tomorrow's the day for the parts inventory."

"Maybe Cy won't mind taking care of McCardy's calls."

It's a sunny day starting as I hitch Dynamite to a buggy. I cut my whistling short. McCardy is right. Dynamite is no amount the horse he was years back. He's more swaybacked than ever. And more deaf. I

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Kenneth Barsamian, who often appears in the pages of the REVIEW with his short stories, is a resident of Visalia, Calif., where he serves as manager of the Singer Sewing Center, and dreams of making his mark in the literary field. Ken is 35 years of age, was born in California, has been married for twelve years, and is the dad of two girls and a boy. He writes that some of his scripts have been placed in various magazines, from fact detectives to travel publications. "I've published Westerns, detectives and farm magazines in fiction," he says. "Naturally, I want to go higher and, with God's help, may do it." We think he will.

three times. Did Mr. McCardy tell you?"

"No," I say, cutting her a receipt uneasily. "No he didn't."

Suddenly an idea comes to me, the success of which will depend on Dynamite. I let Dynamite make the stops and he stops at several places that are not in the book. All have machines but no sales contracts have been turned in. It's late when Dynamite finally plods home. I open the store and steal a lump of sugar from the coffee supply.

McCardy comes in just like regular the next morning and I put the screws into

shout so loud starting off that some kids laugh and I set off the route mighty perturbed.

I get out McCardy's collection book and it takes all of two hours to get five miles out in the country and make three collections. I figure how a slow horse can slacken McCardy's sales effort.

On the way to the fourth collection, Dynamite slows down and stops dead. I flick the reins twice, shout "giddap you scoundrel" but nothing happens. I climb off to see what ails Dynamite.

About that time, I glance up to see a heavy set lady moving toward me. "Oh," she says, closing her black patent purse. "I beg your pardon. I thought you were Mr. Cardy. I recognized the horse."

"No, ma'am," I say and remove my hat. "I'm Mr. Warbler, filling in today for Mr. McCardy."

"Then it's all right to pay you?"

"Pay me?"

"Yes. I'm Mrs. Timothy. I purchased a machine four, five months ago."

"Five months ago? And your name is Timothy?"

"Yes."

"Oh, yes, here you are," I lie. I don't believe I cloak my bewilderment any too well.

Still on the way to the fourth collection Dynamite stops again. I flick the reins but Dynamite's determined.

A woman, wiping her hands on a big towel, appears on her porch. "Yoo, hoo, Mr. McCardy," she shouts. "I have money for you."

I climb off the buggy and go to her. "I'm Mr. Warbler, ma'am, may I be of help to you?"

"I thought it wasn't Mr. McCardy," she says. "But then I recognized the horse. Dynamite. . . isn't that him?"

"Yes."

"I can give you two payments the last

him right away. In no time he breaks down and confesses his guilt: leaving machines on trial and collecting like they were sold.

"Why did you think planting machines in homes by faked sales would work?" I ask. "Those women thought they were buying those machines. They paid you legitimately. What kind of a person are you? Didn't you ever think you'd be found out sooner or later?"

"I intended to make good," McCurdy says. "After I got on my feet." He looks at Lani and wants her to say something but she doesn't look sold on his honesty.

"Get that red roadster and clear out of here," I say, handing McCurdy a check

which is too good for him.

Cy, Lani, and I are looking at Dynamite when McCurdy's roadster roars away. When Dynamite hears the car, his ears perk skyward and he holds the pose until the sound is gone. Finally, he lets out the sharpest, loudest whinny I've heard from him. Announcing, I guess, to all the world that he has won.

I creep away to steal him a lump of sugar but find the box gone. From the inside I can see Lani has the box and is handing it to Cy. But Cy grabs Lani instead and the sugar spills on the ground. Dynamite isn't proud; he reaches into the dirt and licks up every grain.

BIRTH

*The pulse in the womb,
Throbbing, swelling cellular,
Heaving breath to the bud
Bursting the inscrutable tomb.
Division and design
In endless harmony,
Multiplying miracular
In the flesh-bedded confine.
Something rustles to shift,
Yawning, pawing,
Arising from the crimson sea
Where egg and sperm had cast adrift.*

JOHN VARTOUKIAN

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ARMENIA AND ROME

CRITICAL RESEARCH AND THE HISTORICAL TRUTH

DR. A. SAFRASTIAN

1. Critical Research and the Historical Truth

The task set out in this study of Armenian-Roman relations since 200 B.C. in general and in the first century B.C. in particular can be accomplished in two ways: the first of these is the easiest and simplest way and may be accomplished quite quickly and smoothly, that is to say, by taking up Plutarchos, Dio Cassius and some other classical authors of similar character, pick out from them what seems generally amusing, spicy and derogatory to the oldest civilised monarchies of ancient garb; to suppress or leave out of context the rare lines or paragraphs of those authors which are more correct and therefore favorable to those ancient empires, often to add purely subjective opinions on them, then compile and edit school handbooks or historical series and usually call them historical research. There is hardly any need to say that there are of course, many exceptions in this general characterisation of modern Roman historiography, and some of them have been — and will be cited — also in part.

Nevertheless an Armenian who knows his mother-country and the commendable record of his people through some forty centuries, who knows also many other countries by personal experience and first-hand study — therefore capable of a compara-

tive judgment — stands aghast at the prejudices and falsehoods which are still current in western countries.

The second method of historiography is the hard and scientific way; it requires painstaking labor in textual criticism and the study of all contemporary literary sources in all languages and generally of all earlier or later literature which deal with the problem under consideration. In this special case of Roman-Armenian relations, it requires accurate knowledge of the geography, the national-economic potential, the social structure and the world-outlook of the countries concerned. Since the revival of learning in Europe in the 15th and 16th centuries, the Roman side has thoroughly been studied for its own sake; often as thoroughly the Roman interpretation of its relations to the East has been adopted without any serious objection.

Items of information from Polybios, Sallustius, Cicero, Trogus Pompeius — Justinus, Diodorus Siculus, Suetonius, Tacitus, even from satirists like Juvenal, can be produced which place an altogether different complexion on Armenian-Roman relations — totally different from those which are current at present — but which have never been utilized for a correct presentation of political or military events. Most of the mentioned Roman historians had not only personal and political

relationships, but also intimate knowledge of the public men who ruled in Rome both during the Republic and the empire, men who loved their country and in their own lights faithfully recorded the events of their time for the instruction of their future generations.

It is not to be supposed, however that all these Roman eyewitnesses usually told the bare fact in actual truth: yet when their political passions were aroused, in moments of revengeful anger or personal invective they let slip items of information which are meaningful for elaborating the course of events they were referring to. Many instances of such truthful records especially from the pens of Cicero, Trogus Pompeius, Justinus and Tacitus regarding the stature and power of Armenia will be quoted and discussed in due course. Intensive work and intellectual rectitude are necessary for critically reconstructing the history of Armenian-Roman relations and not merely repeating or amplifying the prattle of worthless Graeculi mercenaries as Theodor Mommsen¹ and his followers prefer to do.

¹ Here are produced two specimens of Mommsen's ridiculous nonsense:

The History of Rome, English translation, 1880-1881: Volume III page 275:

"... It was rather the peculiarly oriental want of power to take the initiative; and in these peaceful lands amidst these effeminate nations, strange and terrible things might happen, if once there should appear among them a man who knew how to give the signal for revolt. . . (note that the kicking out of the Roman aggressor by Pontos and Armenia is simply a revolt to Mommsen A.S.). *id. id. vol. IV, p. 46*: "... According king Tigranes fell to work there (in Syria) without ceremony. Eastern Cilicia was easily subdued by him. . . . The age of the kings of Niniveh, of the Salmanezers and Senacheribs seemed to be renewed. . . . the inhabitants were compelled to settle in the new capital Tigranocerta (*all false, A.S.*), one of those gigantic cities proclaiming rather the nothingness of the people than the greatness of the rulers. . . and at the fiat of the new grand Sultan. . . ." etc., etc.

Every one of these historical falsifications should be listed in order to show how the misrepresentation of Armenia in particular has been cultivated, standardized and turned into a slander. Wilhelm

This writer feels himself under a national and personal obligation to probe the problem in all its phases to its roots, trace the real nature of those relations and expose all falsehoods in their nakedness. My Motherland, my noble and courageous ancestors have been maligned and slandered, often deliberately, by such unworthy sectarians like Mommsen, Theodore Reinach² and most of their followers, at a time when the Armenian nation was not in a position to defend its national reputation by laying bare these sectarian falsifications.

The laws of History (*leges historiae*) which the great statesman Cicero proclaimed two thousand years ago will be applied in full sense in this study, and those

Ilhne, one of the most authoritative historians on Ancient Rome, in his 8-volume *Roemische Geschichte* (vol. I (1868) Vorrede. page V) passes the following judgment on Mommsen: "In his serious style Mommsen often gives only the results of his investigation without showing his sources and proofs on which rest his opinions. He simply demands his readers to consent and does not offer any means for testing the accuracy of his conclusions and the evidence on which it is based. In the Roman historical narrative where so much depends on a critical treatment of the sources, an uneasy feeling is stirred up, when one has to let himself blindly follow the leader. Especially when results at hand are gainsaid point blank from other sides." This weighty and impartial judgment of Ilhne on the utterly biased work of Mommsen, should be published far and wide. Cf. for instance: Ilhne. *id. vol. 4*, page 196, footnote 2; *id. id. page 197*, footnote 3 and dozens of other places, where Ilhne proves the falseness of Mommsen.

² Just a few specimens of his ridiculous chatter: Mithridates Eupator, roi de pont. 1890: Page 31: "... Il s'agit sans doute d'une Dynastie de la petite Arménie, Perse comme tous les rois Arméniens. . . . Asie!

....p. 33 "... La race Armenienne, l'une des plus jeunes et des mieu douces de l'Asie antérieure avait depuis plusieurs siècles lentement accru son domaine au détriment des vieilles races (which were those other races? A.S.) qui peuplaient à l'origine les Contrées montagneuses entre la Cappadoce et la medii. . . ." etc., etc. It is possible to cite dozens of such crooked and deliberately false lines from the books of the falsifiers Mommsen and Reinach. It is these two "authorities" which have been very widely quoted and utilized by hundreds of honest historians throughout the last century.

historians who have factually sinned against those laws of historiography³ will be repudiated on documentary evidence. It is our uncongenial and disagreeable task; on the other hand, however, the restoration of the historical truth regarding the noble military reputation of my Motherland by far overrides any and every sacrifice.

In arguing out such negative interpretations in respect of the remote historical past, one cannot help in pointing out in sharp relief the mistakes of prejudiced or ignorant historians in a style that rivets attention. The genuine nations of the ancient East have endured too long the classical affronts thrown in their face; they should now shake off the neutral inertia, which has been the main cause of their political downfall for the past few centuries and probe energetically the motives which have inspired the historiography in Western Europe in regard to their old countries.

There is no hint whatever or any line in ancient Roman literature which claims a Divine right for Rome to extend its "civilising rule" over Asiatic or African powers and teach them "law and order"; on the contrary with the exception of the Court facts and flatterers of the emperors, all serious Roman writers, from Sallustius down to Tacitus and Suetonius lay great stress on the lawlessness and criminal wickedness of their own rulers; conversely, as it will be shown below, they hold out as example of peacefulness,⁴ the orderliness and the majesty of royal power of the Eastern Nations, which they emulated and copied eventually. Such a divine mission was conceived and accorded to Ancient Rome by the traditional historians of the 18th, 19th and the first quarter of

the present centuries, not without some subconscious reflexive tendency in their minds. The model proved quite tempting for a large number of them. Now that the spurious doctrine is being challenged all over the world and the phase of conquest is nearing its end and nations large or small in numbers are at least formally being recognized as equals before International Law, the moment seems to be propitious for initiating a fundamental amendment in the tone and spirit of historical research regarding the Ancient East in general and Armenia in particular.

The Roman *Ius Gentium*

As there will be many references to Roman treaties in the following pages with foreign states and cities, it would be appropriate to discuss here the Roman idea of International law. Did ancient Romans possess any conception of an international law or what is understood today by that term, in their dealings with foreign states, nations or individuals, asked A. Heuss⁵ on the first page of his valuable critical study. Having regard to the differing interpretations which jurist and historians have given in the course of the last century, he replies yes and no, because such Roman treaties or agreements whose texts have been preserved intact, are very few, and those which have been recorded by classical authors, are altogether defective and misleading, on account of the inept and careless excerpting or copying of Roman texts by Byzantine excerptors in the middle ages. Bearing in mind the relentless Roman aggression and the ridiculous political pretensions in respect to Armenia, it is essential for us to learn something of the underlying "principles" of Roman ideas of *ius gentium* and its operations in actual fact.

³ Cf. M. Gelzer: *Marcus Tullius Cicero* in Paulys Realencyclopädia der Classischen Altertumswissenschaft (in future abridged as *Paulys*), vol. (1939), Cols. 850 ff.

⁴ Marcus Tullius Cicero: *Pro Domo Sua Oratio*. 23; id. *De rep.* II. 3. and often.

⁵ Alfred Heuss: Die Voelkerrechtlichen Grundlagen Der roemischen Aussenpolitik. *Klio Beiheft XXXI* (1933), Neue Folge Heft 18. Pages 1 ff.

The question is inextricably complicated because under the Republic (ca. 390-30 B.C.) there were constant conflicts between the letter and the spirit of the international treaties or agreement concluded by Rome with immediate neighbors or foreign states, communities or cities. The Senate of Rome — or its *imperators* and plenipotentiaries — would make some sort of Treaty of peace, Treaty of trading, hospitality, etc. with any foreign state and call it *eternal*, as often was the case, but usually the very negotiator of the treaty, or his immediate successor, as the case may be, bent on achieving a military victory and cheaply gaining reputation and triumph in Rome, or intent on provoking a war for the purpose of looting, would disregard pursuance of secret instructions⁶ issued to him by the Senate or for personal motives of looting, attack the state or the city with which a treaty had been signed.

The Roman idea of *ius gentium* seems to have developed from their earliest customary practices or laws which were laid down for regulating the intercourse between citizens, and then between citizens and their immediate neighbors. As Rome gradually extended its rule all over Italy, these laws were equally offered to Latins and a number of other tribes inhabiting the North and South. In default of contemporary records it is an extremely intricate problem to unravel the growth of these statutes as applied in their international relations. In the extant literature Sallustius

⁶ Appianus: *The Punic Wars*. . 76: Here the historian describes the savage destruction of Carthage. The actual wording as translated by Horace White (in Loeb's Library) is as follows: "... The Senate was convened and told them that, if within 30 days, the Carthaginians would give to the Consuls who were still in Sicily, 300 children of their noblest families as hostages and would obey their orders in other respects, the freedom of Carthage should be preserved. . . . This was voted in public but they sent word privately to the Consuls that they should carry out their secret instructions" (i.e. the complete destruction of Carthage). And they did it (A.S.)

Crispus⁷ seems to be the first to mention the term *ius gentium* in connection with Rome's dealings with Numidia, in a pompous tribute to Roman honor and justice. Taeubler⁸ has listed some eleven main treaties of alliance friendship, protection, hospitality etc. which Roman *imperators* or diplomats concluded with Carthage, the Seleucids, Aetolians, Jews and with cities or islands such as Knidos, Inityleos, Heraclea in Pontos, etc. (between the years 201-31 B.C.), but in course of time each of these "eternal" treaties were violated or disregarded by Romans sooner than later. One after the other all these contracting parties were subdued and enslaved.

In passing it should be pointed out — here that in the extant documents of the Old-Roman literature, there is not a word or reference in regard to any sort of treaty or agreement between the Roman Republic and the Armenian monarchy. (The ridiculous boasting of Emperor Augustus in regard to Armenia is a very complicated question; it will be dealt with in due course).

This may be explained by the facts of geography and the political circumstances prevailing at the period under consideration — between the Roman "province of Asia" and the western spurs of Armenian Highlands stood Pontos under King Mithridates the Great and his predecessors. The Praetor Lucius Cornelius Sulla, the governor of Cilicia, tried to inveigle king Tigranes the Great, make an alliance with him and secure his cooperation against Pontos (92-91 B.C.). But the events which happened immediately afterwards prove

⁷ *Bellum Iugurthinum*. XXII. 3; XXXVII.5.

⁸ Eugen Taeubler: *Imperium Romanum*. Studien zur Entwicklungs geschichte des römischen Reichs (1913), ff-44-73; cf. g. Markwart: *Die Entstehung und Wiederherstellung der armenischen Nation*. (1919) ff. 27 ff. Markwart fully understood the geography and Ancient His-

⁸ Eugen Taeubler: *Imperium Romanum*. subjects in several of his other works.

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that the great Armenian Monarch spurned the sneaky suggestion of the Roman praetor; on the contrary, at the head of his dashing cavalry, young Tigranes marched to Cappadocia in 91 B.C., chased out king Ariobarzanes of that country a second time, rode another 600 miles to Bithynia and chased out king Nicomedes, both stooges of Rome. Then the Senate was just entering upon one of its bloodiest Civil wars throughout Italy (91-89 B.C.), Rome had previously so often and so many times violated its treaty obligations or pledged word, that no one capable of fighting it successfully would attach any importance to its friendship. If dozens of former Roman treacheries were not enough, the experience of king Mithridates of Pontos was an instructive lesson for any Eastern monarch to learn. After series of negotiations and ensuing fierce battles on the Greek mainland between 90-86 B.C. Mithridates and Sulla signed a treaty of peace in 86 (Treaty of Yordanos). Soon Sulla returned to Rome to settle the senatorial party's quarrel with the revolutionaries, which he did by iron and in blood. He had left his praetors, Lucius Licinius Murena, in charge of the "province of Asia". This worthy Roman had his own reasons for provoking a new war against Pontos; in any case he enriched himself by robbing the natives, supposed to be under the protection of the *Romanus gentium*. Loaded with wealth and temple treasures, he returned to Rome and as a "victor" of the enemy, and as killer of at least ten thousand enemies, he celebrated a triumph.

Nevertheless the juridical position between Armenia and Rome at that time remains shrouded in obscurity mainly in consequence of the defective and inept excerpting of the text of Titus Livius, the national historian of ancient Rome (59 B.C. - A.D. 17), whose minute narrative of the then known world history, especially since

390 B.C. although written strictly from a Roman stand point, is the one continuous source for pre-Christian centuries. The Epitomes of the lost books of T. Livius, which seem to have been concocted in the middle ages from other Roman sources in an atrociously abbreviated phrasing,⁹ contain nothing of the original historical narratives; for instance, Ep. XCVII refers only to the flight of king Mithridates to the protection of king Tigranes and in the following ones, it tells the mouldy stories of the "heroic victories" of Lucullus and Pompeius against the Eastern monarchies. It seems almost certain that in his full text T. Livius could hardly have put the question in such commonplace and categorical manners, because he knew better the real nature of the international situation in the first half of the pre-Christian century (ca. 100-50 B.C.) and the political relation between Armenia and his country. There is still much less in regard to the approach of Sulla to king Tigranes the Great in about 92-91 B.C. in Epitomes LXXV ff. Lost are altogether the records and memoirs of Quintus Mucius Scaevola, the praetorian governor of Asia, in 95 B.C., a jurist of an impeccable character from a distinguished Roman family, which for generations had served as *Pontifex maximus*. During the chronic civil war he was revoltingly murdered and his corpse thrown into the river Tiber; lost are also the works of Publius Rutilius Rufus, a military expert, jurist and historian, the friend of the former and as an upright dignitary, who being ac-

⁹ Comparison of Cicero and Livius's Ep. XCVIII will show: Cicero: *Pro A. Licinio Archia poeta oratio* IX, 20: "... *populi Romani exercitus eodum duce non maxima manu innumerabilis Armeniorum copias fudit.*..."

Ep. XCVIII. "... *L. Lucullus in Armenia Mithradatem et Tigranem et ingentes utriusque regis copias pluribus proelis fudit.*..."

As it will be seen clearly the latter is a mere paraphrase of Cicero's line, spoken in 62 B.C. in defense of the Graeculus Archias, with some interpolations of irrelevant matter.

cused in Rome by the horde of sordid tax-farmers of the province of Asia, returned to Asia and spent the rest of his life in writing.

The truncated state in which the important historical composition of Polybios the Greek historian (ca. 184-102 B.C.), has survived, leaves many gaps for an accurate reappraisal of the events of the second century B.C.; a fragment of his in regard to the sovereign supremacy and generosity of King Artashes (ca. 200-160 B.C.) will be discussed in section 3, below. It suffices here to say that the grotesque misrepresentation of this great Armenian king before and during the Roman-Seleucid War in 190 B.C., is one of the crying misconceptions of classical scholarship, calling for a complete redress in the light of extant fragments. From the universal history of Polybios in forty books only about one-third has come down to modern times. Books 17th, 19th, 37th and 40th are completely lost; from nine other books considerable parts have been preserved.¹⁰ Photius, the Orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople (ca. 870-890 A.D.), emperor Constantinus VII Porphyrogenetos (912-950) and other Byzantine copyists have so atrociously excerpted the original full text of Polybios and other classical authors as to render the meaning of pertinent chapters ambiguous or very doubtful.

Lost are the words of Poseidonius of Apameia (135-51 B.C.) and still the very interesting literary output of Marcus Terentius Varro, the outstanding Roman scholar and poet (ca. 133-58 B.C.). In one of his surviving works *de origine linguae latinae* he mentions the Armenian language in a sentence which seems to have been defectively copied in the middle ages. If Terentius Varro was interested in the

Armenian language of his time, he must have taken still greater interest in the international relations of his country with Armenia, Pontos or Parthia.

This deplorable state of preservation of the most authoritative sources of ancient history such as Polybios, Varro, not excluding also the loss of the history of Sallustius, and the various works of Cicero, may account for the fragmentary knowledge of *ius gentium* as concerning the great monarchies of the East. The codification of Roman public law centuries after at uncertain dates has naturally very little to say of their ancient practices. Even from historical sources it is impossible to ascertain quite clearly as to how and when did Sulla request an interview with king Tigranes, under what circumstances the request was granted; and if really such a meeting took place, what were the subjects of negotiation between the great king of Armenia and the Roman praetor? Although this problem should in fact be raised in the historical part of the reign of Tigranes, but as some legal issues of international law are involved, it seems as well to deal with these in this connection. Here Ihne¹² will be cited literally and discussed:

" In the year 92 B.C." says Ihne, "Sulla was in Cilicia as praetor, engaged chiefly in overcoming the pirates. Now to him fell the duty of regulating the affairs of Cappadocia, which duty he accomplished cleverly, with daring and determination. *He had very few troops or few available for enlistment*; but he scaled the Taurus mountains and marched into Cappadocia, drove Gordios and Tigranes from that land and placed a native named Ariobarzanes, as king on the throne. As the circumstances demanded. Mithridates withdrew his candidate and even promised to evacuate that part of Paphlogonia which he had

¹⁰ Cf. Konrat Ziegler: *Polybios, Paulys Realencyclopaedie* Vol. XXI (1952), Cols. 1440-1578; especially Cols. 1574-75.

¹² Wilhelm Ihne: *Roemische. Geschichte*. Vol. V (1879) page 303.

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seized and restore the independence of the "Scythian" princes, whom he had subdued.

"It was the might of the Roman name rather than the weapons of Sulla that achieved success so quickly and decisively. Sulla could even conduct himself as the arbitrator of all Asia".

Then continues Ihne: "Before him appeared Tigranes king of Armenia and an ambassador of the Parthian king who considered himself as the legitimate successor of Cyrus and Darius and regarded the rule all over Asia as his heritage. (*what a fable!* A. S.) From among all Romans Sulla was the first to enter in relation with three princes and at a meeting on the Euphrates he insisted in occupying the place of honor between the Armenian and the Parthian. . . ." etc.

To me it seems incredible that an independent scholar of Wilhelm Ihne's calibre could write such uncritical nonsense. He is quoted above literally because among hundreds of writers on the ancient history of Rome, he is alone, to this writer's knowledge, to mention a meeting between Sulla and Tigranes, although he does not quote his source. It is to be supposed that he assumed such an international conference by his own historical intuition; yet even in the vision of Ihne the inertia of a fabricated Graeculus tradition seems to have worked so effectively, as to make him assert, in spite of his clearer perception of probabilities, that the all-mighty king of Armenia "*appeared*" before a "*nobody's son*"¹³ as Sulla.

Even by Ihne's admission in previous pages of his volume V, Tigranes in 93 had driven the kings of Cappadocia and Bithynia out of Asia minor as instruments of Roman policy. Furthermore, as Ihne says, Sulla had very few troops in 92 in Cilicia and that "it was the might of the Roman

name rather than the arms of Sulla that achieved success so quickly and decisively. . . ." On the contrary we know from the best Roman authors that the city enjoyed the worst possible reputation throughout the then civilised world. Here are only two opinions of contemporaries: Iugurtha, the brave king of Numidia, who alternately helped and fought the Romans, spent enormous sums for bribing Senators and sundry, on leaving Rome the last time, probably in 107 B.C., he turned to the city and exclaimed:

*urbem Verralem et mature perituram, si emptorem in Venerit.*¹⁴

Again, Marcus Tullius¹⁵ Cicero, Praetor for the year 66 B.C. addressing the people in the Forum, said:

" It is not easy to express in words, (Romans) how detested we are among foreign nations, on account of the arbitrary and unjust conduct of the *imperators* (military governors) whom we have sent to them during these late years. For what temple in those lands do you believe has been sacred in our magistrates' eyes, what city invisible, what home sufficiently barred and protected? They look for wealthy and well-stored cities, intending to find some pretext for war, simply from the desire to plunder them. . . ." This is the reputation which the republic enjoyed in the world.

Then, what seems likely to have happened may be laid down as follows: As Tigranes ejected the two kings in 93, the Senate in Rome, warned by the first rumblings of the oncoming Civil War (91-89 B.C.), must have thought that, here was a king of kings, a brilliant young sovereign in command of the greatest *national* army then existing, having his base in the

¹⁴ Z. Sallustius Crispus: *Bellum Iugurthinum*, ch. 35

¹⁵ *de lege Manilia*, XXII. 65. Translated by A. Waugh Young. 1908.

¹³ *The great kings of ancient Assyria gave this epithet to usurpers and upstarts.*

Highlands which had proved invincible to the Persians, Macedonians and Seleucids; a treaty of friendship with such a monarch might have been a great advantage for their program in the province. With such ideas in their mind, in 92, the Senate sent Sulla, their best tried soldier and statesman to Cilicia to look out for an opportunity to meet Tigranes and negotiate a treaty of alliance against Mithridates, if possible.

To Rome and more than to Rome to modern classical studies, Sulla may appear as a great commander and statesman; but to Mithridates of Pontos, to Tigranes and even to the Parthians, he was one of those *banal* Roman fortune seekers whom the East had known in hundreds since Magnesia in particular, and who on return to home in Rome almost all of them were indicted for extortion and misconduct by their own Courts.¹⁶ Under the circumstances as described by Ihne himself, would king Tigranes the Great, the earthly representative of the time-honored gods of Armenia condescend "to appear" before an undesirable interloper of a common type?

Having regard to the general world situation in the first century B.C., Armenia as almost always throughout the national dynasties, was in a more favorable posture on the world scene than Rome and Parthia. Judged in terms of the last few centuries, this statement will not meet with the approval of most modern historians, whose criterion of national greatness is the conquest of other peoples' lands or the quest for raw materials. But ancient Romans and Parthians knew Armenia much better as the predominant military power which could and would effectively strike as its national interests required; whereas the Roman state, was plunged into the fiercest of its peren-

nial civil wars in 91-88 B.C., and Parthia under the moribund king Mithridates II (127-88 B.C.) was enmeshed in violent dynastic quarrels and under the perennial threat of invasion from Central Asia.

No, the order of precedence should be reversed and the misrepresentations of Roman *emperors* like Sulla, Lucullus Pompeius and others as to their attitude to the great Eastern monarchs, should be exposed; if really a meeting took place between king Tigranes and praetor Sulla, it was the latter who must have begged an audience of the former, went to Armenia, probably to Artaxata as ordered, at the feet of Tigranes the Great and as a suppliant made the protocolar *proskynese*¹⁷ and requested a treaty of peace or alliance.

That the Great king, after the ceremonial submission of Sulla, entertained him royally and listened to his request (whether it was for a treaty of friendship or a treaty of alliance against Mithridates of Pontos, cannot be ascertained now), there need be little doubt and that Tigranes rejected outright the proposals of the Roman Senate is proved by the fact that in the Summer of 91 B.C. he invaded Cappadocia and Bithynia *a second time*, not at the beck of Mithridates of Pontos as Mommsen falsely repeats¹⁸, and drove out the kings of

¹⁷ *Plutarchos: Sulla*. VI, 7: *therapeuein O'n de'oito thrttesthai pro's tou's deome'nous*, etc., which means: "... *to cringe to those whose assistance he (i.e. Sulla) wanted, to give himself airs towards those who stood in need of him*," In popular slang such a man is called a bully, a cad. He certainly cringed before Tigranes, if he ever saw the king. G. Bloch et J. Carcopino, in their *Histoire Romaine* (Tome II (1929) (page 412) write:

"*Le propréteur Sulla s'acquitta de sa mission l'avec la Vigueur et l'audace qui le caractérisent. Il bouscula les Arméniens et les ayant repoussés, l'épée dans les reins, au delà de l'Euphrate, il donna audience sur les bords du fleuve mésopotamien au Statrape Orobase*, . . ." etc. This is the most fanciful nonsense ever recorded by serious historical literature.

¹⁸ *The History of Rome*, English translation (1880) p. 288:

¹⁶ Oh returning home in 91, Sulla himself was impeached by a certain C. Censorius for bribery. But it is not known on what grounds the trial was discontinued (cf. Ihne, vol. V. page 304, footnote 1)

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those provinces, restored by Sulla in the previous year¹⁹.

Throughout the Ancient and modern historiography there is not a line or word which may approximate to the interpretation as succinctly formulated above; recently Grousset²⁰ only, in spite of some misunderstanding in his previous page makes Pontus as a buffer state between Rome and Armenia. In fact, if and when the traditional prejudices are shaken off and geographical and geopolitical facts are critically analyzed, it will be seen that Pontus was nothing more than a buffer bearing the brunt of the Roman aggression. Naturally there could not be any word or line because the stereotyped (and streamlined) Roman form — historiography would not admit — any such humiliation or military defeat where it could conceal them without being exposed. It could not conceal the disasters of Lake Trasimenus (217 B.C.) or Cannae (216 B.C.) which Rome suffered at the hands of Hannibal, the Carthaginian Commander; nor could it conceal the massacre of some 80,000 Romans in the province of Asia in 88 B.C., and many other similar catastrophes all over the then world; whereas a quasi-secretive mission by Sulla to distant Armenia at the beginning of their great civil war, and its utter failure need not even be recorded; or at best transformed into the comical version of his meeting the Parthian envoy. In this connection one more evidence of Armenian or Pontic military superiority should not be kept unmentioned. Appian²¹ says that "the Romans fought badly, because they

were in terror of the enemy's cavalry. (*asthenos de tôn Romaion diá deós tés hippon makhomenom. . . .*). Sulla rode hither and thither a long time, encouraging and threatening his men. Failing to rally them even this way, he leaped from his horse, seized a standard and ran out between the two armies with his shield-bearers, exclaiming. . . ." etc. (Details will be discussed in the history of Tigranes the Great).

Finally there is no contemporary record or any other proof whatever that the Parthian kings claimed to be the legitimate successors of Cyrus or Darius. It was not in the tradition of Iranian dynasties to accord any credit to their predecessors; exactly the reverse was the case. This hypothesis of Achaemenid — Parthian link emanates from the logical thinking of modern writers, who naturally would assume that Parthians considered themselves the heirs to the rule over Asia. To saddle the Parthian Dynasty with such an unbearable burden would have surprised them, had such a duty been ascribed to them in their own time. They do not seem to have possessed even an inkling of the exact name (and the date) of the founder of their Dynastic House, for instance at the time of their great king Mithridates II (127-88 B.C.), only about a century and half earlier. How they possessed any knowledge of Darius or Cyrus, and *mutatis mutandis*, had they felt any regard for the Achaemenid monarchs, they would have assumed their personal names, or in some other way demonstrated on their coins their distant link with their predecessors. It appears that the names Darius, Cyrus and others were first mentioned to them by the large number of Graeculi slaves, who crowded the Parthian Court

" every one knew that Tigranes only acted at his (Mithridates') beck"; see farther his ff. 286-290, all tendentious and false.

¹⁹ Classical sources variously attribute to Tigranes or Mithridates this second invasion of Asia Minor and the expulsion of the kings of Cappadocia and Bithynia; it would require much space to quote the sources one by one, cf. Wilhelm Ihne, *id.* Vol. V. ff. 303-305.

²⁰ Rene Grousset: *Histoire de l'Arménie* (1947) ff. 85-86.

²¹ Mommsen has no reference whatever to such information as recorded by Appian; still less of the presence of Armenian cavalry in Pontic armies which defeated Romans.

and offered their services.

An extensive diversion into the several contemporary judicial and political problems, only indirectly related to the Roman idea of *ius gentium*, has been necessary in order to shed some critical light over the profound misconceptions in regard to Armenia and to show at the same time that Romans in their dealings with the outside world did not consider themselves in *dauernder Kriegszustand* ("permanent state of war"), as Mommsen²² supposed. There is plenty of recorded evidence, as he himself admits, that they concluded many treaties of peace, alliance, friendship, hospitality, etc., with almost all the States, before they fought them later. Between the years 200 and 193 B.C. Rome and Antiochos III, the Seleucid king, exchanged many embassies; in 198 B.C., when king Attalus of Pergamon requested the military help of Rome against Antiochos III, the senate of Rome rejected the request by naming the Seleucid king as *socius et amicus populi Romani*²³ ("ally and friend of the Roman people"). So Antiochos was considered a friend of the Roman people as Attalus was. The Roman historian further asserts that Antiochos likewise regarded Rome as a friend²⁴ (nam Romanorum amicitiam. . . .). Indeed it can be proved that the Senate pursued such a consistent international policy with every country or community, Carthage, Macedonia, Greece, Spain and Syria; at first some sort of treaty, then, as they thought "the

safeguarding of their country" demanded, created pretexts for war and relentless attacks where they could, until they subdued and robbed their former friend and ally.

Nor is there any positive evidence for *bellum omnium contra omnes*, which in Mommsen's view constituted the traditional conception of the legendary Roman kings and later on, of their jurists. According to this view Romans felt a natural enmity towards all foreigners and regarded them as enemies of their land, and *vice versa*, when they entered a foreign country, when in treaty relationship or otherwise, they treated the land in question in open hostility. The above-mentioned exchange of embassies between Antiochos III and the Roman Senate and the mutual recognition of "friend and ally" is a proof that the Romans did not entertain a sense of natural hostility towards all foreign powers; many scholars have since corrected their earlier mistakes on this theory and have cited Sallustius, Cicero and T. Livius in support of their corrections²⁵.

Nevertheless if cannot be denied that from the outset the conception of the Roman international law by the life-and-death struggle which it had to wage against its immediate hostile neighbors, the various Latin tribes, as it was rising to power.²⁶

In conclusion Taeubler, Heuss, Brassloff and others agree that the real equivalent of the present-day International Public Law was the Roman *ius pacis et belli* ("the law of peace and war") which applied chiefly to those powers which successfully fought

²² Th. Mommsen. *Roemisches Staatsrecht*. Vol. III (1876) ff. 378ff 590 ff; M. Wilems: *Le Droit public romain*. . (1877) p. 347, proved that Mommsen could not be considered as correct in the interpretation of the tests.

²³ Titus Livius: XXXII, 8, 13ff; the phrase *decreta honorifica* used here in text, is explained as the expression of the usual demonstrations, by which the ambassadors of friendly or allied countries were publicly honored, although very often those foreign envoys had to wait for hours — and sometimes for days, in the ante — chambers of the Senate.

²⁴ *id.* XXXIII, 20, 8

²⁵ Cf. M. Holleaux: *Revue des études anciennes*, 1913. pp. 1 ff; A. Heuss, *op. cit.*, pp. 35-37. 61f and often.

²⁶ C. Brassloff: *Der roemische Staat in seinen internationalen Beziehungen*, 1938, p. 3, adds: "Neither for the Romans nor for the several communities living near them, was the fact of coexistence an intrinsically approved principle. Every one of them was rather the master of the negative principle as to the talk of existence (Existenz berechtigurig) to every other community. The alien was simply the enemy of one's land. . ."

the Roman aggression and repelled its encroachment. Anyhow these vague and ambiguous legal practices seem to have been the guiding "principles" when Rome came in contact with Pontos, Armenia and Parthia.

King Artashes of Armenia (ca. 200-160 B.C.)

The Roman-Syrian War and After

With few exceptions modern historians of Ancient Rome have been as mistaken — and often as atrociously prejudiced — in regard to king Artashes — Artaxias and the supreme sovereign power of Armenia at this time, as a century later in regard to king Tigranes the Great. The account which follows together with contemporary or near-contemporary documents will show that only a few recent scholars have succeeded in reconstructing with a fair measure of accuracy the international situation of the first half of the second century (ca. 200-150 B.C.) and set out the great figure of king Artashes and the overriding position he held amid the minor quarrelling kingdoms beyond the river Halys and often beyond the Aegean Sea.

Exhaustive researches in respect of that period, which have been carried out by B. Niese, K. Beloch, Sir W. Tarn, K. Altheim and others, have indirectly shown that the traditional view (Strabo) and following from it, the theses of the nineteenth century classical historians, are altogether false. Indeed the scholars mentioned above have not directly said so; but their analysis of ALL extant classical authors leads to the outstanding figure of king Artashes as a supreme arbiter between the dynastic rivals who were contending for the supremacy in Western Asia minor. There is nothing metaphysical in this historical picture; an alert king like Artashes, fully conscious of his country's strength, dominating the impregnable Highlands and the periph-

ery, in Command of a vigorous and prosperous people, meanwhile at the head of a cavalry force, whose experience and tactics had been tried in many previous centuries, could not be represented as a mere "General" (strategos) of a shadowy Antiochos III.

This Seleucid king (223-187 B.C.), perhaps the greatest of his Dynasty, was a figure of many parts, claiming and scheming to acquire the domination of the entire Eastern Mediterranean, but in actual fact suffering the most ignoble defeats in his rash enterprises. The crushing defeat which he suffered at Paphia in 217 B.C. at the hands of an Egyptian army, his assumed invasion and "Conquest" of "Media", Parthia and Hyrcania and other such exploits attributed to him, cannot be dealt with here. Nowhere, however, his character comes more clearly to light than in his abject submission to fate after the annihilating defeat he suffered at Magnesia (190 B.C.) Eumenes, King of Pergamon, supposed to have been like many others under the suzerainty of Antiochos III, had joined the Romans at the battle of Magnesia, and with an army of 800 horse and 3,000 soldiers had "stabbed his sovereign in the back". After the war, Antiochos III sent an embassy to Eumenes, imploring him not to do anything which might render the terms of peace with Rome still more difficult and heavier; according to the preliminaries of peace Antiochos had to pay 400 talents as an indemnity to Eumenes and return a vast quantity of grain due to Pergamon since the days of king Attalos.²⁷ This is the man who is said to have been "the suzerain" of Armenia and King Artashes to have been his "general"; yet the sovereign status of the land under King Artashes and since the

²⁷ Polybios: XXI, 17; it appears that Scipio, the Roman commander, here demanded the delivery of Hannibal, the Carthaginian hero, who in the meanwhile had gone as a refugee to the Court of king Artashes.

rise of the freak of Seleucid kingdom emerges after the war of Magnesia not because the phantom suzerainty of Seleucids had come to an end, but on account of the subsequent events which followed immediately — events which, at the beginning at least, indirectly concerned Armenia.

The next twenty years after Magnesia the scene in Asia Minor was occupied by the struggle or hegemony of the region by Eumenes, King of Pergamon, and Pharnakes I, King of Pontos. The only reliable source of information for the period is as usual Polybios, a contemporary historian, and the Roman Titus Livius who follows him closely. But as stated above the text of Polybios is so ineptly and carelessly excerpted by Byzantine copyists in the Middle Ages that a bare outline of the development of events can be reconstructed.

As an ally in the Syrian War King Eumenes of Pergamon went to Rome in 189 B.C. where the Senate received him with signal honors; as a suppliant — he threw himself on the goodness of Rome and demanded all the regions on this side of Taurus mountains, which had been surrendered by Antiochos. As long as the Romans were engaged in wars in Spain and Liguria, and Macedonia and Greek Leagues were irritating thorns in their sides, they flattered Eumenes and granted him the Syrian possessions in Thrace the provinces of Phrygia, Mysia, Lydia etc; furthermore the pro counsel Cn. Manlius Vulso was ordered to deliver to him the war elephants captured from Antiochos. The more the sun of Rome shone over Eumenes the more grew his political ambitions. He had not only linked King Ariarathes IV of Cappadocia (ca. 220-163 B.C.) to his Dynasty by marriage, he even took that land under his protectorate as against Pharnakes of Pontos. From Cappadocia, Eumenes stretched his hand of friendship to King Mithri-

dates of Armenia minor. The response of the king of Armenia Magna is nowhere recorded; therefore we do not know the nature of the reaction which the appeal of Eumenes produced at the Court of the king, where Hannibal might still have been alive. Interpreting however one line of Titus Livius (Book XLII, 58, 6-8), Niese thinks that through the mediation of the Armenian king 300 Cyrti²⁹ rode out from their highlands to join the army of Eumenes in support of the Romans then fighting Perseus, king of Macedonia (in 171 B.C.).

But other historical facts mentioned by Polybios³⁰ to be quoted below, show King

²⁹ Polybios XXV, 2, 11ff; Cf. B. Niese: *Geschichte der griechischen und makedonischen Staaten*. Third part (1903) f. 69. Niese makes king Mithridates of Armenia-minor (here Dzip — Sophene?) the successor of Zariadris, mentioned by Strabo. (All this about the identity of Zariadris has been proved false by the Sevan inscriptions discussed in my article in *Arm. Rev.* no. 24 (winter 1953), p. 62.

From the viewpoint of western Asiatic history and of Armenian historiography in particular during the years 180-176 B.C., it is a real tragedy that XXV of the History of Polybios has come down to us in a pitifully fragmentary condition. This book XXV, as it appears in the latest critical edition by Theodor Büttner-Wobst (Teubner, Leipzig, 1938) contains only six short and fragmentary chapters, two of them reproduced from the quotations by Titus Livius, the national historian of Rome, one from Suidas, the mediaval Byzantine lexicographer, and the remaining three from unknown authors. The reference to King Artashes is in fragment No. 1. In his original text Polybios must have had fully described the Artashes, but a fanatical and spiteful Byzantine excerptor, possibly one of the clerks of patriarch Photius, if not the patriarch himself had expunged and destroyed all the interesting details in respect of Armenia. Out of the Forty books of the history by Polybios, eight are completely lost and from several others only small and often meaningless fragments have survived. (see below, in regard to King Artashes).

³⁰ In spite of the objections of Noeldeke and other classical scholars of the last century, I agree with F. Weissbach that these Cyrti were the forefathers of modern Kurdish tribes living in the passes of the Zagros chain. The Kurds, our brave and adventurous neighbors, who without any hatred or feeling would cheerfully join in any fight, are also mentioned to have allied themselves to one Molon, the satrap of the so-called Media in 220 B. C., and fight Antiochos III as slingers (Polybios, V. 525); then they are said to have joined Antiochos III to fight the Romans.

Artashes still much wiser in his high-political outlook in the troubled international situation of his time: as a simple geopolitical exigency which dictated the foreign policy of a mighty sovereign state, Artashes would naturally throw the weight of his armed forces on the side of his next door neighbors, in this case king Pharnakes II of Pontos, threatened by a discordant coalition of hostile states which were led by king Eumenes of Pergamon the stooge of the Roman Senate just as a hundred years later Tigranes the Great strengthened on every occasion the armed forces of Mithridates the Great by Armenian Cavalry divisions.

Facing this Western coalition of heterogeneous states, on the other side stood King Pharnakes II of Pontos (reign about 187-165 B.C.), the grandfather of Mithridates VI the Great. Pharnakes II may be considered as the real founder of the short-lived Pontic kingdom since he conquered the great port of Sinope on the Black Sea, thus securing the command of the sea transport and commerce. In defense of his realm and prestige Pharnakes could not stand aloof and look indifferently upon the Roman — cum — Eumenes encroachments on the border lands of king Ariarthes of Cappadocia³¹, who meanwhile had chastised the unruly Galatian intruders, inhabiting the periphery of his state. Eventually a war of four years began in 183 B.C., between

Eumenes and Pharnakes. In the background of Pontos lay the latent military power of Armenia, of the strength of which the Senate of Rome could hardly be unaware. Elated by his initial successes, Pharnakes attacked some Phrygian cities which Eumenes considered as his own. Unable to resist the onslaught of the Pontic army Eumenes applied to Rome for help; the Senate dispatched an embassy to examine the dispute on the premises, which very naturally found Pharnakes as guilty. The latter sent his own envoys to Rome to plead his own case. This was exactly the opportunity ardently wished for by the Senate, which in 182 decided to send a new embassy to Western Asia for "Verifying" the grounds of the quarrel (Polybios, XXIV.ltt.). In fact these Roman embassies behaved in such a manner as to enliven the hostility between the belligerent kings with a view to weakening both and dominating the whole region.

But the war between Eumenes and Pharnakes assumed still greater dimensions, when by the instigation of Rome King Prusias³² of Bithynia and one Morizos of

³² In a graphic description Polybios introduces this vile Hellenistic specimen (XXX, 18, 1-7; Cf. T. Livius XLV,44, 18-19); " . . . This Prusias was a man by no means worthy of the royal dignity, as may easily be understood from the following facts. In the first place", continues Polybios, "when some Roman legates had come to his Court, he went to meet them with his head shorn and wearing a white hat, a toga and shoes, exactly the costume worn in Rome by slaves recently manumitted or "libertors"—freedman. 'In me he said, you see your freedman who wishes to endear to himself and incite everything Romans', a phrase as humiliating as one can conceive. And now, on entering the Senate-house in Rome, he stood in the doorway. Facing the members and putting both his hands on the ground, bowed his head to the ground in adoration of the threshold and the seated senators, with the words: "Hail, ye, Saviour gods", making it impossible for anyone after him to surpass him in unmanliness, womanishness and servility. . . . He did things that it were unbecoming even to mention. As he showed himself to be utterly contemptible he received a kind answer for this very reason. . ."

King Eumenes of Pergamon was also on his way to Rome; whether he behaved like Prusias, we do not know.

³⁰ After castigating "the most disgraceful proceeding" of those historians who borrow from other books without mentioning the author Polybios (IX, 5, 2—7) says: " . . . I decided on writing of actual events. . . and not sights, my aim being not so much to entertain readers, as to benefit those who study this work with due application"

³¹ Combining Polybios fragments (Book XXXII, 11) and a few monumental inscriptions discovered and interpreted in modern times, Erich Diehl (*Pharnakes*, in *Paulys Realencyclopädie* . . . vol. XIX (1938) cols. 1849-53) has reconstructed a full account of the international relations of the time. Diehl cites king Artaxias as an ally of Pharnakes.

Paphlogonia joined in on the side of the former.

Here King Mithridates of Armenia Minor is mentioned as having joined Pharnakes.

Leaving out for the present other details and the part played by minor princes, it suffices to say that after four years of futile war a final treaty of peace was signed in 180 B.C. On the side of king Eumenes were King Prusias of Bithynia that worthy specimen of Hellenistic culture, king Ariarathes of Cappadocia and some other wise unknown princes. With Pharnakes of Pontos the Treaty was signed by king Artashes — Artaxias³³ of Armenia Magna, without whose military assistance and potential protection Pontus would probably have been overrun by Eumenes.

The military power of Armenia and the political ascendancy of King Artashes are testified from an eastern quarter as well.

After the death of King Antiochos III in 187 B.C. the struggle for securing the throne of the Seleucids recommenced more

violently than before. One Demetrios, the son of King Antiochos Epiphanes IV (176-164 B.C.) had been sent to Rome as a hostage. On the death of the father Demetrios begged the Senate to allow him to return home for ascending the throne. On the refusal of the Senate, Demetrios escaped by a boat and proclaimed himself king; but the satraps of the Seleucid kingdom would not recognize him, especially Timarchos, the satrap of "Media" who loaded with a treasure betook himself to Rome to claim the throne of Syria. By lavish bribery and otherwise, Timarchos succeeded in acquiring the consent of the Senate to be the king of Syria "with limited powers". Hurrying back to the East Timarchos applied to King Artashes for alliance and help as the mightiest monarch of the time, and through the connivance of Artashes occupied all Babylonia. It is noteworthy that he did not ask the alliance of King Mithridates I of Parthia (173-138), who according to traditional historians, is supposed to have been the King of Kings and the "ruler of Asia". Diodorus, of Siculus, Appian and Trogus Pompeius do not altogether agree as to the unfolding of events nor is the response of the Armenian monarch clearly stated by any of the classical authors. Anyhow Timarchos marched out with a large army to take possession of Syria. At Zeugma, one of the main fords of the Euphrates (near the modern city of Birejik) Timarchos was met by Demetrios. According to Appian (*Syriaca* B.C. 47) Timarchos was defeated and killed in the battle, and his army scattered.³⁴ He had minted a large number of gold, silver and bronze coins with the legend *basileos megalon Timarchos* (the great king Timarchos) which Demetrios re-coined and superimposed his own name.

Th. Mommsen and his followers, who have imprudently heaped insults on the great and chivalrous kings of Pontos, Armenia, etc., have carefully avoided mentioning this paragraph of Polybios, although they, often speak of Prusias. Well might Cicero say of such historians that "the more Greek they know, the more vicious they are" (*DE ORAT.*) II. 66.

³³ The terms of peace are recorded by Polybios (XXV. 2, 1-15) with some detail. In paragraphs 12-13 of the same book and chapter, the text of Polybios runs as *perielefthesan de tais. Synthe-kais to'n nien kata' te'n 'Asian dynassto'n 'Antaxias ho tes pleistes' Armenias Archu kai. . . .* W. R. Paton, the translator of Polybios (in Loeb's library, vol. V (1927) pp. 470-1) has rendered the above Greek text as ". . . . of the Asiatic princelets Artaxias, the ruler of the greater part of Armenia. . . . was included in the Treaty. . . . Here Paton makes Artashes a "princelet" together with one otherwise unknown Acusilochos. It seems evident that in the phrase *Archu kai. ACUSILOCHOS* there is a transposition of words. In any case *Dynaston* can never mean "princelet" as Paton himself in many places of his translation (for example, in IX, 1,4; XXI, 32,3 and often) translates the word as "monarch" and *Dynasteia* as "empire majesty". Such manipulated subjective handling of classical texts must come to an end; otherwise no confidence will be placed in all the rest.

³⁴ The conflict between Demetrios and Timarchos must have developed between the years 162-160 B.C. (Cf. B. Niese *op. cit.* ool. III. ff 971-247. This testifies that King Artashes was still alive in 160, if not a few years later.

Finally Polybios passes a high moral judgment on King Artashes, which he has not done to anyone else.

"Artaxias wished to kill . . . but by the advice of Ariarathes instead of doing so held him in greater honor than formely. Such is the power of Justice, and of the opinion and advice of good men that thereby not only our friends but our enemies are often saved and their natures changed for the better. Good looks are a better recommendation than any letter"⁸⁵

Some ungracious Byzantine excerptor has turned the full chapter of Polybios on the

⁸⁵ Polybios, XXXI, 16, 1. The critical edition of Polybios by Th. Buettner — Wobst (Teubner, 1935), vol. IV p. 336, has reproduced a few small fragments from the oldest manuscripts with a view to filling the gap of the personal name marked by three dots in the text. Two of the fragments read *dra* and one *Ma*. The problem is very complex and cannot be intelligibly discussed without quoting in Greek script the text of Polybios and the pertinent paragraphs of Diodoros Sicilus.

Armenian king into an incoherent and disfigured travesty. Whom did Artaxias wish to kill and for what reason? It is certain that the original text of Polybios had given a full narrative.

Moses Khorenaci, the national historian of the fifth century, has some remote allusions to this king Artashes. This information by Khorenaci can be incorporated in the sources mentioned above when technical means of printing are available. Then and then only an opinion may be formed in regard to the foreign policy of the Armenian monarchy, in its turn buttressed by a strong and prosperous internal administration.

As will be seen, none of these historical facts recorded by Polybios, Diodoros Siculus, Trogus Pompeius or Appianos have as yet found their way into the school textbooks or the voluminous interpretative writings ancient history or republican Rome.

THE PRICELESS CROSS

ADRIENNE HAROUTUNIAN

He lifted his brown curly head and looked at the cross on the wall again. Slowly Armen's black eyes filled with tears as they sought out the figure of Christ on the brown wooden cross. He loved it so much. He remembered the days his father had carved that cross while he, his small brother Ara, and his fair mother watched in admiration. What care the family had given to it! It had always inspired them, especially in times of grief and fear. Now with little hope left in his heart, he cried.

"Why," he thought to himself, "have things worked out so badly?" He could remember the day the Turks had unmercifully slaughtered his mother and father while he and his brother had hidden near the house. The tears slowly rolled down his hollowed cheeks as he could hear his mother again crying, "Lord, Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do." How good a Christian she was. Could she forgive him for what he was going to do now? But he must do it, he must! He was hungry, so very hungry; he had tried to get food. But there was no money, no work. "Oh, God help me!" begged Armen. He fell to the floor of the old house. The cold empty room echoed his plea. Only the cross was left to sell.

Finally Armen said a soft prayer to himself — and slowly lifted his thin arms to the much worshipped cross. Taking it from the wall, he put it close to his body, half covering it with his torn shirt, and ran weeping from the house.

In the market place walked Armen with the cross clutched in his hand, his eyes

wandering and his mind tossing. He came to a small cluttered shop and entered. He slowly walked to the elderly man in the back of the store. "Sir, I would like to sell this cross," he whispered as though God were watching. The old man looked at Armen, looked at his old torn clothes, his bare feet, his red eyes. He put his hand out to the poor boy saying, "Let me see." Looking at it carefully he lifted his gray head. "Twenty kouroosh." Armen only stared at the man. He took the cross and without saying a word ran from the store. He walked down the street crying and trying to think. The cross was worth everything to him: it had been made with such care by his father; it was loved by the family; it had served as a make-believe church for them ever since the Turks burned down their real church. It wasn't actually worth twenty kouroosh, Armen thought, but a million wouldn't be enough to recompense him for what it really meant to him.

What should he do? Twenty kouroosh would buy plenty of food; but he couldn't do it. Armen ran, ran fast, crying; he ran out of the market place. Suddenly he stopped: he felt funny, he could hear voices. "Mommy! Daddyl!" Armen cried. He could hear them telling him, "Don't Armen, don't Armen." He ran, he couldn't stand it, he ran, ran. Where he was going he didn't care. He must get away from there. He ran with the cross next to his heart, into the hills where he could lie on the ground and think. He came to an old tree and sat leaning against it. Then he looked at the cross again, how beautiful it was, so care-

fully carved. He lifted his hand to his eyes and wiped away a falling tear. Looking up at the sky, he saw the sun peep through the white clouds and followed the rays reaching down toward the earth. Armen looked at the rays. His tears were dry now; somehow something had comforted him. Then Armen noticed that one cloud seemed to shine more brightly than all the others and that its ray seemed to be touching the earth in the distance. Slowly he stood up, still clutching the cross tightly. He looked at the ray which seemed to get brighter. But then a large mass of clouds blocked the rays of light. Again he heard the haunting voices call, "Armen, Armen." Armen felt so alone in the world. He wanted his mother, he wanted his father, he wanted someone who

could understand him, who could help him, who could comfort him.

Again the clouds floated away from the sun. Again the beam shone brightly. Again Armen stared. What was God trying to tell him? He walked slowly toward the ray. Then he stopped. Ahead of him he saw something shining on the ground. Running toward it in amazement he recognized what it was — a five lira gold piece! He fell upon it on the ground, crying and thanking God.

Clutching the money in one hand and the cross in the other he picked himself up from the ground. As he ran home with thankfulness in his heart the ray slowly faded until it was just part of the setting sun.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Adrienne Arsen Haroutunian, daughter of Mrs. Angele Haroutunian and the late Arsen B. Haroutunian of Clifton, New Jersey, was born in Paterson, New Jersey on September 15, 1939. She began writing in elementary school to enter various essay contests and by grammar school graduation time had won four prizes from the city and county. Like many other Armenian Americans, she was the valedictorian of her grammar school graduating class, and walked away with other honors such as the P.T.A. citizenship award.

While a sophomore at Clifton High School, Adrienne wrote her first short story "Hope" which was subsequently printed in the school paper. During her junior year she was an active member of six extra-curricular groups. Perhaps her most important elective office was that of President of the Knights of Pythagoras, a mathematical society with a membership of 50 students; and her most signal award, the Elmira College Key Award for being the most promising Junior in the class of 1957, a class of 600 students.

Adrienne, currently a senior in Clifton High, President of the Clifton Chapter of the National Honor Society, and the News editor of the school paper the "Hyway", is pursuing a college preparatory course. Although she has not definitely decided what profession she will choose, she does hope to become a writer.



ADRIENNE A. HAROUTUNIAN

At 16 years of age, Adrienne enjoys the distinction of being the youngest author ever to appear in THE ARMENIAN REVIEW!

WHEN THE BOLSHEVIKS ATTACKED OUR HOSPITAL

DR. H. S. VARVARIAN

It happened late in December 1917.

Our hospital was situated at the outskirts of Tiflis. It was the largest military hospital of the Caucasian front. I was one of the two foreigner surgeons in that hospital, the other being a Serbian, Dr. S. Mitrovic. It was a rambling building housing 4000 beds, erected after the plan of medieval castles.

On Sunday, December 23, 1917, at 6 P.M. a racket like that of a rioting mob, coming from the Railway Station, startled our hospital staff. A battered train of a few wagons had brought a small vanguard of bolshevized deserters from the front. After fraternizing with the soldiers in the barracks, they had drifted to Tiflis.

To the Commander of the garrison, Captain Kuznetsov, the racket from the Station had augured ill for the safety of the hospital. Moreover, news from the front was alarming: all the war machinery had been disrupted; the *defaitist* propaganda of the bolsheviks had coaxed the soldiers to mutiny and desertions. Under the instigation of Lenin's emissaries they had massacred their officers, and were rushing helter-skelter northward home. The Captain had at once alerted the guards, and ordered sergeant Chernov to make fast the gates as a matter of precaution.

Next morning the 24th of December, a dozen Red soldiers with two Commissars came to the hospital. They kicked and ham-

mered on the door. Captain Kuznetsov and the Superintendent of the hospital, Colonel Andriev, hurried to the gate, followed by the guards. As Chernov opened the gate, a surly pack burst in. One couldn't help seeing from their faces that they had come with evil intentions. Proferring a paper, they said they were delegates from the front, and were charged by the *Soldiers' and Workers' Revolutionary Tribunal* to arrest for murder Colonel Orloff and all the other "reactionary" officers. The Superintendent denied them the right as they had no official warrant from the competent military authorities. The Reds were furious. Shaking menacing fists, they stalked out of the gateway. *Civil war had begun.* The Superintendent called the hospital staff to an urgent conference. Dr. Mitrovic and I as foreigners, decided to keep aloof from that conference.

The Conference charged Captain Kuznetsov with the organization of defense measures. The rest of Monday passed without incident. It was Christmas Eve. We sat down for dinner in a mood of worried expectancy. It was cold. A blizzard was raging outside. About midnight Chernov came to inform Captain Kuznetsov that a Company of 200 soldiers was at the gate awaiting admittance. The Superintendent and the Captain slipped out of the hall, asking me to join them. As the gate opened,

a motley crowd trooped in, wrapped up in tattered soldier's coats.

"Your route-form?" asked the Superintendent.

"We have none," answered a burly soldier.

"Your name?" asked the Superintendent.

"Medvedov," he said curtly.

It was learned later that, this private had been dubbed *Commander* as a reward for his leadership in the massacre of the officers.

"Who sent you here?" asked the Superintendent.

"Nobody. We came here for treatment," said Medvedov.

The Superintendent asked me to examine them and report. Out of 40 bandaged only 5 were wounded; the remaining 35 had superficial bruises; 20 were suffering from Chronic malaria; several of frostbite, and a few of grippe. There could be no doubt that the whole affair was a plot. But, for reasons of policy, they all were admitted.

Midnight Christmas Service was inspiring. It was a comforting glimmer of light in those days of thickening darkness. When I entered the chapel our chaplain, Father Feodor, a true disciple of Jesus, was explaining in simple words the real significance of the birth of Christ — *'the Prince of Love and Peace'*. The choir out-did itself that night in the chant of angels' anthem — *"Glory to God in the Highest; and on earth peace, Good will towards men"*

Wednesday afternoon Dr. Mitrovic came to warn me of the *coming Bolshevik tornado*. He said he was going to leave the hospital, and advised me to follow his example. I told him I had resolved to stick to my friends — whom I loved — through thick and thin.

On Thursday morning, the last day of the year a remote din came to disturb once again the tranquillity of our hospital. Large groups of foot-faring soldiers, and several

trains full of Reds—driven at gun point—had arrived. Captain Kuznetsov had already taken necessary defense measures. Until late in the night there was no sign of movement from the Station. The night was exceptionally clear, but cold with a whizzing north-wind. It was late. Feeling drowsy, I went up to my room and fell asleep. All of a sudden an unearthly roar rocked my bed. I leapt to my feet. It was 12:45 P.M. My room was on the fourth floor. I ran down the stairs. It was an explosion. The Reds had attacked the hospital at about 10:30 P.M. The defending officers had cut loose with their machine-guns, strewing the ground with dead and wounded. Father Feodor, in great distress, had rushed out with a Cross in each hand, and had offered the attackers Christian peace and brotherly love. Stretching his arms toward the Reds, he had cried out: "My dear brothers; I come to offer you peace in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ: *Peace on earth, good will towards men*—" "Shut up," a Red soldier had bellowed "to hell with the satan." A hail of bullets had riddled Father Feodor's body. He had fallen upon his face with a Cross in each hand.

With the attack from outside a mutiny, instigated by the newly admitted 200 deserters, had broken out among the garrison soldiers who shot the Captain and the Superintendent point blank. Before this treason the officers had been forced to retreat to the North Wing, keeping the mutineers at bay. Meanwhile the outside attackers had contrived to blast the north wing with powerful explosives, opening a wide breach in that block, and starting a fire. When I reached the ground floor the shooting was still going on full blast. After slaughtering the loyal guards, the mutineers threw the gates open before the outside attackers. There followed an unparalleled fratricidal massacre. For the democratic officers and officials, who happened to

be still alive, one thing alone was left — *flight*. The Commissars, at the head of bloodthirsty gangs, swooped through the wards in search of Colonel Orloff and other officers who might still be alive. Colonel Orloff, completely crippled, was in his bed. They took Colonel Orloff and the rest to the basement and shot them out of hand.

The officers and the loyal soldiers thus liquidated, the Red deserters were given free hand to plunder the whole hospital to their hearts content. Swarms of looters swooped down on the hospital. In a thrice there was nothing left. A motley crowd of bolshevized women mostly prostitutes disgustingly lustful, had followed the Reds to the hospital, taking a zealous part in the slaughter and the loot.

Meanwhile a free-for-all for *vodka* began in the cellar. Bottles were smashed on heads, sides were stabbed, throats were slit, all for *vodka*. Those who got the upper hand drank like fish, guzzling a whole bottle in one single quaff. Drunk, they began to sing, men and women intermingled, indulging themselves in swinish debauchery. Still grimmer were the things in the courtyard; they swopped, brawled, waged gory fights over booty. I was the eye witness to one of those fatal squabbles over the bearskin coat of Colonel Andriev. About half a dozen Reds had caught hold of the coat fighting for all they were worth. Ultimately it remained in the possession of a beast, with a tally of three murders, two wounded, and the beast himself slashed in the face. Soon the courtyard, too, was cluttered with wounded and dead.

All the doctors had either fled or had been killed. I was the only one left to cope with such an overwhelming calamity. Somebody touched my arm; it was Ivanov:

"Doctor," he said, "the wounded are bleeding to death. I know you can save many lives."

At his words courage came back to me. But the surgical department had been reduced to smouldering rubble by the explosion; and the fire made the situation more complex. There was no authority left to deal with it. The entire fire brigade had gone Red, running berserk with *vodka*. I sent Ivanov after sisters Sonya and Natasha. He came back with the two nurses and other five warders — all members of Father Feodor's *Union of Good Samaritans*. Working together we contrived, somehow, to organize a provisional surgical hall in the East Wing, the farthest point from the fire. The first casualty they fetched was Medvedyev, the man who had induced the garrison soldiers to mutiny. A bomb had fractured his pelvis causing profuse bleeding.

As I was operating on the shattered thigh of another Red soldier, a group of Commissars stalked in looking for Medvedyev. I said he had bled to death. They said they would hold me responsible for his death, alleging discrimination and negligence. I asked them to check all the casualties in the hall—all were Reds—and judge for themselves. They made a rapid check of the wounded, and left without another word.

With the explosion of kerosene and oil tanks, smoke invaded the hall. We were forced to remove the wounded out in the courtyard. The fire — an insignificant glow at the outbreak — had been fanned into leaping flames by the north-wind. In the South-Wing, where my room was, there was a frightful crash. Just then I caught sight of my orderly. Handing over the key, I asked him to fetch my valise. He shot off with the key, but never came back. I went after him. There lay Nikolai before my room, with a bullet in his head, evidently killed by the looters in a fight over my valise. With a painful glance at Nikolai, I hurried down the stairs. A cry for help — "Help! *radi Lenina*, help!" (for the sake

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of Lenin) — haunted me. I stopped short at the landing of the first floor. It was Lieutenant Kozakov—Bolshevik by conviction — whose upper and lower limbs (shattered by a shell) I had amputated. He was a bulky man, too heavy for me to shoulder. I promised to send Ivanov to his rescue.

As I reached the courtyard I saw two drunken brutes criminally assault sisters Sonya and Natasha. Seized by terror the girls were shrieking for help. To my great relief Ivanov came to knock the brutes out. The moment I reached Ivanov, I asked him to go straight to Kozakov's rescue. Time passed but no Ivanov came back. I walked toward the South Wing. Suddenly someone called my name. It was Kozakov. Before I inquired about Ivanov, I saw him lying face to the ground covered with blood. Stunned, I knelt down beside Kozakov, eyes brimming with tears. Gazing at my troubled eyes, a puzzled look settled upon Kozakov's face. As a Bolshevik it was too simple a matter for him; a stray bullet had killed Ivanov—*fate—accident!*

"Doctor," he said, "why are you so upset?"

"Ivanov," I said, "was a guileless Christian soul, full of brotherly love." Suddenly a deep change of expression came upon his face. He was silent. His whole trunk shrank as though he had been some ascetic crouching in his cave for the censure of his soul.

A drunken group of Reds, men and women, with jokes foul as muck, singing to the accompaniment of balalaikas, stamped past the bodies as if going for a jaunt. Kozakov didn't hear the revelers. I know not how long we sat there! I only heard him say "Doctor! I am no longer a Bolshevik. Now I realize that it is a creed of hatred and blood without a shred of humaneness in it. A helpless cripple, I cried myself hoarse for help in the name of Lenin, the god of Bolsheviks, yet no Bol-

shevik comrade came to my rescue. Help came from Ivanov, and his creed of brotherly love. When I asked help for the sake of Lenin — I will help you brother, said Ivanov, not for the sake of Lenin but for the sake of Jesus Christ. Ivanov saved my life at the cost of his own." Once again he relapsed into silence.

Kozakov's self-kindled confession inspired in me the thought that, conversion through self-persuasion in a man of strong convictions is a most valuable credit to the insuperability of the Christian principles.

By and by a number of ghouls came prowling to rob the dead of their clothing. Quarrels broke out over Ivanov's coat. The noisy squabble attracted new packs of hyenas. There began a loathsome free-for-all which called Kozakov back to life. He was horrified to see the villains at fray over Ivanov's coat. He shouted out in an impassioned voice: — "Brothers! Russians! Enough we hated one another; enough we slaughtered our brothers. It is time to denounce the false creed of the Bolsheviks; time to turn back to the Christian faith of our fathers; to peace on earth and good will towards men." The rabble jeered at him, and went on with their sinister work. Then the Commissars came hustling along, terribly upset.

"I defy you and your doctrines," shouted Kozakov to their faces, "you are the messengers of hatred and death. I am not afraid of death, shoot me right away. But know that the day of reckoning is at hand, you will be thrown into that (pointing at the fire) hell-fire you have kindled. And a glorious sun will rise upon this land and its people." They dragged Kozakov away. I saw him no more. I never learned what befell him.

The fire had nearly achieved its end. From the smouldering debris clouds of

stood gaping like ghastly mouths of hell; smoke rose in curling spirals; the doors the windows stared like cavernous eyes of death. Behind the thin screen of smoke the day was breaking in gorgeous colors. It was the morning of Tuesday—NEW-YEARS day. "A new day of a New Year," I thought to myself, "perhaps Kozakov's prophecy

will come true! Perhaps it is the coming of a new sun with a new light to enlighten and to quicken the kind and noble people of this great land."

Throwing a last painful glance upon the awful feat of the comrade Bolsheviks, I left the smouldering hospital with an aching heart.

Two Poems

MARGUERITE BARGAMIAN

MEMORY

*Do you remember?
Covering our world, a dismal
Cloak of rain, stifling hope and love.*

*It was a crying time,
Wake of the dying flower*

*But slowly, sweetly the miracle
Revealed itself!
Rains stopped*

From the heavens, born the image of love.

SYMPHONY

*Sounds of years
have stopped. . .
Where voices sang,
there is but calm.*

*Yet now I would
that symphonies rang
to tell of love.*

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Abandonment of the Armenian Question As An International Issue

RITA JERRAHIAN

The Treaty of Sevres which would have provided a solution for the Armenian question represented the logical result but unfortunately also the culminating point of the intervention of humanity in Turkey.¹ The treaty had come too late. At the time of the Mudros armistice of October 30, 1918 any terms that the Allies wished to impose upon Turkey could have been carried out. By midsummer of 1920, however, the Turkish government which then signed the Treaty of Sevres no longer had the support of Turkey. Still, the Allies could have forced Turkey to put the terms of the treaty into effect. The disunity among the Great Powers, the Greco-Turkish War and the Kemalist-Soviet Entente were to prevent its ratification. The independent Armenia which had been set up was left to her own resources to resist Turkish invasion and Russian sovietization. The Greeks were weakening in their offensive. France and Italy were supporting the Kemalists. The Mudania armistice of October 11, 1922 brought an end to the hostilities. In the meantime, the desirability and the need for revision of the Sevres treaty had been recognized. The Armenian question had come before the League of Nations. The London and Paris Conferences

of the Allied Powers had given up the idea of liberating Turkish Armenia and proposed instead the establishment of a "foyer" or "national home" for the Armenians in Turkey. Even the idea of an autonomous Armenian foyer was discarded by the Lausanne Conference at which the weak, defeated Mohammedan Turkey of the armistice of Mudros which might have yielded to the great, victorious Christian European countries, had become the new and vigorous Turkey of the armistice of Mudania. The Treaty of Lausanne of July 24, 1923 revised the Treaty of Sevres, extending Turkey's territory and ignoring the solemn pledges which the Allied statesmen had repeatedly made to the Armenian people. Although Turkey accepted treaties to protect minorities,² there was nowhere in the Treaty of Lausanne any mention of the Armenians or of the Armenian homeland. By the revision of the Treaty of Sevres, the Armenian question had been abandoned as an international issue.

Mudros To Sevres To Mudania

The consequences of the postwar military struggle in Turkey and in Transcaucasia could have been avoided had there not existed disunity and a disinclination to take drastic action on the part of the Allies. The Greeks, the Turks, the Russians, and even the Armenians themselves

¹ Andre' Mandelstam, *La Sociéte' des Nations et les Puissances devant le problème arménien*, Paris, 1926, p. 121.

² Articles 37-45 of the Treaty of Lausanne.

share in the responsibility for the fate of Armenia. The responsibility of the Allies and of America, however, cannot be denied.

In 1918 and 1919 there were over a million Allied soldiers in prewar Ottoman territory. The Armistice of Mudros of October 30, 1918 stipulated that Allied troops had the right to occupy any part of the Ottoman Empire. The Allies, however, sent no Allied troops to the "Armenian provinces" in eastern Anatolia, but allowed Turkish irregular troops to control the area.³ The Armistice had decreed the immediate demobilization of the Turkish army except for troops to guard the frontiers and to maintain order, but the order was not put into serious execution. It was not difficult for Mustapha Kemal to reconstitute a Turkish army. The Allies had concluded treaties agreeing on dismemberment by which Turkey would lose two-thirds of Anatolia as well as outlying regions. The Allies had sufficient troops but were reluctant to fight a new war to force Turkey to carry out peace terms. Turkey was obliged to conduct hostilities only against the "Allied" army of the Greeks. Mustapha Kemal had been appointed inspector of the 3rd Turkish army and was sent to Samsun to demobilize the Turkish military forces. Arriving soon after the Smyrna incident, Kemal rallied the Nationalist movement, instead. Congresses were held at Erzeroum and at Sivas declaring Turkish integrity, protesting Allied occupation, and opposing the creation of an Armenian state. On January 28, 1920 the National Pact based on provisions of the Declaration of the Sivas Congress⁴ was

adopted by the Constantinople Parliament. Allied occupation took place in the capital to check the Nationalist agitation. The Kemalists moved to Angora, setting up a provisional government. The Greeks offered to stop the Kemalist rising and with British approval, though French and Italian opposition had been expressed, moved against the Nationalists. The Greeks were too successful. The Allies ordered the Hellenic armies not to advance any further into Anatolia. The Treaty of Sevres marked the turning point in the fortunes of the Greeks and the Armenians. Kemal, though defeated, was aware of the disunity of the Allies and waited for an opportunity to take revenge. Facing the Greeks on the west, the French and the Italians on the south, and the Armenians on the east, the Turks decided to deal first with their traditional enemies.⁵

In Armenia, disturbances had been instigated by the Bolsheviks, but the Armenian Bolshevik movements which began to rise were quickly quelled by the government of the Armenian Republic.⁶ In May, 1920 negotiations were being held by the Soviet government with an Armenian delegation. A draft agreement provided that Armenian independence would be recognized and the principle of Armenian annexation of the Turkish Armenian provinces would be accepted, but no treaty was signed. At the same time, negotiations took place with the Kemalists at Baku and Erzeroum. Russia agreed to "cede" to Tur-

³ Eliot Grinnell Mears, "The Armenian Question," *Modern Turkey*, ed. Eliot Grinnell Mears, New York, 1924, p. 526.

⁴ Self-determination in the Arab provinces, the districts of Kars, Batoum, and Ardahan, and Western Thrace; the security of Constantinople; the opening of the Straits; the rights of all minorities; and abolition of the capitulations were the six principles enunciated.

⁵ The particular hostility of the Turkish Nationalists towards the Armenians of the Erivan Republic was due to several reasons: The Republic was in possession of Kars which Russia had retroceded to Turkey; Wilson was to lay the frontier between Armenia and Turkey which would give Armenia Ottoman territory in Nationalist hands; Erivan had cooperated with the Greek Revolution in the Trebizond and Sivas areas; and Armenia controlled the railroad between Erzeroum and Baku (overland route to Russia).

⁶ J. Missakian, *A Searchlight on the Armenian Question*, Boston, 1950, p. 108.

key the districts of Kars and Ardahan.⁷ The Bolsheviks proceeded to converge on the Armenian territory which the Armenians, though at first successful in resistance, were compelled to abandon, permitting the Bolsheviks and the Turks to join forces. The Nationalists along with the Soviets attacked Armenia on September 23, 1920.⁸ On October 30, 1920 Kars was taken. By the end of November, the capital of Erivan was threatened. An armistice resulted in the reduction of the Erivan area, Turkey obtaining Kars and Ardahan.⁹ The pro-Ally Armenian government was overthrown and a pro-Russian government was established by the Bolshevik intervention.¹⁰ On December 2, 1920, a peace treaty was signed between Armenia and Turkey at Alexandropol in which the Treaty of Sevres was renounced, and another agreement was concluded at Erivan by which Armenia became part of the Soviet Union which was to respect Armenian independence and ensure her boundaries.¹¹ During all this time, no assistance was provided by the Great Powers. Greeting Soviet Armenia on December 4, 1920, J. V. Stalin wrote:

Armenia weary and much suffering delivered by the favor of the Entente and the Dashnaks back to famine, destruction, and flight, deceived by all its "friends" Armenia now consecrates her deliverance in that she declares herself a Soviet country. Neither the deceitful assurance of England, "the Perpetual Protector" of Armenian interests, nor the famous 14 Points of Wilson, nor the great promises of the League of Nations with its "Mandates" for the administration of Armenia could help (and they *would* not help!) save Armenia from massacre and physical destruction.

⁷ Three-fourths of territory of the Armenian Republic on the Russian side of the 1914 frontier.

⁸ Arnold J. Toynbee, *A Survey of International Affairs*, New York, 1920-1923, p. 368.

⁹ "The Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic: the Establishment of Soviet Power in Armenia," *Great Soviet Encyclopedia* (in Russian), 2nd ed., III, 66.

¹⁰ Missakian, pp. 111-12.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 112.

¹² *Works*, IV, 413 (Quoted in "The Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic: the Establishment of Soviet Power in Armenia", p. 66).

Only the concept of Soviet power carries peace for Armenia and the possibility of national recovery.

It was Soviet Russia who was deceitful. On February 18, 1921, the people drove the Bolsheviks out, in revolt against the Soviet regime. The following month, Erivan again fell to the Bolshevik forces. In Moscow, on March 16, 1921 Mustapha Kemal made a treaty with Soviet Russia by which Turkey retroceded Batoum. The Bolsheviks ceded Kars and Ardahan to Turkey, awarded two other parts of the Armenian Republic to Azerbaijan, and annexed the remaining territory, "Soviet Armenia," to Russia. The Wilsonian boundaries were rejected; Armenia was stated to have no territorial claims against Turkey.¹³ On October 31, 1921, by the Treaty of Kars, signed between the Kemalists government and the Soviet governments of Armenia, Azerbaijan, and Georgia, essentially similar in terms to the Moscow treaty, the three republics agreed not to "recognize any international act concerning Turkey which is not recognized by the National Government of Turkey."¹⁴ Turkey formally recognized the Armenian Soviet Republic. Armenia's territories had been diminished from 29,000 to 11,580 square miles. J. Missakian, commenting on the sovietization of Armenia in his book, *A Searchlight on the Armenian Question*, remarks sardonically that "as far as Turkey, the Soviet Government, and the latter's Armenian apologists were concerned, the Armenian problem had . . . found its 'just and equitable solution'."¹⁵ Turkey, in the meantime, had entered into negotiations with the Italians and the French whose respective forces occupied southwestern Anatolia. Perhaps the single most important factor in bringing on the Nationalist movement had been the Greek invasion of Smyrna in May, 1919, and the occu-

¹³ Missakian, p. 113.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 115.

¹⁵ p. 115.

pation of Constantinople by Britain helped to hasten the movement. Italian and Greek interests collided over the Smyrna area and there was acute rivalry over Constantinople between the French and the British who backed Greece against Turkey. By mid-summer of 1920 the Greeks occupied much of Asia Minor and had had at least nominal support by the Allies. In December, 1920, however, the anti-Ally Constantine was restored to his throne by plebiscite and announced continuation of the war with Turkey. British and Allied support was inostensibly withdrawn. Turkish activity was threatening the Greeks in Smyrna, the French in Cilicia, and the British in the Straits area.¹⁶ Secret negotiations were undertaken by Italy and by France with the Turks. On March 13, 1921, the Kemalists and the Italians reached an agreement by which the latter would evacuate Anatolia in return for economic concessions. After the armistice, the only effective occupation had been in Cilicia. General Allenby and the British, however, handed the area over to French control in April, 1920. The presence of French troops in Cilicia led the Armenians to hope that an Armenian home would be established here under French protection.¹⁷ The Armenians greeted the French with enthusiasm. An Armenian legion commanded by French officers was established to help fight against the Turks.¹⁸ Britain, however, expressed concern over the extreme pro-Armenian attitude of the French officers. France consented to withdraw the officers favoring the Armenians and those French officers that replaced them followed a pro-Musslman policy. The disillusioned Armenians then

turned to the British.¹⁹ The French had abandoned the Armenians.

The French tried to bring about a rapprochement between Constantinople and Angora, peace between the Turks and the Greeks, and the restoration of a regime of calm prosperity in the Ottoman territory where France possessed material interests as well as moral influence. France-Turkish conversations in London in February, 1921 led to the Angora Agreement of October 20, 1921 signed by Henri Franklin-Bouillon for France and Yussuf Kemal Bey for Turkey.²⁰ Hostilities were ended between France and Turkey. France agreed to evacuate Cilicia in return for economic and mineral concessions. The Franco-Turkish settlement was extremely significant for it represented a separate peace with Turkey without prior consultation with Great Britain. In answer to British protests, the French government pointed out that the agreement was not considered a treaty of peace but "only an arrangement of local significance concluded with a Power which is neither recognized *de jure* nor *de facto*, but which has manifested a degree of authority, patriotism, and loyalty, such as to warrant the opinion that it is capable of keeping and executing the obligations which it has assumed."²¹

When the new Greek offensive began in March, 1921, the Allies had declared neutrality but the British encouraged the aggressive policy of the Greeks. A counter offensive by the Turks began in August, 1922. The Turks enjoyed great successes against the Greeks and captured Smyrna in September. The French and Italians took a negative stand to the British appeal for a united Allied defense of the Straits. On

¹⁶ Henry C. Cumming, *France-British Rivalry in the Post War Near East*, New York, 1938, p. 128.

¹⁷ Maurice Pernot, *La question turque*, Paris, 1923, p. 212.

¹⁸ Mears, p. 525.

¹⁹ Pernot, p. 212.

²⁰ Cumming, p. 146.

²¹ Correspondence between H. M. Government and the French Government respecting the Angora Agreement, October 20, 1921. Turkey, No. 1 (1922). (Quoted by Cumming, p. 147.)

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October 11, 1922 the Convention of Mudania was concluded between the Allies and the Turkish Nationalists. At the Lausanne Peace Conference on July 24, 1923, the Treaty of Sevres was replaced by the Treaty of Lausanne. The Armenian claims had been abandoned.

The Armenian Question And The League Of Nations

The Republic of Armenia had declared its independence in May, 1918. Its government by 1920 was not very stable and its frontiers had not yet been defined. *De facto* recognition, however was accorded to the government of the Armenian Republic and boundaries and status of the Armenian state were to be determined by the peace treaty to be concluded with Turkey. The Allied Powers, wishing to obtain for the Armenian nation existence, order, and security, had decided to set up an independent Armenian Republic. In March, 1920, the Allied Supreme Council asked the Council of the League if it would accept a mandate for Armenia under Article 22 of the League Covenant. The League Council expressed its sympathy with the object of the Allied Powers, but stated that as it was not a state and had no army or financial resources, it could not undertake the protection of Armenia. It pointed out that "the future of the Armenian Nation could be best assured if a Member of the League or some other Power could be found willing to accept the Mandate for Armenia."²³ It stated as conditions necessary for an Armenian state to be adequately protected the evacuation of Turkish forces, an army to defend Armenia and to secure order, free access to the sea through Batoum, and a financial system coupled with a public works program and supplemented by loans under international guarantee. The Council of

the League asked if the Allied Powers would furnish the necessary provisions if a mandate could not be found.²³

The mandate had been offered to America who had not accepted it. Nevertheless, President Wilson had agreed to fix the boundaries of the new Armenian state provided for in the Treaty of Sevres. The Allied Powers had permitted the Armenian government already recognized as a *de facto* government to sign the treaty with Turkey as a government representing a sovereign state. At the First Assembly of the League of Nations Armenia sought admission to the new international organization. It was claimed by the Armenian government that, as a signatory to the Treaty of Sevres, it had received *de jure* recognition from all the other signatories. The Armenian request had been made September 25, 1920, in a letter addressed to the President of the League and was presented at the League Assembly by the Secretary-General of the League when that body met for the first time on November 15, 1920.²⁴

It had been rumored that a Bolshevik Armenian government had replaced the original Armenian government in Armenia, and that it was closely allied with Moscow. The Treaty of Sevres had not been ratified. Turkish invasion into Armenia in September met the heroic resistance of the Armenians of the small Republic who appealed to the Council of the League for help against the Kemalist aggression. On October 22, 1920, the Council communicated the Armenian request to the Signatory Powers of the Treaty of Sevres, reminding them of the correspondence concerning Armenia. The Council had already asked the Allied Supreme Council on September 20, 1920 whether it wished to submit the Armenian question to the Assembly regarding the

²³ *League of Nations: Official Journal*, No. 3, 1920, p. 86.

²³ *Ibid.*

²⁴ Mandelstam, p. 89.

financial guarantees the League Council had suggested. The League Council, which had been meeting at Brussels at the time of the Armenian appeals for Allied intervention to ensure observance of the Treaty of Sevres, had at that time informed the Armenians that the unratified treaty could be enforced only by the Signatory Powers. The Council of the League suggested that the conversations regarding aid to the Armenians be taken up again as the question of Armenian admission to the League would then be brought up.²⁵ On November 10, 1920 Lloyd George informed the League Council that the Allied Powers would do what they could in furnishing war supplies to the Armenian Republic but that until President Wilson had rendered his boundary award, it would be to no avail to examine methods to carry out the treaty. On November 17, 1920, however, Lord Cecil made a generous plea for the Armenians, asking for immediate examination of the Armenian situation. The Belgian representative, M. Lafontaine, proposed the nomination of a six-member commission to consider the question of proper measures to bring an end to hostilities.²⁶

The League itself could take no direct action. Correspondence between the Council of the League, the President of the United States, and the Members of the League concerning Armenia followed a League resolution that the Council reach an understanding with the various governments to entrust a Power to take measures to put an end to the acts of warfare in Armenia. A special telegram was sent to the United States.²⁷ On December 1, 1920 the United States replied that although no promise could be made for a military expedition or

material contributions to be sent without approval of Congress, moral and diplomatic support would be accorded to the Armenians by America, and America expressed its willingness to send a mediator if the other governments would give their moral support.²⁸ The United States, Spain, and Brazil offered their services in mediation. It had been thought desirable that the mediators not be among the Signatory Powers of the Treaty of Sevres.²⁹ In the meantime, further events had taken place. The Armenian government was now bound to the Russian Bolsheviks and relations with the West had become strained. The Armenian government had been compelled to sign a treaty at Alexandropol with the Kemalists and the territory of the Armenian Republic was now confined to Russian Armenia with the exclusion of Kars and nearby districts. The new Armenian government had appealed to Soviet Russia for intervention against the Turks. Wilson declared his decision on the frontiers. At London a conference was called to discuss the ratification and execution of the Treaty of Sevres. Wilson reported that ratification and the peaceful settlement were closely related and the Council kept itself informed as to the proceedings at London.

Meanwhile, Armenian admission to the League was debated. Dr. Nansen of Norway hoped that such action would check the spread of Bolshevism. It was fear of Bolshevism, however, that kept the League Assembly from taking the proposal into serious consideration. Article 10 of the League Covenant obligated the countries in the League of Nations to guarantee, if necessary by force and without delays, the "territorial integrity" of fellow Members of the League. No nation wanted to be

²⁵ Communication by H. Tittoni to the Assembly November 20, 1920, *League of Nations: Official Journal*, No. 6, 1920, p. 90.

²⁶ Mandelstam, p. 92

²⁷ *League of Nations: Official Journal*, No. 6, 1920, p. 91.

²⁸ *League of Nations Official Journal*, No. 6, 1920, p. 92.

²⁹ *League of Nations: Official Journal*, No. 1, 1921, p. 10.

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involved in a war with Soviet Russia to defend the unstable Armenian Republic.³⁰ Twenty-nine States participated in the vote on admission for Armenia, of which only eight voted affirmatively. These were Canada, Peru, Portugal, Salvador, Switzerland, Uruguay, and Venezuela. The remaining Members of the League abstained or were absent.³¹

At the London Conference of March, 1921 the Wilson line had been abandoned on condition that the Armenians have a "national home." Discussion of the Armenian question took place at the Second Assembly of the League but resulted only in the passing of three resolutions — one relating to the creation of a national "foyer" for the Armenians that would be independent of Ottoman domination, another to the deportation of women and children in Asia Minor, and the third to the famine in Russian Armenia which followed the occupation of the country by the Kemalists and the Bolsheviks.³² A Conference at Paris in March, 1922 maintained the demand for the "foyer" but declared full Turkish sovereignty over the area in which the Armenians would be permitted to concentrate. At the Third Assembly meeting in September, 1922, a few weeks before the Conference at Lausanne, the Armenian question came once more into the discussions. It had been proposed at the Tenth Plenary Session that the creation of a national "foyer" for the Armenians should be one of the essential conditions of a peace with Turkey, but the report of the Sixth Commission of the Assembly to which the Assembly had sent Lord Cecil's resolution, revised it to state merely that the negotiations should not lose sight of the need to

create such a home for the Armenians.³³ The League felt that it should not treat the question of Armenia in a belligerent tone, that the days of massacres, deportations, and atrocities were over, and that by the moral force of the League, Turkey would herself realize the need for a peaceful solution of the Armenian question by assuring a national "foyer" to the Armenian nation. The League had done all it felt it could do for the Armenians by its reminder to the Powers and Turkey of the Armenian problem.

The Armenian Question And The Lausanne Conference

The Armenian question thus came up at the Lausanne Conference, but even the idea of an autonomous Armenian "foyer" was abandoned. The Turkish treaty that was signed at the close of the Conference did not even mention the Armenians. Their only rights were those general ones for the protection of minorities. The Turks did not merely win out over the Greeks but at times even over the Allies during the course of the negotiations. The thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth meetings of the Conference dealt with questions which concerned the Armenians. On December 12, 1922, discussing the problem of minorities, Lord Curzon, M. Barrere, and Marquis Barroni gave a statement of the Allied case, making special reference to the pledges the Allies had made to the Armenians.³⁴ The protection and where possible the liberation of the Christian minorities was one of the war aims of the Allies. The Turkish government in a declaration of February 17, 1920 had accepted the basic principle that the rights of minorities should be confirmed and assured. The

³⁰ Lilian M. Friedlander, "The Admission of States to the League of Nations," *British Yearbook of International Law*, 1928, p. 91.

³¹ Mandelstam, p. 105.

³² *League of Nations: Official Journal*, No. 2, 1921, p. 153.

³³ Mandelstam, p. 255.

³⁴ *Lausanne Conference on Near Eastern Affairs* 1922-23, Turkey No. 1, 1923, Document No. 16.

treaty of peace, Lord Curzon insisted, must contain special provisions to the effect that the minorities have a right to protection. As a future member of the impartial, representative, morally authoritative League of Nations, Turkey could have a direct voice in the administration of these clauses concerning the minorities. The Armenian Erivan Republic did not constitute a national home for the Armenians.³⁵ M. Barrere deliberately did not mention specific minorities to be "entitled to the protection of all the Powers," since all minorities were equally deserving, but he felt that the same treatment must be obtained for the Armenians. Marquis Barroni also expressed concern for the minorities. Ismet Pasha's statement aroused caustic comment on the part of Lord Curzon. The Turkish representative, relating the Turkish version of the history of the Armenian question, spoke of the revolutionary activity of the Armenians stirred up by the Russians and responsible for much of the disturbance in the Empire. By not attempting to eliminate the "Armenian centers of agitation" but by trying instead to make Turkey introduce reforms, the Powers encouraged the Armenian revolutionaries to provoke still further the intervention of Europe by fomenting troubles. The Armenians, Turkish and Russian alike, were therefore responsible for the calamities to which Turkish Armenians were exposed. With the exclusion of foreign intervention and outside provocation, by the exchange of the Turkish and Greek populations, and through Turkish laws and liberal policies, a guarantee would be provided for the minorities. The Turks and Armenians could live together. Cession of part of Turkish territory to form an Armenian national home was regarded as a new attempt to dismember Turkey and was an impractical scheme since there was no territory with a non-Turkish majority which

could be detached. Turkey had already recognized the Soviet Republic of Erivan as the existing Armenia.³⁶

Lord Curzon warned the Turks that they were creating an unfavorable impression on the world. Turkey possessed vast territories; it could provide some land for the Armenians without much loss. Lord Curzon asking about the reduction of the Armenian population from three million to one hundred thirty thousand could not accept the Turkish statement that there had been only 1, 200, 000 to 1, 400,000 Armenians in Turkey. He recommended that the Turks keep in good relations with the Armenians so that Armenian intelligence, commercial ability, and industry could be applied to attaining future economic prosperity for Turkey. The home could be chosen in consultation with Turkey and the League. Public opinion expected a settlement ensuring peaceful existence to the Armenian population in Turkey. Turkey, however, met all the proposals of the Allies with definite, clear cut refusals.³⁷

No pressure was exerted by the Allies. Mr. Child, the head of the American delegation, had come to the Conference as an official "observer" with the intention of offering the aid of the American government in any program that proposed the amelioration of Near East conditions. On December 30, 1922, the chief observer of the United States spoke "in principle" favoring the assignment of "refuge" to the Armenians. On the next day, he declared that his previous statement had been made "unofficially" only, and that he had been offering the aid of the American people.³⁸ Although a plea had been made for the Armenians, it was quickly abandoned. Economic concessions were of primary interest to the American delegation, and rivalry rose

³⁶ *Lausanne Conference on Near Eastern Affairs*, No. 17.

³⁷ *Ibid.*
³⁸ *Lausanne Conference on Near Eastern Affairs*, No. 17.

³⁵ *Ibid.*

with Great Britain. National, moral, and legal obligations were forgotten in the effort to placate the Turks. America had not declared war on Turkey. In effect, it was Turkey who had broken off diplomatic relations with America. The Americans, however, concluded a Treaty of Amity and Commerce with Turkey at Lausanne which was signed August 6, 1923. Asking that the Senate reject the treaty with Turkey, James W. Gerard of the American Committee for the Independence of Armenia protested that the Turkish treaty was morally indefensible, humiliating, and purposeless, surrendering American rights, European rights, and Armenian rights.³⁹ The Americans had come to the Lausanne Conference to discuss seven subjects regarding American interests in relation to Turkey. Nothing had been gained. The maintenance of capitulations had not been secured. The protection of American philanthropic institutions had been demanded; these were now to be subject to Turkish law. The question of indemnity for damages suffered by Americans during the war was left for future discussion. As for freedom of the Straits, this right had always been possessed. Opportunities for archeological research were awarded to the Americans on the same basis as the Turks; however, there were no Turkish researchers in this field. The open door in trade and investment opportunities was sought, but the United States was not contemplating a loan to Turkey who had been an insolvent debtor and European trade was more advantageous. The Americans had traded the rights of the Armenians for dubious oil concessions. The American Chester Concession conflicted with British concessions in Mesopotamia, endangered Armenian claims within the

boundaries as defined by President Wilson which might be enforced by Russia, and contested the right to the construction of a railroad from Sivas to Samsun on the Black Sea that was claimed by the French. Turkey had granted the Chester Concessions hoping to get American diplomatic support at Lausanne and an American loan. Portions of the Chester Concessions were cancelled on August 3, 1923, three days before the American Treaty of Lausanne was signed. The damage had already been done. French, English, and Armenian claims were contested by Turkey at the Lausanne Conference.

The seventh interest had been protection for the Minorities.⁴⁰ The Armenians had a strong case against the government of the United States in this respect. America had not been requested to settle the Turkish problem or to set up the Armenian State proposed by the Allies. The French were willing to take a mandate for certain parts of Armenia, but Wilson, urged by messages from both Republicans and Democrats asking that America restore Armenia, put off settlement. When Britain announced her intention to withdraw troops, France agreed to send troops to the Caucasus, but the United States government informed the Allies that she intended to send her own forces. The Lodge-Williams resolution of September 8, 1919 was pending in the Senate. The Armenians could not ask the Allies for aid; the Allies could not act on the offers they had made.⁴¹ The Senate committee, however, delayed its decision. The Allies began to quarrel among themselves. Finally, when the Senate concluded its hearings on October 10, 1919, a report was to be made. But no action was taken. Elections were coming up. The report was eventually given on May 13, 1920 without

³⁹ Edward Hale Bierstadt, *The Great Betrayal*, New York, 1924, p. 8.

⁴⁰ The American Committee for the Independence of Armenia, *The Senate Should Reject the Turkish Treaty*, New York, 1923, p. 1.

⁴⁰ The American Committee for the Independence of Armenia, pp. 2-9.

⁴¹ *Ibid.*, p. 11.

making any recommendation. The Armenians, during the delay of one and a half years, could not look elsewhere for help, and some 300,000 perished in the period after the armistice. On December 17, 1920, President Wilson expressed his support of the State Department note to the Allies asking that the Armenian provisions of the Sevres treaty be carried out, thus recognizing the American duty and responsibility to present the Armenian case at the Lausanne Conference.⁴² The weakest part of the Turkish case was the Armenian part; unity of the Allies and America might have prevented the tragedy and injustice the governments of America, England, France and Italy had done to the Armenians. The Allies as well as America had not fulfilled their pledges. In the treaty of Lausanne of July 23, 1923, the Armenians were not even mentioned. With the capitulation at Lausanne, the Armenian question had been abandoned as an international issue. Armenia had been betrayed by the Great Powers with the desertion of the Armenian people in 1923.

In turning a searchlight on the Powers in their dealings with the Armenian question, it is seen that imperialistic rivalry rather than conscience motivated the Christian nations of Europe to intervene in the name of humanity to protect the rights of the Christian minorities, characterized their inconsistent relations with Turkey, and influenced their lack of unity over the solution of the closely related Turkey and Armenian questions. Having introduced the Armenian question into the international sphere by the disastrous alteration of the Treaty of San Stefano, the Powers had

taken on duties and responsibilities which they proved to be incapable or unwilling to carry out. Having failed to force Turkey to introduce reforms, the Powers still tried to settle the Armenian question, promising first autonomy and then liberation to the Armenian people. Great tragedy befell the Armenians once they had been called to the attention of the Turkish Sultan as an internal danger. Greater sufferings occurred during the regime of the Young Turks when it was apparent that the Russian Armenians and Turkish Armenians would not fight as a nation against Russia. The greatest tragedy of all, however, was the wanton destruction of the Armenians by the Powers after having raised their hopes for national independence. Having the opportunity to remedy their original error by a permanent and just solution to the Armenian question that might have been provided through the Treaty of Sevres, the Powers, nevertheless abandoned the Armenian nation.

The attitudes and actions of the individual powers had a great effect on the collective action of the Powers. Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, Austria, and America share in responsibility for the failure of the Powers at first to protect and later to do justice to the Armenians.

The Armenian question which had entered the international scene through the alteration of the treaty of San Stefano had left it through the revision of the treaty of Sevres. There has been no final solution to the Armenian question although there is now a Soviet Armenia. This component part of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics is not the answer to the hopes and ideals of the Armenian people whose wish is eternally: "freedom, independence and our homeland!"

⁴² The American Committee for the Independence of Armenia, p. 12.

Riverside Park

LILY SEREBRAKIAN

*August — the sun, vanquished, glorious
Sets over the Hudson.
Houses across the river grow flat and grey.
The water, cool in the sweltering hour,
Slumbers and rolls on.
To distant breezes and restful shores
The water rolls on in dark slumber.*

*The Park wakes up and, from the city,
From sweaty, screechy, stifled streets,
Out of the mouth of tunnels,
Down stone steps,
Along asphalt paths
Stream the river's friends.*

*Quick voiced and light footed,
In shirt sleeves and bright kerchiefs,
They crowd on benches,
They sprawl on yellowed lawns
And turn their backs on the day's stench-filled galleys
And stare at the water,
The cool water.*

*Children, tousled and chattering,
Brown eyes wide and shining in the darkening sky,
Run, leap, tumble and climb, smear-cheeked
In their mother's lap
And look at the water,
The strange, deep water.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lily Serebrakian, now a resident of Mount Kisco, N. Y., was born in Brussels, Belgium, of an Armenian father and a Belgian mother. She came to this country as a teenager and successively worked as a clerk-typist in New York, waitress, kindergarten teacher and newspaper reporter in Sallisaw, Oklahoma. Her short stories and articles have appeared in such publications as Tulsa Daily World, the Sequoyah County Times, the Fordham Curved Horn, and several foreign journals. Now an American citizen, she received her BS degree in Journalism last June. She recently returned from a visit to Europe.

*The ancient outsiders
Say nothing and sit
In quiet remembering
And look at the water,
The tireless water.*

*Eyes thirsting for the cool, starry dream,
They gather,
Clusters of shut-out humanity,
At the edge of the city,
The stepmother city,
And they look at the water,
The free, unconquered water.*

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THE LADY OF LEBANON

ELLEN PUZANT

Suddenly I froze in my tracks. A familiar song in my mother Russian tongue had rooted me to the ground. It was not the voice of a phonograph; it was a living, vibrant voice. A woman was singing a love song, sensitive and melancholy, by Verdin-sky: "Your fingers are scented with the fragrance of incense." A Russian song in a god-forsaken Lebanese village? It was incredible!

"Sorrow slumbers in your eyelids," the song continued.

If I were in a famous resort I would not have been so surprised; Russian tourists might have come from Beirut, Damascus or Aleppo. But this obscure village, cut off from the highways, despite the magnificent landscape, was no resort, not only for tourists but even for the natives.

As a military engineer, engaged on road construction, I had been seized with a fever near the village and had been forced to stay there until I fully recovered. I was feeling much better that day. Early in the morning I had climbed up the vineyards to relish some fresh grapes. In the afternoon, should I be so lucky as to find a cab, I intended to return to my work.

And suddenly there was this song, the presence of a Russian woman. When I snapped out of my initial spell the song had stopped. I wanted to keep on my way but something held me to the spot. The house in front of which I was standing was a two-storey stone building on a hill, surrounded by pine trees, dominating the view of the beautiful Mediterranean below. The spacious marble porch hanging over a

garden lent a unique attraction to the mansion. Obviously it belonged to a wealthy man.

I tried to reconstruct in my mind the whole picture. Undoubtedly she is a Russian expatriate, I thought, who, constrained by her loneliness and material circumstance, has tied her life to a stranger. Perhaps she is not happy, is lonely and disconsolate, seeking comfort in her native songs.

A shiver coursed through my entire being. The voice was singing again, this time more mildly, more sad and more moving than before.

"Hush, my heartache, Hush!"

The song was interrupted by the crying of a child and silence followed. I was still standing there, the bunch of grapes which I had picked to take home, having fallen from my hand. I was certain now that the woman was Russian, a woman who was unhappy, nostalgic and miserable with grief. I felt a strong urge to walk in and see her. Was she not my own compatriot, my sister, an expatriate like me, lonely and unhappy like me?

And yet, how could I see her? She might have an old husband, or a mother-in-law, or some sullen guard watching over her freedom. What right had I to thrust myself upon her personal life? I could ignore the song and dismiss the whole matter. Finally I started with a deep pang. I had not gone far when I heard a new song.

"And you went away. The day is so empty, so gray!"

I stopped with a resolve. No, I would not go away without seeing this woman.

Perhaps I owed it to her, this much of a consideration toward a compatriot was a brother's duty. I turned back, and without giving an account of myself, boldly climbed up the steps. I pushed the door open without knocking, as if I were entering the home of a loved one who was waiting for me.

It was a beautifully furnished drawing room. At a small ironing board a comparatively young looking woman was busy ironing. She was startled when she saw me and, instinctively, her bronze hand lifted to her breast to cover the nakedness. She was in her morning kimono with open neck and arms, and in her bare feet.

I stood there astonished. This woman was not a Russian. Her hair was black and her eyes shone like black daimonds. Her skin was dark. Perhaps it was someone else who was doing the singing, I thought. I did not know what to say, in what language to accost her, as I watched her stand there surprised.

"Pardon me," I said in French quite automatically, "I thought I heard someone singing in Russian."

She smiled and dropped the pressing iron on the board.

"You were not mistaken," she said graciously, "I was the one who was singing. Won't you sit down?" She came near and extended her hand. "You are welcome at our home."

Those few words in Russian, the extended hand and the smile were like a gift from heaven, it seemed. If I had not been ashamed, I would have knelt before her and kissed her hands. But I restrained my emotion.

"You are very kind, Madam! I hope you will forgive me for this intrusion. . ."

"O please, it was only natural. I would have done the same thing if I had heard my native tongue in such a place."

So disarming and sincere was her general

attitude that I thought it was useless to give explanations.

"But you are so, so. . ."

"So unlike a Russian? You are right, I am not a Russian. I am an Armenian who was educated in Russia. Russia is a second fatherland for me. I love her, and I am so happy to meet a compatriot of mine. I presume you are an army officer."

"You might call me that. I am an army engineer, engaged just now on a road construction project in Lebanon. My living is assured but my work keeps me away from the cities and I seldom meet a compatriot, especially . . . (I wanted to say a Russian woman, but I did not say it. I felt a lump in my throat and my eyes were being filled with tears.)"

"Especially some Russian families, eh?" she completed the sentence, as if trying to make it easy for me.

"Yes, yes indeed!" I was tongue-tied. My recent illness had weakened my nerves and there was a touch of breaking in my voice.

She looked at me attentively. "You know what, my friend?" she said assuringly. "You come back here this evening at 6 o'clock and you and I shall drink a cup of coffee together and have a long chat."

"O, Madam, I should not bother you. You will forgive me even for this. . ."

"Please don't argue," she said firmly, "you will please me very much if you accept my invitation. I shall wait for you at six. All right?"

"I accept your invitation. I have longed, oh so longed for my native tongue. Yes, I will come."

I pressed her hand and left the place. I don't know how I clambered down those steps, how I reached my room. I was panting when I arrived home.

The first thing I did upon arrival was to take a look at myself in the mirror. My God! What a terrible sight! I had no necktie, the collar of my shirt open, my shirt dirty, my

hair disheveled, and my fingers covered with the grape juice.

In this unkempt condition I had presented myself to a strange woman, and yet, was I to blame? The Russian song had led me to think I would meet a compatriot, an expatriate like me, unhappy like me, one who would understand me and sympathize with me. However, by some quirk of fate, I had met a foreign woman. A foreigner? But what right had I to call her a foreigner? And what of that refined understanding, that spiritual bond, and the invitation? Oh no, she could not be a foreigner. And yet, cleanliness and elegance was an imperative for a man of my standing, after all. If I had been caught unawares the first time, a second time would be unpardonable. I should do something about my looks.

I did not have much of a wardrobe at the time. I went to the village and bought myself a shirt, some socks and handkerchieves. I shaved and took a bath. I put on my clean shirt, brushed my clothes and shined my shoes. I looked in the mirror and I was quite pleased with myself.

I had quite a little time on my hands before 6 o'clock and it was a problem how to kill it. After lunch I went to bed and tried to sleep but to no avail. My mind was in a whirl, thinking over what had happened and that woman. I tried to reconstruct her entire history—who was her husband, their social position, their economic status, and especially, whether or not she was happy. I had no doubt that she was married because I had seen the ring on her finger.

She was a married woman and the mother of children. She could, conceivably, be happy because she did not look like one who bore the marks of privation. Deep inside, I seemed to regret that this woman was not unhappy so that she could need my support and comfort. I was the one who needed her, even if no more than a moment's solace.

Was she beautiful? Strange that I did

not know. I had not dared observe her critically. But the fleeting impression of her I had received was good, very good.

Without realising I squeezed the watch in my fist feeling its monotonous tick-tock in my whole body. My heart was beating fast and the watch was painning me.

Suddenly I had an inspiration. The children's clothes I had seen at the strange home no doubt had their owners. I might accidentally meet them in the street and they might talk to me in my mother tongue. I stepped out into the street and entering a grocery store I bought some candy for the children. How happy I would be should I really meet them, talk to them in Russian, and if they let me, perhaps take them on my lap, kiss them, and entertain them with unexpected presents.

I saw a crowd of children and grown-ups in front of a house, all smiling and laughing. In the center stood an old man with a tortured face, ragged and multicolored clothes, a cylinder hat on his head, and a spotted parrot perching on his shoulder. The man and the parrot were tied to a wooden box resting on a tripod. The wooden box had two dark eyes looking on the world and establishing contact with it. It was a circus.

Holding pieces of coin tightly in their fists the children were impatiently waiting their turn, their eyes fixed on the twin eyes of the closed box in which they would see wonderful fairy worlds. And the spotted parrot would dip his curved beak into the receptacle and pull out a folded piece of paper and hand it to the expectant hand—fortunes imprinted in Arabic and European languages. The children were attracted by the world of fairies but the seniors went for the fortune telling.

Seized with curiosity I made my way through the crowd, dropped my coin in and the parrot stuck out at me the piece of folded paper—my fortune. My Fortune read:

"Be content with every moment of your life; enjoy life as long as you can and bless it, for death may come by the hand of a mortal, but birth is one and unrepeatable. You shall be happy in love."

It was a moth-eaten philosophy universally known; the promise of a happy love which is dispensed freely to all; a game which, nevertheless, stirs deep emotions in your inner world. I tucked the folded paper in my pocket where I felt the watch. Oh yes, it was close to 6 o'clock. By the time I climbed the hill it would be exactly 6.

I found myself in front of the door. Whereas the first time I had entered the place boldly, now that I was invited even if out of pure courtesy, I found myself hesitating. My fingers were shaking as I knocked on the door.

A little girl, dark complexioned, with jet black eyes and with pigtailed down to her wrist, opened the door for me. She wore a plain dress under a white apron adorned with lace work. Pointing to an open door leading to the drawing room, she said to me in French: "Please come in. Madam will be here soon."

And without waiting for an answer she disappeared through another door. By now I shook off all hesitation. With bold steps I walked over to the open door where I stopped astonished. The scene unfolded before me was so unexpected. In the center of the room, on a stand covered with a white spread, a small shiny samovar was steaming. In the center of the table stood a vase of beautiful flowers. Around the samovar neatly lay individual tea cups, thinly sliced bread, cheese, butter, cakes and confectionaries.

I don't know how I ever managed to approach the table and grip the back of the chair there. There was laughter and tears in my eyes, and infinite nostalgia in my soul. A samovar! My very own fatherland!

Suddenly my gaze fell on an open book

resting at the corner of the table. I stretched a hand to pick it up. I could no longer restrain my tears. The book was Pushkin, my very own fatherland. I pressed the book to my chest and kissed it fervently. The emotions aroused by that tea table and that book can be understood only by him who has been an exile in a strange world which has nothing, nothing to remind him of his native land, who, like me, has surrendered his life to the dust of the roads, bereft of all the emotions which soothe the mind and intoxicate the soul.

O stranger woman, how thankful, how grateful I am to you, for this priceless spectacle!

The melodious, rhythmic ripple of the steaming samovar and Pushkin transported me to my native land of Russia, making me relive my childhood days, my youth, my first loves and my carefree days. "Be happy each moment of your life," suddenly I remembered my Fortune. How true was that shopworn philosophy! Only two days before I had been lonely and sick, lying down in a cheap hotel room, craving for death; and now I was blessing my sickness for being the cause of this moment of living.

I don't know how long I had been standing there when I heard the door open. I looked behind me, and lo, there were three children, one boy aged 13, and two girls, 4 and 6 years old respectively. The boy was wearing a plain Russian shirt, embroidered with the cross.

"Welcome to our home, Uncle, please take a seat, Mother will soon be in," the boy said in Russian, offering his hand. The little girls bowed lightly and repeated in unison, "Welcome, Uncle."

I embraced and kissed the little ones, keeping the smaller one on my knee. I gave them the candy I had brought and they were ecstatic to receive a present from their Uncle.

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The boy alone spoke Russian, the little girls had only a smattering of a few words. So the boy and I started to talk of old times, as if we had been old friends. I found out that the boy had been born in Moscow where he had lived until he was six. Thereafter they had come to Istanbul to look for their father. After they found him the family moved to Beirut where the two little girls were born. The father had been an officer of the army and was now serving at (here he fell short of words, a garble of Russian and Armenian which I could not understand).

I found out their father was a good man whom they loved very much, and that he dropped in on them each Saturday evening. The house in which they lived belonged to a Frenchman, a friend of their father, who had moved with his family to France and I heard plenty of other things which any "legitimate" Uncle should know.

It was apparent that the little girls could not follow our conversation, and yet they did not disturb us, being busy watching their faces in the shining samovar. Presently, a quarrel broke out between the two. The elder one was crying, because the younger one had hurt her. Fearing retaliation, the younger one flew to my lap for shelter, crying "Uncle." I pressed her to my breast and drew the other to me. I quieted her, kissing her burnt finger. Once again they were their old selves, full of laughter and joy.

"You will forgive me for being a little late, are the little ones annoying you?"

It was Madam. I rose up and kissed her hand. "O Madam," I said, "such words are needless. Do you know what I need? I don't know how I can thank you enough."

She smiled, and that smile warmed my heart like the sunrays, mellowed and melted the last residue of lingering inhibitions, and made me feel light again.

She wore a violet-colored dress which accentuated the darkness of her complexion. She wore no jewelry at all, nor she needed them, for her eyes were enough adornment, those Armenian eyes, so full of mystery and gentility. So natural, unsophisticated and free was her general bearing, so free of exhibition, that for a moment I felt ashamed at my elaborate effort to appear as a best dressed man.

The children quieted down and sat down on either side of me like little kittens. Madam sat next to the samovar. She filled the glasses and handed them to us. She offered confectionary.

"Please, make yourself at home. Eat and drink freely. You are at the home of a friend."

"O Madam!" I could find no word to answer. I brought the tea glass to me and breathed deeply of its fragrant vapor. In my room, on the road during my working hours I had often prepared my own tea, so, I might say, I was not deprived of my tea, but the tea of the samovar? Ah, that was entirely something else. Such flavor, such aroma, and such color! Perhaps it was an illusion. At all events, as I took in the first gulp, it seemed to me I was in my seventh heaven.

"Mmm, tastes good, I had not tasted such a tea for a long time, this samovar!"

"That samovar has a long story," she said with a wistful smile. "I brought it from Russia. I have paid in custom taxes more than its worth in crossing from border to border. It seems to me it is impossible to live without a samovar, despite the fact a new environment often changes a person's habits. Now we use the samovar only on special occasions."

"I am grateful to you, Madam, for this special honor."

"I am equally happy over this occasion. The pleasure is mutual."

I was convinced now that I had to do

with a refined psychologist, a highly refined personality. I ate and drank without any inhibition. I asked for a second, a third cup of tea.

Our conversation turned to the natural beauties of Lebanon. The little girl having finished her tea had left her chair. The other children were listening to our conversation. Suddenly there was a strum of a guitar and I jumped up with a pleasant shudder. The little girl in a corner of the room was playing with the chords of a guitar.

"Akh, you naughty girl, you are disturbing us, leave that guitar alone," the Mother chided. But these words, spoken in Russian, had very little effect on the girl who, picking up the guitar, as if instinctively, came to me, thinking I really wanted it. The Mother said something to the children in her native tongue and presently the boy and the elder girl started to dance as I played merry Russian tunes on the guitar. Even the little girl joined in the ballet with her amusing amateurish gyrations.

When the show was over the children retired leaving the two of us alone. This time the topic of our conversation was Pushkin, making me feel I was really back in my fatherland. A remarkable woman Madam was. With consummate ease she opened before me the world of my fathers and let me luxuriate in it to my heart's content. She always initiated the topic of the conversation, but I was the one who did most of the talking.

I unfolded before her my whole life, not sparing even my love affairs. And she listened to me with patience and great interest, endearing herself to me more and more. Had I not told her my entire story? Russia, Moscow, its theaters and ballets, its clubs, its winters, the sled rides, the spring, in short, Moscow my fatherland?

The samovar had stilled long since and now, holding its breath, was watching us

and listening to our conversation. Were we not really discussing its own fatherland too?

I again picked up the guitar and struck a tune, and this time Madam, without waiting for my request, started to sing in a low voice. I accompanied her and we sang duets one after another, sometimes gay and lively, sometimes sad and nostalgic. It was so good that I had forgotten I was an expatriate exile in a foreign country, forgotten that the next day I would return to the never ending tedium of my road construction. I wanted so much that that evening would never come to an end, that time would stand still and hold me in that room, near the samovar, the guitar in my hand and the song on my lips.

But it was quite late, and after all I had to think of that woman who had her children on whom to attend. I pondered the propriety of waiting until she herself gave the signal to terminate the party. Finally I made the decision.

I rose to leave. "Permit me to take my leave now, Madam. You have been so. . ."

"Please don't," she stopped me sweetly, "not another unnecessary word. Would you like to watch the sunset from the top of the hill with me. It should be beautiful this evening."

"What about the children?" I was solicitous.

"They have their sister, she will take care of them."

She threw a white shawl over her shoulders and we stepped out together. We trudged through the forest of pines and soon found ourselves at an elevation which commanded a full view of the blue Mediterranean. We sat down on a boulder. Below us was the deep valley shrouded in clouds. We were above the clouds. Sky and sea were merged together, one covered with a white foam, the other wearing a coronet of colors on its brow. Far on the horizon dimly were visible the white sails

of native boats. The smoke of a passing steamer was lazily disintegrating in the air. It was a beautiful sight.

We were alone. The wind was whispering among the branches of the trees and crickets were chirping in places. We were silent. How often I had seen this sea, how often I had seen far more beautiful places, but never had I known the happiness of the soul as now. Why? Because there was a woman with me? A woman who was not my compatriot. A woman who belonged to an unknown man, who was the mother of three children, who in a short while would never be with me again. A woman whose name I did not even know. I only knew she was an Armenian, nothing more, she had told me nothing about herself.

A woman? I don't know. Perhaps a soul which had transported me to my native-land. At all event I shall never forget that Lebanese sunset.

Suddenly I felt her hand in mine. I do not recall how long I had been holding it. I let my hand go and looked at her eyes with a guilty apprehension. She smiled and did not withdraw her hand, as if there was nothing unusual in it, as if that was the way it should be.

"Lebanon is beautiful, is it not?" were

her last words.

"Lebanon? I don't know, but today I have lived beautifully, something very beautiful, that I know."

She rose and I followed her down the hill. We were in front of her house now and the moment of parting had come. A dawn would follow that beautiful sunset which again would take me to the boredom of strange highways. A deep sigh escaped my lips.

"Good bye," she extended to me her hand.

I cannot account for what followed. I grasped her head and kissed her on the lips, a long, warm nostalgic kiss. I felt that she returned my kiss. She did not chide me but said in a sweet voice, "Good bye and God be with you."

I ran away from there madly.

As to that kiss? Oh no. That was not the kiss which arouses the passions in man. How shall I say it? Nothing I can say can fully explain the sublimity, the purity, the meaning of that kiss. Let me it this way. It was the kiss of a nostalgic soul imprinted on a sacred memento of the fatherland.

But, to understand it, you should have been an exile like me.

"SOVIET SOCIALISM"

A PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO

(A Translation from the Armenian)

PART I

ACHOUDE ARTHUR ARZROUNI

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(It is summertime. The office of Colonel Vasily Kavalyov in the main administration building of the Cheka of Soviet Armenia. It is evening. Kavalyov, a middle-aged Russian, seated at his desk is pouring over his papers when David Bagramian enters to make his report.)

DAVID (*saluting*) — Comrade Colonel, Captain David Bagramian is at your service.

(Kavalyov scans David from head to foot in a casual look then acknowledges the salute.)

KAVALYOV — You come from Lenin-grad?

DAVID (*saluting*) — Yes, Comrade Colonel.

KAVALYOV — When did you arrive?

DAVID (*saluting*) — Only a few moments ago. I come right from the station.

KAVALYOV (*pleased*) — Good. Let me see your credentials.

(David hands his papers of identification to Kavalyov who carefully scrutinizes them; then drawing David's personal file from his desk he reads aloud.)

KAVALYOV — "David Bagramian, age 28, born in Armenia, the son of peasants, for his services to the Soviet rewarded with the medal of Lenin." This is very good, Comrade Captain. My congratulations.

(Kavalyov returns David's papers.)

DAVID (*saluting*) — Thank you, Comrade Colonel.

(Sonya, Kavalyov's wife, twenty years younger than her husband, is dressing in the adjoining room. She overhears the voice of her husband and asks with admiration.)

SONYA — Vasily, who is this man of whom you speak so highly?

KAVALYOV — He is the new commander of our troops guarding the Persian border. Come, I will introduce him to you.

(Sonya finishes her dressing and comes in. From the first moment she sees David their eyes meet. Sonya admires David's handsome bearing and David marvels that the Colonel's wife is so young and beautiful. David removes his gaze, not to incur the Colonel's displeasure.)

KAVALYOV (*continuing*) — Comrade Captain, meet my wife.

(David and Sonya shake hands.)

DAVID — I am pleased to meet you, Madame.

SONYA — Likewise, Captain.

KAVALYOV — My dear, Comrade Captain was born in the village of Davalou.

SONYA — Wonderful. Then you are very familiar with this border.

DAVID — Of course. I know every exit.

SONYA — Does your family live in Davalou?

DAVID — Yes. My parents and my brother. I haven't seen them for three years.

SONYA — Very interesting. Your head-

quarters is only ten kilometers from the village. You can see them every day.

KAVALYOV — That's right, Comrade Captain. I think you will like it very much here.

DAVID (*saluting*) — No doubt about it, Comrade Colonel. May I know why you transferred me here?

KAVALYOV — Despite all our efforts, capitalistic spies still manage to enter our country and they have caused us considerable damage.

DAVID — I surmised as much. Comrade Colonel, I know every nook and cranny of this border and you can rest assured that I will put a stop to it.

SONYA — Well spoken, Captain. I like your self-assurance.

KAVALYOV — That's fine, Comrade Captain. That's just the reason why I brought you here. I already have made all the necessary arrangements.

(*Kavalyov's telephone rings.*)

KAVALYOV (*in the receiver*) — Yes. At once, Comrade Chief. (*Hangs up receiver*)

SONYA — What is it, Vasily?

KAVALYOV — That was our Chief. He wants to see me at once. Comrade Captain, you may go see your parents now. Twenty-four hours later you will go to your headquarters and take charge. Madame Kaval-yov will set you on your way.

DAVID (*saluting*) — Thank you, Comrade Colonel.

(*Kavalyov goes out. Sonya is happy that she is with David alone.*)

SONYA — I am sorry, Madame —

(*Enraptured, Sonya approaches David.*)

SONYA — My name is Sonya. And when we are alone I want you to call me by my first name.

DAVID — With pleasure, Sonya.

(*Sonya throws her arms around David's neck and their burning lips meet.*)

SONYA — Very well. Tomorrow night we will have tea at your headquarters.

DAVID — At my headquarters?

SONYA — I have private quarters there —

DAVID — All the better.

SONYA — Tomorrow.

(*Again they kiss. Sonya escorts David to the Cheka courtyard where he mounts his horse, and accompanied by his two aides, is off.*)

(*Davalou is a small, flourishing village near the Persian border, consisting of a few hundred families. Haig Bagramian, David's father, who owns a ten acre patch of vineyard, is a very well respected and liked person in the village. Gigo, David's younger brother, twenty years old, together with his companion Sako, is waiting for his brother at the edge of the woods. As David appears, the two hasten to meet him. The unexpected meeting of Gigo thrills David. The two are very fond of each other.*)

GIGO — Welcome, David.

DAVID — Gigo, my brother.

(*They embrace. Gigo is proud of his hero brother and David is happy to see his brother.*)

GIGO — David, this is Sako, my comrade.

DAVID — Of course, of course. I remember him. Hello Sako.

SAKO — Hello, David.

(*Sako likewise is proud and happy of David.*)

GIGO — Brother, you can't imagine how happy I am that you came home.

DAVID — Me, too, Gigo. How are Mamma and Pappa?

GIGO — They are fine. They are waiting for you.

SAKO — The whole village is waiting for you.

DAVID — Thank you, Sako. (*to Gigo*) Then you received my letter.

GIGO — Of course. Mamma has been waiting for you impatiently.

DAVID — I have missed her very much.

SAKO — Come, let's hurry. We musn't keep them waiting long.

GIGO — Yes, let's go.

(The three race their horses.)

(Haig Bagramian's home. Haig has prepared a rich table for the return of his son and has invited many guests who are eagerly waiting. When David arrives, his parents meet him and lead him to the head of the table. Haig orders the glasses to be filled. Deeply moved, he raises his glass.)

HAIG — Dear friends, let us give thanks to Communism which has brought real freedom to us peasants and education to our children. Let us drink to the health of David.

(The happy guests applaud and drink a toast. Laura, deeply moved, kisses her sons and takes her seat at the table.)

DAVID *(rising to his feet)* — My dear friends. I thank you for this warm reception. I know that you all want to make me happy. But I, too, have missed you, your happy faces, the warm climate of my village, our songs and dances. Let us have some singing and dancing.

(The musicians play and the company enjoy themselves with native songs and dances.)

(The Military base. The time is evening. The barracks of the border guard are located at the bank of the Araz River, behind a hill. The river meanders through a large plain separating the Russian and Persian borders. The Erivan-Djullfa rail line, a distance of more than 100 kilometers, crosses through this plain one side of which is the Araz River and the other side is thick-forested mountains. From the bank of the river to the railway, some three kilometers, is forbidden zone and the guards are authorized to shoot to kill anyone without a pass. Also, at the river bank, along the entire length of the border, there is a stretch of plowed land 100 feet wide. This patch

is mined and serves for the tracking of fugitives.

(At the base, the border guards are lined up under the command of Lieutenant Fedka. The battalion is waiting for the arrival of their new Commander, David. As David enters the base, Fedka comes forward and makes his report.)

FEDKA *(saluting)* — Comrade Captain, the two regiments of the 81st Special Battalion are at their post, the remainder are resting.

DAVID *(returning the salute)* — Dismiss them and show me my headquarters.

FEDKA *(saluting)* — Yes, Comrade Captain. *(To the battalion)* Battalion dismissed.

(The troops scatter. When David reaches his barrack he notices an automobile in front of another barrack.)

DAVID — Comrade Lieutenant, whose car is that?

FEDKA *(saluting)* — That's Comrade Kavalyov's car.

DAVID — Do they live here?

FEDKA *(saluting)* — No, they live in the city, but they often visit here and the Turkish border.

DAVID — That's good. Is Comrade Kavalyov here now?

FEDKA *(saluting)* — No. He telephoned that he will be here tomorrow.

DAVID — Thank you, Comrade Lieutenant. I will see you later.

FEDKA *(saluting)* — Very well, Comrade Captain.

(David goes to his barrack.)

(Sonya's quarters. From her window Sonya is watching David and when he enters his barrack she immediately telephones him.)

DAVID *(in the telephone)* — Captain Bagramian, speaking.

SONYA — Captain, the tea is ready.

DAVID *(surprised)* — Who is this speaking?

SONYA — It is I, Captain, Sonya speak-

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ing. Hurry, the tea is getting cold.

(*Sonya hangs up the receiver and David hurries to her place.*)

DAVID (*entering*) — Is Comrade Colonel here?

SONYA (*shuting the door*) — Of course not. What's the matter, Captain? You look embarrassed.

DAVID — Embarrassed? Why?

SONYA — David, you seem to have formed a bad opinion of me. Yes?

DAVID — What makes you think that? (*David's answer lacks assurance and Sonya is angry.*)

SONYA (*angry*) — That will be enough. I am no child. What happened last night left a bad impression upon you. Isn't that so?

DAVID — But you are a married woman, Sonya —

SONYA — Only in name. There's nothing on earth I hate more than that husband of mine —

DAVID — Sonya —

SONYA — I can't tell you any more now. Perhaps some day I will. But I want you to know that you are wrong about me.

(*David is impressed by Sonya's earnestness and relaxes. He approaches and embraces her tenderly.*)

DAVID — Forgive me, Sonya. I will try to win your confidence until someday you open your heart to me.

(*Sonya softens and they kiss.*)

SONYA — Thank you, David. That will be the happiest day of my life.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Achoude Arthur Arzrouni, baptismal name Vasgen Garabedian, was born in the City of Van, Province of Vasbouragan, Turkish Armenia. During the Turkish deportations of 1915 his parents took him to the city of Erivan, Armenia, where, from 1920 to 1930, he studied at a choreographical school. From 1930 to 1934 he was employed as a solo dancer by the Moscow Ballet Company. From 1934 to 1941 he was associated with the famous State Dance Ensemble of Soviet Armenia and later with the Song and Dance Ensemble.

In World War II Mr. Arzrouni was drafted in the Red Army and in 1942 he was taken prisoner by the Germans in Crimea. When the war was over, to hide himself from the Communists, he changed his name. He gave Armenian folklore concerts in a number of Armenian communities of the world and eventually worked his way to freedom in the United States.

Mr. Arzrouni's last concert was given in Fresno, California where he settled and married. He has been living here ever since with his wife Belle and his little daughter Sonya Lee.

This story "Soviet Socialism" is one of many of his dramatical works.



ACHOUDE ARTHUR ARZROUNI

(Ecstatic with joy, David again kisses Sonya while the latter, to restrain David's exuberance, changes the subject.)

SONYA (continuing) — David, do you know the latest?

DAVID — No, what is it?

SONYA — Sit down and I will tell you.

(David sits down while Sonya offers him a glass of vodka.)

SONYA (continuing) — Yesterday our Government decided to increase the number of the troops guarding the Soviet border by five times.

DAVID — Five times? You are joking.

SONYA — It is no joke. The Chief of the Cheka telephoned Vasily who now is in Moscow.

DAVID — That's great. From now on the capitalistic spies cannot penetrate our country. Did you say Vasily is in Moscow, Sonya?

SONYA — That's right.

(David is beside himself with joy. He embraces Sonya.)

DAVID — That means he is 3000 kilometers away from us.

(Sonya smiles affirmatively and again their lips meet.)

(At the base. A few days have passed. It is a clear, peaceful summer evening. The rays of the setting sun have painted the sky with red and the mysterious dusk is beginning to descend. The off duty troops, relaxing on the slope of a hill, are singing. Sonya, a singer of marvelous voice, is carrying the solo part while the troops sing the chorus. The enchanting strains of the Russian song and the accordion have broken nature's magic tranquility, while Colonel Kavalyov, seated on the balcony of his barrack, drinks in the music. David is just returning from a reconnaissance of the border. He goes to Kavalyov to make his report.)

DAVID (saluting) — Comrade Colonel,

I saw no traces of capitalist spies on our border today.

KAVALYOV (returning the salute) — That is good, Captain. You have been here only a short time and already I have noticed a great change.

DAVID (saluting) — Thank you, Comrade Chief.

KAVALYOV (rising) — Let's go in. I have some good news for you.

(They go in.)

DAVID — What news, Chief?

KAVALYOV — My congratulations, Comrade Major.

DAVID — Major! Thank you, Comrade Chief. When did it come about?

KAVALYOV — I received the order in Moscow. I have another surprise for you.

DAVID — Comrade Chief, you are making me very happy.

KAVALYOV — We all are happy. The number of the U.S.S.R. border guards has been raised to three million.

DAVID — Five times more than the present number? Comrade Chief, that really is terrific news.

KAVALYOV — Yes indeed. After this not even the birds can cross our border. We must have a drink on this.

(Kavalyov fills two glasses and hands one to David.)

KAVALYOV — Let us drink to the health of our soldiers.

(They empty the glasses. Kavalyov again fills them.)

DAVID — My congratulations, Comrade Chief. You are an excellent connoisseur of drinks.

KAVALYOV — Coming from you, I feel pretty elated. You must be quite a connoisseur yourself.

DAVID — In these parts everyone is a connoisseur of vodka.

KAVALYOV — Comrade Major, I drink this one to your health.

DAVID — I thank you, Comrade Chief.

(They clink glasses and drink bottoms up. Kavalyov again wants to fill the glasses but David stops him.)

DAVID — Thank you, Comrade Chief, I have had enough.

KAVALYOV — As you like. And now, Comrade Major, from now on your job will be considerably easier.

DAVID — Well, we had to increase the number of our border patrol. That was necessary.

KAVALYOV — And particularly, since the Supreme Soviet will soon issue the order for compulsory Kolkhoziation.

DAVID — Compulsory Kolkhoziation? And what does that mean?

KAVALYOV — To tell the truth I myself don't know yet. But I suppose membership of the Kolkhoz will become compulsory.

DAVID — Perhaps that, too, is necessary. Our Kolkhozes are moving very slowly.

KAVALYOV — Because membership is voluntary. Once it becomes compulsory it will be different.

DAVID — Yes, of course.

(Kavalyov again fills the glasses and hands one to David.)

KAVALYOV — Comrade Major, when the time for compulsory Kolkhoziation arrives we shall know everything. Just now let us drink to our wonderful party and the Cheka.

(They empty the glasses. Just then they hear the sound of lively music from the outside.)

DAVID — The boys are dancing. Let us go watch them.

KAVALYOV — Let us go.

(The soldiers are staging a group dance while Sonya carries the solo part. Sonya is an accomplished solo dancer. When the dance is over, Kavalyov and David, together with the rest, show their approval with

vigorous applause. Sonya is happy over David's presence.)

KAVALYOV — Comrades, your dance was wonderful. But now I want to call your attention to something else.

SONYA — Yes, Vasily. What is it?

KAVALYOV — Comrades. I present to you Comrade Major Bagramian.

(Vigorous applause by the soldiers. Sonya grasps David hand.)

SONYA — My congratulations, Comrade Major. You deserved the promotion.

DAVID — Thank you very much, Madame Kavalyov.

FETKA *(grasping David's hand)* — My congratulations, too, Comrade Major. But I guess this will make my job all the harder. *(General laughter.)*

DAVID — No, Fetka. We are comrades.

FEDKA — I am grateful for your kind sentiment.

KAVALYOV — And now, Comrades, let's have a song for our Comrade the Major.

DAVID — I would love that. Madame Kavalyov, will you sing for me?

SONYA — With pleasure, Comrade Major.

(The sky is darkening, and the earth is being hidden in a black cloak while Sonya's enchanting voice keeps ringing, spreading love all around.)

(It is January of 1930. Six months have passed. Kavalyov's office at the Cheka building. Seated at his desk, Kavalyov is reading an order from Moscow. As he reads the letter his face darkens. He raps the table with an angry hand rises to his feet. Sonya is in the adjoining room, relaxing on her bed. She overhears Kavalyov.)

SONYA — What's the matter, Vasily? Have you had bad news again?

KAVALYOV — Yes and no.

SONYA — Just what is it?

KAVALYOV — It is the order for compulsory Kolkhoziation.

(*Seized with curiosity, Sonya rushes to Kaval'ov's office.*)

SONYA — Compulsory Kolkhoziation? What does it mean?

KAVALYOV (*nervous*) — It means all the peasants must become members of the Kolkhoz.

SONYA (*angry*) — You mean, whether they want it or not, they must turn their possessions, their land, their cattle, and all, over to the Kolkhoz, and they will become mere workers?

Kaval'ov — Exactly. In other words, the whole village will become one state economy. And the peasants will be the workers of that economy.

SONYA — And it makes no difference if one has 100 acres of land and another has nothing?

KAVALYOV — Exactly. When one becomes a member of the Kolkhoz he automatically is deprived of all his possessions and becomes the equal of the man who has nothing. That is the Communistic equality.

SONYA — And each peasant shall receive an equal share of supplies on which to live?

KAVALYOV — Oh no. Comrade Stalin has said that he who does not work shall not eat. A member of the Kolkhoz shall receive supplies only according to the work days he has put in.

SONYA — That is, he who works more gets more, and he who works less gets less?

KAVALYOV — That's right.

SONYA (*irritated*) — Then I don't understand what fool would want to be a member of the Kolkhoz.

KAVALYOV — That is just the reason for this order. Whether or not they want it, all peasants must join the Kolkhoz —

SONYA — And if someone does not want to join — ?

KAVALYOV — In that case the order is very explicit —

SONYA — What is the order?

(*Kaval'ov picks up the letter from his*

desk and reads it out loud.)

KAVALYOV — All peasants who refuse to join the Kolkhoz, together with their families, will be banished to Siberia as Koulaks and their possessions shall be the property of Kolkhoz.

SONYA — That's terrible. But tell me, Vasily, what is a Koulak?

KAVALYOV — (*angry*) — A Koulak is a rich peasant, an anti-communist, an undesirable whose place is Siberia.

(*Seeing Vasily's patience is exhausted, Sonya decides to quiet him.*)

SONYA — Vasily, I can't understand why you should be angry. That's a harsh measure, to be sure. But you have received your orders and you must enforce it.

KAVALYOV (*relaxed*) — That's why when you asked me if I had bad news I said yes and no.

SONYA — Meaning — ?

KAVALYOV — Meaning I have been constantly thinking of David —

SONYA (*surprised*) — I don't understand. What do you mean — ?

KAVALYOV — Tomorrow I shall go to Davalou to organize the Kolkhoz in that village. If David's father refuses to join the Kolkhoz I shall be obliged to banish David too. Do you understand?

(*Sonya is thunderstruck but manages to control her emotion and replies calmly.*)

SONYA — Vasily, my dear, I appreciate your solicitude for your comrades, but you must also think about us.

(*Kaval'ov is delighted with Sonya's words. He embraces her with admiration and asks.*)

KAVALYOV — You mean you don't care what happens to him?

SONYA — Of course not. If his father is foolish enough to refuse to join the Kolkhoz, why should I care?

(*Kaval'ov believes Sonya and kisses her happily.*)

KAVALYOV — Thank you, my dear.

That's all I wanted to know.

SONYA — You are a fool. You haven't understood me to this day and in vain have tortured yourself.

KAVALYOV — You are right, my dear. But I couldn't help it.

(Sonya gently disengages herself from Kavalov's arms and turns aside.)

SONYA — But, Vasily, Stalin also has said that the children are not responsible for the deeds of their parents. David is a devoted Communist. Why should he be banished to Siberia?

KAVALYOV — My dear, Stalin's words are merely for propaganda purposes. We know by experience that the blood of a loved one will eventually be revenged.

(Sonya is again thunderstruck by Kavalov's words but again manages to control herself.)

SONYA — That's wrong. Take me, for example. The chekists killed my parents, and yet, I am a loyal citizen.

KAVALYOV *(angry)* — If every one was like you we could build up socialism in one day. But —

SONYA — I know, I know. I mustn't talk about that.

KAVALYOV — If you want that the two of us shall remain alive.

SONYA — I don't want to die yet —

KAVALYOV — You go and take a little sleep. I shall get ready for tomorrow.

SONYA — Good night.

KAVALYOV — Good night, my dear.

(Sonya retires to her room.)

(It is a beautiful, sunny January day. There is no snow on the ground. The cross on the only church of Davalou village has been broken and replaced by a red flag while the interior of the church has been converted into an office of the Kolkhoz. The entire population of the village has assembled on the square opposite the church, waiting to hear the message of the

delegate from the city. Hrach Minasian, a shabbily dressed and coarse peasant who is the President of the Kolkhoz, and Aram Darbinian, a haughty and boastful man who is the secretary of the village Communist party, together with Colonel Kavalov, are holding a conference in the office of the Kolkhoz.)

DARBINIAN — Comrades, let's waste no more time. Our glorious party has ordered us to organize the compulsory Kolkhoization. That we shall do.

MINASIAN — Yes, of course —

KAVALYOV — Comrades, is everything plain then?

DARBINIAN — Yes, of course —

MINASIAN — Comrades, as I said before, I fear David's father.

KAVALYOV — Comrades, my answer to this question is the same. He who refuses to join the Kolkhoz, I shall arrest him and exile him to Siberia.

DARBINIAN — Bravo, Comrade Kavalov. That's the only language these animals will understand.

KAVALYOV — Thank you, Comrade Darbinian. Comrade Minasian, the village is surrounded by the Chekists. You have no need to fear.

DARBINIAN — And I have armed our party members.

MINASIAN — It seems everything is in order. Let's go and start the meeting.

KAVALYOV — Let us go.

(They go out.)

(The square of the Village of Davalou. Kavalov, accompanied by Minasian and Darbinian, ascends the platform. The people welcome them with applause and soon are quiet. Haig Bagramian and Laura are standing close to the platform while Gigo and Sako take their stand at the edge of the square. Minasian comes forward to make a speech. He butchers all the laws of speech-

making. While he is talking, the Chekists quietly surround the square.)

MINASIAN — Comrades, Comrade Kavalyov, who is the representative of our Party and Government, is with us today and he has brought us some very joyful news.

(Animated applause.)

MINASIAN (continuing) — Comrades, I will let Comrade Kavalyov tell us what that news is. On my part, I shall say that we have been waiting for that news for a long time and we will gladly receive it. Comrades, long live the Communist Party and long live the Soviet Kolkhoz. Hurray!

(The people applaud and shout hurrah's. Minasian gives his place to Darbinian. The applause ceases.)

DARBINIAN — Comrades, our glorious Communist Party has made many dreams come true and today another dream will come true. "Kolkhoz, equality", in which "one works for all and all work for one".

(Light applause.)

DARBINIAN (continuing) — Comrades, long live our glorious Communist Party and its beloved leader, Comrade Stalin. Hurrah!

(Vigorous applause and shouts of hurrah's.)

DARBINIAN (continuing) — Comrades, I shall now give the floor to a son of our glorious Cheka, Comrade Kavalyov.

(Applause. Kavalyov approaches the pulpit.)

KAVALYOV — Thank you, Comrade Darbinian. Comrade Minasian, my beloved Soviet fellow-citizens. Comrades, I shall be brief. What I am going to say pertains to the Kolkhoz and it is the decision of the Supreme Council of the Soviet Union.

(Kavalyov pauses for effect. There is a deathly silence.)

KAVALYOV (continuing) — Comrades, by an order of our Supreme Soviet, the Kolkhoz has become compulsory.

(The partisans applaud with animation,

but the people join in reluctantly.)

MINASIAN — Comrades, imagine for a moment. After this the entire village will become one family. There will be no more yours and mine.

DARBINIAN — Yes, Comrades. We shall demolish the boundaries of personal property, and the wealth of this village shall belong to us all. Hurrah.

(The partisans and the dispossessed applaud vigorously, with shouts of hurrah's. Haig Bagramian and a few wealthy peasants are silent.)

HAIG — Comrade Kavalyov. And what if someone should not want to join the Kolkhoz?

MINASIAN (furious) — Didn't you hear? The Kolkhoz is now compulsory —

A PEASANT — We live in a democratic country. Nothing can be compulsory here —

DARBINIAN — Silence! You are disturbing us —

HAIG — Comrade Kavalyov. You did not answer my question —

(Kavalyov purposely ignores Haig's question.)

KAVALYOV — You are right, Comrades. We do live in a democratic country and I want to organize your Kolkhoz in a democratic manner. He who does not want to join the Kolkhoz, let him step to this side; the rest to the other side.

(Hesitantly the crowd begins to divide into two parts. At a signal from Kavalyov, the Chekists come over and help in the separation. Haig, together with some fifty peasants, are on the side who refuse to join the Kolkhoz. Minasian and Darbinian are terribly angry at the dissidents, but Kavalyov is happy.)

MINASIAN — Haig Bagramian, I am ashamed of you. You should have been the first to join the Kolkhoz.

HAIG (furious) — Why —

MINASIAN — Because our Government

gave your son free education and made him a commander in the Red Army.

(Infuriated by this insult to Haig's honor, Gigo wants to attack Minasian but Sako restrains him.)

HAIG — I am grateful for it. But don't forget that I have given the Red Army a son like David, something which you could not give.

MINASIAN — You talk too much —

HAIG — Then again, if it were not for the peasants and the workers, the Tsarist regime could not have been overthrown. We overthrew Tsarism and established Communism, so that our children might receive an education.

MINASIAN — Just the same, you owe a duty to Communism and you should have joined the Kolkhoz —

HAIG — You idiot! I have a ten acre vineyard which for centuries has belonged to my ancestors. With my fingers I tore out this old vineyard and planted a new one. You sold your lands and ate up the proceeds. And now you want to become an equal owner of my property.

ANOTHER PEASANT — Yes, that's right. I too have received my land from my forefathers and have been cultivating it with my hands. That land is the only thing I can leave to my children. Therefore, I cannot turn it over to the Kolkhoz —

DARBINIAN — Silence! All of you are Koulaks and must be exiled to Siberia.

LAURA (angry) — Siberia is the place for parasites like you —

DARBINIAN — Silence, you insolent — !

HAIG — You unconscionable scoundrel! I will kill you.

(Furious with rage, Haig wants to attack Darbinian but the Chekists hold him back. They surround the company which does not want to join the Kolkhoz. Gigo rushes to the platform and jumps on Darbinian when a Chekist knocks him down. Gigo rises to his feet, and scuffling with

the Chekist, again rushes at Darbinian when the Chekist fires at him and kills him. The bullet pierces his back and comes out of his heart, and his bloody, lifeless body slumps in front of the platform. Laura, David's mother, utters a shriek and faints. Haig and his companions want to rush to the aid of Gigo but, at a signal from Kavalyov, the Chekists round up the Koulaks with the butts of their rifles and push them to the station. When the company of the Koulaks are some distance away, Kavalyov signals the rest to come close to the platform.)

KAVALYOV — Comrades, these Koulaks did not want to share their possessions with you. Now it all belongs to you.

(The people are mad with joy. They shout hurrah's.)

DARBINIAN — Comrades, we now have a Kolkhoz and it is rich. Long live the Soviet Cheka and Comrade Kavalyov. Hurrah.

KAVALYOV — Comrades, go and enjoy the Kolkhoz. But if there are any Koulaks among you, or men with Koulak tendencies, let me know. Good bye, Comrades.

(Kavalyov steps down the platform amid mad shouts of hurrah's.)

(The base. It is evening. David and Fedka come out of the barracks to reconnoiter the border when they notice Kavalyov's car speeding toward them.)

FEDKA — That's the Colonel's car.

DAVID — He is coming fast. Let us wait. Perhaps he has something to say.

FEDKA — As you like, Comrade Major. *(Sonya, who is driving the car, stops when she notices that David saw her, so that their meeting shall be away from the barracks. David and Fedka spur on their horses and meet Sonya.)*

DAVID — Hello, Sonya. Something wrong?

SONYA — Plenty. I want to speak to you alone.

FEDKA (*saluting*) — Very well. Take your time, Comrade Major.

(*David and Sonya are pleased with Fedka's friendly gesture. Fedka pushes on.*)

SONYA — I respect him. He is a good fellow.

DAVID — I like him, too. Now tell me. What has happened?

(*Sonya is terribly agitated and replies in a choking voice.*)

SONYA — I can't tell you, David, how terrible a thing has happened. But if you really love me, I'm ready to cross the border with you right this minute.

DAVID (*surprised*) — Sonya, what are you saying — ?

SONYA — Yes, David. Come, let's cross the border. It's the best way.

DAVID — I see. Your husband knows all about it —

SONYA — No, David, No. What I know belongs to your family —

DAVID (*alarmed*) — My family?

(*Sonya breaks down and nods affirmatively. Just then David notices a horseman speeding toward them. Fedka, too, notices the horseman and halts, but seeing the latter is headed for David, he continues his way. The horseman is Sako, and when he comes a little closer, David and Sonya recognize him.*)

DAVID (*surprised*) — That's Sako, my brother's companion.

SONYA — David, listen to me while it's not yet too late. Come, let us run away —

(*David does not hear what Sonya is saying.*)

DAVID — Sako knows that this is a forbidden zone. It's curious that he has come here.

(*Tearful and breathless, Sako reaches David's side.*)

SAKO — They killed Gigo, they killed Gigo —

(*David is thunderstruck by Sako's words.*)

DAVID — Fool! What are you saying — ?

SONYA — He is telling the truth. The Chekists killed him.

(*Sonya is hysterical. David dismounts his horse and approaches her.*)

DAVID — Sonya, stop your crying for a moment and tell me what happened.

SONYA — Sako is telling the truth. One of Vasily's boys killed Gigo. In a little while Vasily will come and arrest you —

SAKO — David, come with me and I will tell you everything on the way.

DAVID (*purple with rage*) — Sonya, you go to the barracks. I will see you later.

(*David jumps on his horse, and together with Sako, speeds to the woods.*)

(*The base. It is evening and dusk is falling. Kavalyov gallops to his barrack and dismounts his horse while Fedka meets him to give his report. Sonya is listening to their conversation from behind her window.*)

FEDKA (*saluting*) — Comrade Colonel, a part of the battalion is at their posts while the rest is resting.

KAVALYOV (*returning the salute*) — Very well. Find David at once and send him to me.

FEDKA (*saluting*) — The Major is not here, Comrade Chief —

KAVALYOV — Where is he? Has he gone to reconnoiter the border?

(*Sonya is listening with tense attention.*)

FEDKA (*saluting*) — No, Comrade Chief. There was a horseman who met him and the two went away —

KAVALYOV — Go on, tell me the whole details.

(*Sonya stops breathing for a moment while Fedka boldly tells his story.*)

FEDKA (*saluting*) — As I said, Comrade Chief, about three hours ago a horseman came and took the Major away. To determine the exact hour, let me say that the Major must have been gone for at least

more than an hour before your wife arrived here.

(Sonya takes a deep breath of relief while Kavaliov's anger is gone. Fedka is inwardly happy that he has saved Sonya.)

KAVALYOV — You say Mrs. Kavaliov arrived here after David's departure?

FEDKA *(saluting)* — That's right, Comrade Chief, approximately one hour later —

KAVALYOV *(glad)* — Good. Did you see that horseman?

FEDKA *(saluting)* — I was very close, Comrade Chief. He was a man past his forties, with a beard of two weeks. His beard was graying.

(Sonya can hardly restrain her laughter. She blows a kiss toward Fedka.)

KAVALYOV — Did you see which direction they went?

FEDKA *(saluting)* — Yes, they entered the woods. Is there anything wrong, Comrade Chief?

KAVALYOV — Plenty. He is the people's enemy and perhaps a deserter. If you see David arrest him.

(Fedka is surprised by Kavaliov's words.)

FEDKA *(saluting)* — Very well, Comrade Chief.

KAVALYOV — One thing more, Comrade Lieutenant, you will take over his duties until I make the necessary arrangements.

FEDKA *(saluting)* — Very well, Comrade Chief. And thank you.

(They separate. Kavaliov enters his barrack.)

(The office of the Kolkhoz of Davalou. It is night time. Seated at a rich table, Minasian and Darbinian are talking when David secretly approaches a church window and listens to the conversation.)

DARBINIAN — As I said, this whole village belongs to you and me now. If we play ball together we can live a king's life —

MINASIAN — Yes, Aram. You, the party secretary, and I the president of the Kolkhoz.

(They clink their glasses and drink.)

DARBINIAN — Man alive! This Bagramian's wine is really a dream drink.

(Furious with rage, David draws his pistol and is about to enter the room but Minasian's next words stop him.)

MINASIAN — Oh yes. There's plenty of wine and cognac there. Tomorrow I will move there for my permanent residence —

DARBINIAN — That's a very good idea.

(David enters the room. Terrified, Darbinian and Minasian rise to seize their pistols but David stops them with his pointed pistol.)

DAVID — Raise your hands.

(They instantly obey.)

MINASIAN *(cringing)* — Dear David —

DAVID — Shut up, you son of a bitch. You forget that my parents had two sons. You will move to my father's house over my dead body.

DARBINIAN *(trembling)* — Comrade David —

DAVID — You bastard. Your Comrade is Stalin, not I.

MINASIAN — But, dear David, you are a member of the Party.

(David pulls out his membership card from his pocket and contemptuously flings it on the floor.)

DAVID — I was a member, but no longer. Your party is so foolish that it makes enemies of even those who worship it —

DARBINIAN — But, David, the Party has done you no wrong —

DAVID — I am not talking about myself but about my father. That sterling man was illiterate but he had more brains than the two of you put together. He was not a member of the Communist Party but he worshipped Communism. And now the Party has exiled him to Siberia.

DARBINIAN — Dear David, don't blame

us. That was the fault of Kavalyov —

DAVID — You lie, you son of a bitch. You called my mother an impudent woman!

(Tears, choke David and he cannot finish his words. Realizing there is no escape, Darbinian kneels to beg forgiveness.)

DARBINIAN — Forgive me —

(This cringing act infuriates David all the more.)

DAVID — Die, you dog!

(In a frenzy David fires at Darbinian's head, tumbling his corpse to the floor. Minasian hides his face from terror which infuriates David all the more. He empties two cartridges at Minasian's chest and kills him too. He mounts his horse and hurries to his father's home. Near there he plants a wooden cross on Gigo's grave, sets his father's house on fire and flees to the woods.)

(It is a bright moonlit night. David, deeply immersed in his thoughts, is plodding up the mountain. Now and then, only for a moment, he raises his head to see the direction of the road, and again sinks into his thoughts. He is so carried away by his thoughts that he does not even see that he is being followed. When he reaches the snow line he stops for a moment and scans the towering mountain. On the slope of the mountain is a cave, and seeing it David realizes that he is on the right track. He keeps ascending the cavern. As he reaches the entrance of the cave and dismounts four armed men surround him. David suddenly comes out of his reverie and makes a move to draw his pistol, but Khushboul, a giant contrabandist, barks sharply.)

KHUSHBOUL — Don't try.

(Realizing he is covered, David obeys and one of the contrabandists disarms him. Coming closer, Khushboul recognizes David and is astonished.)

KHUSHBOUL (hatefully) — Chekist David Bagramian! I can't believe my eyes.

DAVID (angry) — Yes, that's my name. And who are you?

(Instead of answering him, Khushboul slugs David. David wants to retaliate but the contrabandists instantly seize his hands. Helpless, David restrains his anger.)

DAVID — I will forgive you this once, but remember, only this once.

(Another contrabandist emerges from the cave and approaches Khushboul.)

FIRST CONTRABANDIST — Hey, Khushboul, the Chief wants to see him.

KHUSHBOUL — All right.

(Avdo, the chief of the contrabandists, is a middle-aged, quiet man. In one of the many chambers of the huge cave he is reclining on his bed of hay. Altogether, there are nine contrabandists. When David enters several contrabandists instantly recognize him, but Avdo, terribly surprised, rises to a sitting position.)

AVDO — David Bagramian —

KHUSHBOUL — Yes, him in the flesh. Let me skin him alive —

DAVID — I warned you not to touch me —

AVDO — Leave him alone. Major, come closer.

(David obeys the order.)

DAVID — My name is David, I am no longer either a Major or a Chekist —

KHUSHBOUL — How come? Perhaps you, too, want to become a contrabandist like us —

AVDO — Shut up, Khushboul. All right, David, can you tell me why — ?

SECOND CONTRABANDIST — He is telling the truth. Yesterday the Chekists killed his brother and jailed his parents, to be exiled to Siberia.

(Khushboul, relying on his strength, wants to pick up a quarrel with David.)

KHUSHBOUL — It is a lie. He never had a brother. And if he had, he too is a dirty bastard like him —

(Unable to endure longer, David slugs

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Khushboul and knocks him down. The spectators instantly intervene to stop the fight, but Avdo decides different.)

AVDO — Let them fight it out. Only a fight will make them reconciled.

(David and Khushboul stage a beautiful fight. Khushboul is a little stronger physically but David is a skilful boxer. David is a clean fighter, self-confident and sportsmanlike, thus winning the sympathy of the spectators. But Khushboul doesn't stop at anything to win the fight. David gives Khushboul a good beating and knocks him unconscious. While the fight is going on, Avdo conceives a brilliant idea which greatly pleases him.)

AVDO (pointing to Khushboul) — Revive him. And you, David, come closer.

(David approaches Avdo. They pour water on Khushboul's head and bring him to.)

AVDO — David, I like you. Would you like to become our leader and take us across the border — ?

FIRST CONTRABANDIST — That's a capital idea. David alone can lead us across the border —

SECOND CONTRABANDIST — I am of the same opinion —

KHUSHBOUL — It's strange, but I, too, like him.

(Khushboul extends his hand of reconciliation to David. David grasps the extended hand and there is great exhilaration in the cave.)

AVDO — What do you say, David? Do you agree?

DAVID — I appreciate your offer very highly, Avdo, but I cannot accept it.

(General surprise and disappointment.)

AVDO — Why?

DAVID — I want to stay here and try to rescue my parents —

KHUSHBOUL — That's a very smart idea. Perhaps we, too may be able to rescue our loved ones.

FIRST CONTRABANDIST — That's right. We all have relatives in jail —

AVDO — And if you succeed in your aim, what are you going to do next — ?

DAVID — Only one thing. To flee to the free world.

AVDO — David, we will stay behind and help you, if you will only accept my proposition. If you agree, give me your hand.

(Avdo extends his hand to David and the latter grasps it. The insurgents are happy.)

AVDO (rising) — David, now this place belongs to you. Ascend and occupy it.

(David occupies the post of leader.)

DAVID — Fellows, I am sure this thing called compulsory Kolkhozization will create many anti-Communists and these mountains will be filled with fugitives —

AVDO — That's very likely.

DAVID — And if we can unite and train them, we can march on the prison of Erivan, rescue the prisoners, and flee to Persia —

KHUSHBOUL — Bravo, David. A wonderful idea.

AVDO — We will do exactly as you wish —

DAVID — We will start tomorrow.

(David's proposition is received with enthusiastic cheers, while Khushboul, his chest thrust out from sheer happiness, starts a song and the rest join in. David, elated by his new position, joins in the singing.)

(The base. It is morning. Fedka has just returned from a reconnoitering tour of the border when Kavalyov emerges from his barrack and boards his car. Noticing Fedka he calls him to his side.)

FEDKA (saluting) — Comrade Colonel, I am happy to report that no one crossed the border this night.

KAVALYOV (pleased) — That's good. It means he still is here.

FEDKA (saluting) — Yes, Comrade Chief. And he has no intention of crossing

the border, otherwise, he would have tried it during the past ten days.

KAVALYOV — I hope so. Only be alert and vigilant. If he escapes you shall be held responsible.

FEDKA (*saluting*) — I understand, Comrade Chief.

(*At a signal from Kavalov the chauffeur starts the car and drives away.*)

(*At the barracks. After the departure of Kavalov, Sonya calls Fedka inside.*)

SONYA — Sit down, Fedka. Shall I pour you a glass of vodka?

FEDKA — Yes, please. Perhaps it will help me sleep.

(*Sonya pours a generous glass and hands it to Fedka.*)

SONYA — Fedka, the other day you saved my life for which I am grateful to you. Will you tell me why you did it?

(*Fedka drinks the vodka in one gulp.*)

FEDKA — Perhaps because I expect the same favor from you.

SONYA (*surprised*) — Meaning?

FEDKA — My father, too, is a peasant, and I am afraid of this compulsory Kolchoziation.

SONYA — You think he might not join the Kolkhoz?

FEDKA — I am certain he will not.

(*Sonya again fills Fedka's glass and hands it to him.*)

SONYA — I understand you, Fedka. Tell me, how can I help you?

FEDKA — When the order for my arrest arrives you will be the first to know.

SONYA — I see, Fedka. You want me to warn you ahead of time.

FEDKA — Yes. Then I can run away and join David.

(*Sonya is excited at the mention of David's name, as well as Fedka's plan.*)

SONYA — Very well. I will do it. Now tell me, do you really think David has not crossed the border?

(*Fedka catches on, and thrilled, empties his glass. Then he answers.*)

FEDKA — Sonya, how you feel toward David is no secret to me and I respect your feelings. I am sure David still is here and will remain here for a long time —

SONYA — What makes you think so — ?

FEDKA — Because I know him. He will not leave here until he has rescued his parents —

SONYA — Thank you, Fedka. Do you think —

FEDKA — Yes, I think you two can meet but it will need some time.

(*Sonya is thrilled with Fedka's words.*)

SONYA — Very well, Fedka. I will carry out your wish and you will try to contact David and let me know.

(*Fedka is so delighted at this that he fills his own glass.*)

FEDKA — Thank you, Sonya. I have not slept for weeks. You don't know how soundly I will sleep now.

(*He empties his glass in one draught.*)

FEDKA (*continuing*) — Rest easy, Sonya. I will find him. Good bye.

SONYA — Good luck, Fedka, and thank you.

(*Exit Fedka.*)

(*At the base. It is evening. A few weeks have passed. Fedka is preparing to reconnoiter the border when Sonya drives her horse to his side.*)

SONYA — Comrade Lieutenant, are you going to reconnoiter the border?

FEDKA (*saluting*) — Yes, Madame Kavalova. Right away.

SONYA — I want to take a little ride. Do you mind if I accompany you?

FEDKA (*saluting*) — I shall be greatly honored, Madame. Let's go.

(*They drive their horses and come out of the base. When they are at a safe distance they begin to speak more intimately.*)

SONYA — Fedka, it is a month that

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David is gone and we haven't heard a word of him.

FEDKA — The papers say that he is in the north, one hundred kilometers from here —

SONYA — I don't believe it. The places the papers describe are very cold, and far from David's operations —

FEDKA — I think David is a very smart strategist —

SONYA — Meaning — ?

FEDKA — In my opinion, he is in the south somewhere and is getting ready to march on the prison.

SONYA — But, according to the papers, he is in the north, pillaging a village each day —

FEDKA — Yes. That's just why I said he is a smart soldier —

SONYA — Fedka, I don't understand you —

FEDKA — If you will follow the papers attentively you will see that the supplies he carries away will suffice for a whole regiment —

SONYA — Yes, I have noticed it. The other day they seized four pieces of artillery and fifty machine guns —

FEDKA — Exactly. That proves he has many men. In my opinion, he keeps two companies in the north to loot the villages, to divert the Government's attention to the north while he is concentrating in the south.

(Sonya conceives an idea which thrills her.)

SONYA — You know what, Fedka? Tomorrow I shall go hunting in those woods—

FEDKA — I think that's a fine idea.

(Ecstatic with joy, Sonya spurs her horse and Fedka follows her.)

(At the base. It is morning. Fedka has selected a beautiful horse for Sonya and is waiting for her. Geared for the hunting, Sonya comes and mounts the horse.)

FEDKA — Don't get discouraged too soon, Sonya, you will have a long way to go.

SONYA — Don't worry, I will take care. Thank you, Fedka.

(Sonya whips her horse and gallops out of the base.)

(“The Eagle's Fortress” is located on top of a huge mountain. Rising from a wide valley, the mountain is inaccessible on three sides, while to the south a precipice leads to the forest. From the top of this mountain another peak juts upward to the sky. For its high, proud aspect, the peak is called “the Eagle's Fortress”. David's cave is at the base of the peak. Tired and disappointed, Sonya enters the ravine of the Eagle's Fortress. She looks at her watch and sees that it is past midday. Her tired horse, without waiting for the order of his mistress, approaches the stream and starts to drink. Sonya follows the animal's example. One of David's guards hurries to the cave and a little later comes out, accompanied by David and Khushboul. The guard points to Sonya while David watches her through his binoculars.)

DAVID — It's she all right —

KHUSHBOUL — I hate to kill beauty —

DAVID — Don't be a fool. She is our friend —

KHUSHBOUL — Who? Mrs. Kaval-yova — ?

THE GUARD — Would that she were our friend. I've never seen such a marksman in all my life —

DAVID — Yes, she is the best marksman in all our republic —

KHUSHBOUL — What did you say — ?

GUARD — Yes indeed. From whichever direction she fires, the bullet always enters or comes out right between the two eyes —

KHUSHBOUL *(angry)* — How do you know — ?

THE GUARD — I have been following her for four hours, but, according to David's

orders, I did not approach her so she would not know of our presence —

KHUSHBOUL — That is understandable. Then what?

THE GUARD — During that time she killed six rabbits and retrieved none of them —

KHUSHBOUL — And you saw that all the bullets had gone right between the eyes —

THE GUARD — Precisely, all of them.

DAVID — He is telling the truth, but no one knows why.

(At this moment one of the soldiers leads David's horse in. David mounts the horse.)

DAVID — Khushboul, prepare a table for two in my chamber. I am sure she is very hungry.

(David is off.)

(On the mountain the number of the curious watchers of the meeting of the two lovers steadily increases. David and Sonya meet in happy embrace and kiss.)

DAVID — My dear, you don't know how much I have missed you —

SONYA — Me too, my love, me too.

(They again kiss. Khushboul, watching the lovers' scene from the mountain, is incredulous.)

DAVID — Let us go to my cave. Thousands of eyes are watching us here —

SONYA — Thousand of eyes — ?

DAVID — Yes. I have an army of three thousand, and each day the number increases by at least one hundred.

SONYA — That is wonderful, Fedka was right then —

DAVID — Fedka — ?

SONYA — Yes, my dear. He is our friend.

DAVID — Since you say so I believe it. Tell me, did Vasily learn that you helped me escape?

SONYA — Thanks to Fedka, no. He told

him such a beautiful lie that he could not even dream I had helped you.

DAVID — How?

SONYA — He told Vasily a peasant came and took you with him. When Vasily asked how long you had been gone he replied in a firm tone that it was more than three hours, fully one before the arrival of Madame Kavalyova here —

DAVID — Bravo, Fedka — !

SONYA — That is not all. He also saved your companion's life —

DAVID — Keep on —

SONYA — He told Vasily the peasant who met you was a man past his forties, with a two week-old, graying beard —

DAVID *(laughing)* — That is wonderful. Sako's parents had joined the Kolkhoz and I persuaded him to return home. I am highly indebted to Fedka —

SONYA — He wants you to return his favor —

DAVID — Of course I will. But how?

SONYA — His father, too, is a peasant.

DAVID — I understand. Tell him I will receive him with open arms, whenever he wants.

(Sonya throws her arms around David and they kiss.)

SONYA — Thank you, my dear. That is just what he wants.

DAVID — You must be starved, my dear —

SONYA — Yes. Let us go.

(They start off for the cave.)

DAVID — Sonya, I want to ask you another question —

SONYA — If it's about your parents, they are in the prison of Erivan, waiting for their turn to be exiled —

DAVID — You are a mind reader. When?

SONYA — I don't know yet. But I will let you know twenty-four hours before it takes place.

DAVID — Thank you, my dear. I will wait for your word.

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SONYA — I am starved. Let us hurry.
(They spur their horses to the cave.)

(As they ascend the Eagle's Fortress, David gives the signal and the troops guarding the mountain emerge from their hideouts. Instantly the mountainside is covered with a network of soldiers, machine gunners and artillerymen. Sonya is convinced now that the mountain fort is impregnable. On the skirts of the mountain, in the plains, the ravines and the fields the troops are drilling, while the artillery commands the operations from its vantage height. They approach the artillery post.)

DAVID — Sonya, this is Avdo. He is the commander of our artillery.

SONYA — I am glad to meet you, Avdo.

AVDO — Likewise, Sonya. I am glad you are on our side.

DAVID—Avdo is a marvellous artilleryman. He got his training in the Tsar's army.

AVDO — Thank you, David. This is Khushboul.

(Khushboul approaches.)

DAVID — Yes, this Khushboul, the commander of our cavalry.

KHUSHBOUL — Glad to meet you, Sonya. I want to ask you a question.

SONYA — Of course. What is it?

KHUSHBOUL — They have told me legends about your marksmanship. Can you give me a practical demonstration?

(Sonya surveys her surroundings and notices a chipmunk on a tree. She instantly draws Khushboul's pistol, kills the chipmunk, and returns the pistol back to its holster. She then takes David's arm and nonchalantly walks toward the cave. The operation is so quick that while Khushboul walks over to look at the dead animal, Sonya and David already are at the cave. Khushboul exclaims from wonder.)

KHUSHBOUL — By Jippers, this is a miracle.

(Sonya and David enter the cave chuckling.)

(To be concluded)

THE CYCLONE THAT STRUCK OUR LAND

(MEMOIRS OF H. BAGDASARIAN)

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PART V

VAHAN MINAKHORIAN

We got up early in the morning when the sun's rays were flickering on the mountain tops. That day our gendarmes were truly humane! They lacked their customary hurry! They would not permit the caravan to make frequent stops so that the ladders behind could catch up. On the other hand we were too exhausted and progress would have been difficult any other way.

Coming out of the valley we entered a medium sized plain. Before us stood the village of Little Artman situated on a hill. To the south jutted a sharp peaked mountain which was called Saint Elijah. Artman's population of approximately 100 families had been deported. This was the first time that the caravan was going through an Armenian village. The village was half ruined. The only intact building was the magnificent church of Holy Asdvadzadzin.

To the west of the new mountain plateau which unfolded before us, in a valley was the village of Great Artman, the birthplace of our teacher Lazarus. The immediate past which was still fresh in our minds seemed like a dream to me. The village was adorned with a dazzling vegetation, foliage and trees. We were passing directly below the

village, a vast expanse of flourishing gardens. Its population of 350 families already had been deported. Where was our teacher Lazarus, I wondered. What a charming story teller he was as he used to relate how the natives of Artman had migrated from Ani, the capital of the Bagratids, during the Tartar invasions. Centuries later, now, they again were on the road to exile, God knows where.

Far in the distance, nestled in the opposite mountains, was the Armenian village of Zimara. This was the birthplace of Patriarch Hacopos Nalian who, having gone to Constantinople when a child, had entered the monastic school founded by Kolot where he had been the latter's first pupil. He was a talented clergyman, and we owe to his pen such works as "Zenk Hogeavor" — Spiritual Weapon — "Jurak Jusmardutian" — Candle of Truth — etc., Avedis, our omniscient historian told us.

That day my mind was completely detached from the road to exile, our suffering and the ominous disaster which hung over us. My youthful spirit had taken flight into our ancient historic past concerning which, I am sorry to say, I knew so little.

"The teacher Serovpe, the father of Raphael Patkanian the famous Armenian poet were born in this village," Avedis said.

"How about Kamar Katiba the poet?" we asked.

"No, his father was born here."

Toward evening our caravan came to a halt on the banks of a river to camp for the night. The realisation brought me back to my senses, shaking off the reverie. Nothing happened to us that day.

In the morning I jumped to my feet, startled by rifle shots. The caravan again was in a turmoil, presumably because it had been attacked by Kurdish raiders and the gendarmes were giving them chase. To appease them, we took up a contribution in the morning, two gold pieces for each raider, and bidding them "godspeed" we departed.

Before us lay stretched a long range of mountains. We kept ascending incessantly. The caravan made slow progress but no one was left behind. That day our people worked miracles. Supporting one another, holding by the arm, the mother her son, the brother his sister, the father his aged mother, sometimes carrying them on their backs, panting heavily, the veins of their necks strained to the breaking point, their eyes bulging out, they kept climbing up the mountain. Every time we came to gorge or a terrace the caravan halted. The gendarmes were patient; they, too, were tired and took time to rest.

At noon we saw two children below an ascent, seated together like little birds who had fallen down from a shattered tree branch. They were scarcely four years old. Their mother, a young woman, sunbaked, and with long black hair, lay stretched under the left ledge. She was dead. We could get nothing from the children. They would not answer our questions, but judging from their condition it was plain that their mother had died that day.

Although the men could scarcely drag themselves, still they could not leave the children behind. The Erzerumtzis picked them up. Soon after, we saw a corpse, then a second, a third, and suddenly a vast expanse unfolded before us, full of corpses. Up and down, piled on one another or scattered, with faces petrified from the terror, with mutilated heads, with clenched fists in various, grotesque postures, a large multitude, the greater part of them men. They had been massacred that very night or in early dawn. The vultures were busy, swooping from the ledges to the right their wings stretched like a straight bow, gliding down noiselessly into the valley.

The moments seemed like hours by the time we left behind that awful valley. Men were petrified. No one tried to express to his neighbor what went on in his mind and heart. They all realized the same thing would happen to us and the only question was when and where.

Despite the weariness every one was trying to walk as fast as he could and to get away from that blood-chilling scene. The sun now peeped out from behind the mountains and now it was hidden again. Before us lay a gigantic mountain. For the greater part of the caravan the food supply was exhausted; our most pressing need was water. We were told this mountain would be the last and then our descent would begin. We had to conquer the mountain, therefore, at all cost. But how?

The women placed their babies in the empty sacks which were used for food supplies and threw them on their shoulders. Then throwing their arms around the old women they took up the arduous ascent. One could hear their heart-rending sighs on every hand:

"Oh, what a pass we have come to."

"O Saint Karapet, thy will is strong, save us we pray thee."

"O Saint Nishan."

"O Mother of God."

Perspiration was oozing from the men's faces. Parched lips rolled in the mouths to rally a trace of saliva with which to wet the lips. I had been carrying on my back my sick little sister Loosig since morning. My loaded father was pulling my grandmother who carried a sack of the soil of our home garden. My father kept up the pace falteringly, now hustling now stopping to catch his breath. My mother had forgotten everything else because of her concern for Loosig. Vardouhi was clambering uncomplainingly. There was a large company of laggards now but no one had any time to even think of them.

"Water, water," came the feeble cry of the children.

Finally we reached the summit of the mountain and started the descent. From the remote edge of the valley below flowed the Euphrates river at the confluence of Touzlu Sou from the mountains of Derchan, and the Kail river from the west of Erzinka. We could not yet see the water but the hope of its imminence braced our spirits. The mothers quieted the cries of their children by exhorting them to hold on a little longer.

Finally we reached the water. "Euphrates!" "The Phrates," rang the cry from one end of the caravan to the other. Tears of joy shot forth from the eyes of the mothers, the invalids took heart, and they all made a supreme effort to reach the water.

More than the thirst, it was the pent up emotion which surged through the hearts. They were thirsty not only for the water of the Euphrates, but for its sight, the roar, the heaving and the smell. My soul was filled with the swelling nostalgia, just like the river's murky billows. I was impatient to see the holy river, the river of the Armenians, our Mother Euphrates.

The sun had set when we reached the vil-

lage of Bingiantz and crossed the bridge. As our historian, Avedis Attokayan told us both the village and the bridge had been built by Prince Benik in the reign of King Senecherim. Once it had been one of the most flourishing towns of the region. The last time it had been ruined during the massacres of 1896. And now, although still intact, its population of nearly 200 families had been deported. Newcomer Turks had settled in the village who questioned us about the deportees from Erzinka. Thank God, we peasants of the region did not interest them.

We halted on the green meadows of the river bank, directly below the village. Old men, the young men, everyone was preoccupied with his thoughts, inspired by the Euphrates.

"This river is the great traveler of Armenia, the pioneer of the biblical rivers," the Badvelli said.

"Babgen Siuni was a native of Bingiantz, the man who seized the Ottoman Bank and terrorized Sultan Hamid," commented Avedis.

The next day we approached the city of Akn-Ekin. Before us gradually unfolded richly irrigated, fertile fields, vast field of wheat, fruit-bearing trees and orchards. Ekin, nestled on the right bank of the Euphrates, is like an opened marble chest. Perched on the slope of a high, precipitous ledge, it sprawls like an amphitheatre upwards. It seems some unknown terror prevented its expansion downwards into the valley where conditions are more favorable for development. The valley is covered with serried orchards with countless fertile trees, vineyards, and meadows through which trickle into the Euphrates countless streams of crystal water.

However, in this entire expanse of fertility there was not a sign of life. First it seemed they were leading us to the city, but soon, through a narrow pathway, we

were led to the skirts of the valley which was covered with mulberry trees. These were tall trees, nothing like what we had seen in our region. From the neighboring villages, Turkish and Kurdish peasants were vending bread, Madzoon, cheese, and onions. Despite the repeated lootings on the road, the people still had some money left. In the folds of their underwear, in old rags, inside the soap, some apparently needless article, or even in the residue of foodstuff, the people had succeeded in concealing some amount of money.

In the dusk of the evening we saw nearly 300 growing youths surrounded by gendarmes with bare bayonets, walking five apace, orderly like royal guards and with regular, rhythmic steps. The Armenians of Akn had been deported. These youths were being led out of the prison.

Sorrow filled our hearts in the wilderness. Having forgotten our worries, we were thinking of the plight of these poor youths.

Soon after, a small company of aged men came into view, escorted by gendarmes. These were the dignitaries of the village, the patrons of the church who, likewise, were being led from the prison. Suddenly the Badvelli recognized a man among the company, and putting aside all caution, rushed to him and asked:

"What is this, brother Ghookas? Where are they taking you?"

"My good Badvelli, they are taking us to the slaughter house, the slaughter house," the man shouted smiling, "tomorrow it will be your turn, be wise."

We were escorted from Ekin by new gendarmes. This was a veritable calamity. How cruel were these men! But after they trekked the trail with us for a few days they became more tolerant and patient. We needed time to befriend them.

Emerging from the valley we entered the highway along the bank of the Euphrates but after an hour's journey our gen-

darmes switched to the right along a rugged trail. Opposite us, far in the distance, loomed the circling Taurus range and the mountains of trans-Taurus. I was horrified at the thought that they might drive us into these mountains. The road became increasingly rough. Rocks, ditches, hills, low circling mountain ranges and deep gorges.

The sun was caressing the summits of the flanking mountains when we reached the village of Ashotka. We skirted the village which was inhabited by Turks. A little below lay the Armenian village of Shupik with its scorched and trampled barren fields. There was no man in it. The village was deserted. Even the doors of the huts had been torn and looted.

We needed a rest but the gendarmes kept driving us ruthlessly. The number of the invalids, the decrepid, and those who could not keep up the pace had increased. My sick little sister was too far gone to do any walking. The aged dragged behind and were cut off from the caravan. Among these from our village were Kirakos Ami and Hez Hayrapet with their families.

Toward evening we arrived at a great Turkish village called Demirji. It was what the Turks called a "Mudirlik", namely a town large enough to be governed by a Mudir or Mayor. The best cultivating fields of the region apparently belonged to this town but were untilled and the fields were lean. On the slopes of the town one could only see vegetable gardens. There were great stretches of meadowland where one could see flocks of animals.

Our gendarmes called a halt in a scorched field not far from the village. Scarcely half an hour later the Mudir of the town appeared, mounted on a magnificent Arabian steed, accompanied by two mounted guards. At sight of him the multitude was thrown into a consternation. Ever since the start of our exile this was the first time that we were seeing the face of a Turkish officer

with a higher rank than a Chavoush (sergeant). We wondered what was the object of his coming, what he was going to say. We wondered if we should ask him to give us a place in which to settle, as we had been promised in Mezdeh. Were we not peasants, a working element of the land? Should we tell him what all we had gone through by the time we arrived here?

"Don't let everyone talk," shouted Grandma Kheshim.

"That's right, you do the talking," they all voiced in unison.

Experience had proved that the voice of aged women had more weight in similar cases. But this time luck did not smile on Kheshim Mamma. The Mudir had come not to listen but to speak, and what he had to say was very brief. In one hour the caravan should make him a tribute of 200 gold pieces.

After all the payments and the looting on the road raising such a sum seemed impossible, but importunities and objections were of no avail. Poison exuded from the face of the Mudir. He threatened to divide the caravan into three parts, to keep the boys, to separate the menfolk over 15 and to send them in various directions.

"You must realize that these are the orders and it is up to me to execute the order or not," he shouted.

There was no way out but to raise a new contribution. With great difficulty we raised a sum of 160 Turkish pounds. A few old women from our camp and the Erzerumtzis took the money and delivered it to the Mudir, asking him to be satisfied with it. We had considered the matter almost settled but great was our surprise and terror when we saw our old women return, accompanied by the gendarmes who were instructed to make a search until the required sum was raised. At this time many swallowed their gold pieces since the stomach was the best hiding place. The greater

part of our gold was with my mother, sewed up in a belt which she wore. he had just time enough to unloose the belt and hide the money in a slit of the blanket.

The gendarmes ordered the people to sit down in four long rows, then, from one end, they started the search with such a pompous air as if they were executing a serious federal order. They were very thorough in their search, especially the women. The scene was so vulgar that many would have preferred to die rather than to submit to the indignity. In the first row they searched a young red-haired girl, sewn in whose clothes they discovered some gold pieces.

"You are a cheat. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" the searching gendarme shouted at her mother's face.

"What can we do? The bandits may rob us on the way," the mother justified herself, begging the gendarme to spare at least one gold piece for her daughter.

After that discovery they cut off all the cloth-covered button holes and made the search more thorough. They went at their task with great zeal, apparently desirous of raising more than the required sum in order to divide the surplus among themselves.

There was a great commotion in our row when they started to search Grandma Annig. Annig Mamma fiercely resisted the searching of her underwear. They forced her on her back and located eight gold pieces in her stockings.

Searching her was like subduing a tigress. She scratched and kicked furiously. "May you find your deserts in hell," she cursed bitterly, "may you vomit blood in chunks, may your arms be broken, may fire and brimstone pour on your head, may your home be ruined and may the vulture devour your carcasses."

They beat her to stifle her voice but the attempt infuriated her even more. She kept up the shower of curses.

"She is mad, she does not know what she is saying," the old women interceded in her behalf.

"If a mad woman can hide eight gold pieces you must have hidden eighty pieces," retorted the frenzied gendarme.

It was our turn to be searched. I was horrified and wished I had died on the spot rather than witness the search of my mother. They were more critical in their search of my little sisters Vardoubi and Loosig. The latter was too sick to endure the ordeal. She was lying under a blanket in which my mother had hidden her gold. At that moment the gendarme's attention was attracted by the sack beside my grandmother who was seated near Loosig.

"What's in that sack?" the gendarme asked sharply.

"It is earth," my grandmother replied.

"What kind of earth?" the gendarme was surprised.

"The soil of our garden, our village."

The gendarme snatched the sack. "Where is your village?" he asked.

"Near Erzinka."

"You've brought this earth all the way from there?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"So that my children will throw it over me when I die," my grandmother said drily.

The gendarme's eyes twinkled cunningly. Surmizing a new trick, he shook the soil of the sack on the patient's blanket, and kneeling down, he started to finger it carefully. He thought he would discover gold but great was his shock and surprise when he saw that it was plain soil. He straightened up, wiped the sweat from his forehead and turned to the next one. We were saved!

The search lasted what seemed to us like an eternity. Finally it came to an end. After that they drove us away and started to search the grass. They turned over the

rocks, dug underneath, and fingered the soil. These efforts were not entirely fruitless. They did discover some money.

It was night. The sky was so clear as if it had been washed and cleansed by unknown hands. The full moon stood nailed in the sky, looking down at us with its pale face. Our food supplies had given out when we still were at the village of Bingiantz and for the past few days we had lived on the crumbs which we had bought in Ekin. And now hunger was torturing me more than all our worries. I closed my eyes from sheer exhaustion.

I was dreaming of the abundance we once enjoyed in our home—the rich bread, the honey and the butter, when suddenly I heard my mother's voice calling me: "Haroutik, Haroutik."

"What is it, mother?" I jumped up with a start.

"Get up, my child, we are moving."

The thick fog which covered the fields was surging upwards. People picked up their effects and the caravan started to move. I took Loosig on my back and we drifted into the high road. For the first time in our entire journey I began to feel the trivial weight of my sister. Akh! If we only had a piece of black bread on which I could chew. How well I could keep up the pace then! I kept plodding and thinking of the black bread of our home which tasted so good. I was so hungry I wanted to die right there. I wanted to cry like my little sister Loosig.

The sun rose. Everyone in the caravan was trailing along without complaint and with supreme determination. My father led the way, one hand pressing against his side and holding on to his load with the other. He kept walking steadfastly, without looking to either side. My grandmother followed him like a shadow. I felt ashamed of myself for my weakness.

Our next stop was Arabkir or somewhere

nearby where we certainly could obtain some food supply. We had to stretch every nerve, therefore, to reach the place as soon as possible. At noon the caravan came to a halt in a small gorge. This stop seemed so meaningless to us. There were very few in the caravan who still had a few crumbs left. The caravan was dying from sheer hunger. The greater part of the people were stretched on their backs, their eyes closed under the sun. An observer from the distance would have thought they all were dead.

The hunger was having its effect upon me. I felt a constriction of my chest, hindering my breathing. I did not know whether I was hungry or sick. I was tired of chewing the hard roots of some plant which my grandmother had given me.

The sun was setting when we arrived at the skirts of Arabkir. The city is perched in the bosom of the mountains, a long sprawling stretch in the heart of the valley. I had seen many natives of Arabkir who, having covered a long distance, used to cross through our village on their way to Kemakh, Erzinka, Kirason, Trebizond and farther on in search of new fortunes. Arabkir was a place of mass emigration.

From a distance the city looked very beautiful, but the nearer we came, the better I understood the cause of its miseries. There were no arable fields to support the population even though the surrounding regions were full of orchards, vegetable gardens and green meadows.

The caravan halted near some burned-out buildings not far from the city. These were the ruins of a textile mill which had belonged to the wealthy Derbederian family and which had been burnt down. As always, after escorting us one or two days, our gendarmes had become more tolerant. I was one of the first who made his way to the city to make some purchases. My moth-

er instructed me to buy some quinine and Madzoon for Loosig.

The market place was buzzing with a crowd of customers in what they called the "Aksham Bazari" — the evening market. The Turks, men and women, young and old, swarmed everywhere, busy making purchases — bedding, blankets, furniture, flour, table spreads, rugs, carpets, victuals, clothing, etc. The natives of Arabkir had been deported some two weeks before and their abandoned property was being sold at auction by the local committee.

"Ten, ten, ten piasters."

"Fifteen piasters."

"Two Medjidieh's, two dollars."

The auctioneers were shouting in shrill voices. To the right of the public square, from a narrow street I suddenly felt a tempting smell. Was this a dream? I wondered. I stopped in my tracks and took in a deep whiff of the delectable aroma. Then, sniffing like a dog, I scampered down the street. Broiled meat, broiled meat! It was a miracle. Standing over a portable charcoal grill, a man was turning chunks of meat and selling them to passersby. I wondered if I should buy some or not. If I gave him a gold piece he might surmise I was an Armenian and refuse to return the change. If I first bought the quinine, there might be no meat left by the time I returned. Akh, if I only had some small change, I could buy a small piece of the meat and throw it into my mouth!

"Effendi, how long are you going to be here?" I asked the man timorously.

"Until tomorrow morning. Why do you ask? Fah, fah, fah!" the man replied.

"I wanted to buy some but I have no money with me."

"Go bring the money. Fah, fah, fah. Come ye, enjoy the delicious morsel."

"Where can I find a drug store here, Effendi?"

"Are you an Armenian?"

"No."

"Keep going straight on, then to the right, then left, left, left, it is right there. Fah, fah, fah."

I did not know if the man was kidding me, but I kept on in the direction he had given me. By this time the maddening smell of the meat was working on me. I had a dizzy spell, my intestines were rolling like writhing snakes inside me.

Finally I made the drugstore. "Are you an Armenian?" the druggist asked me. What a great calamity it was in those days to be an Armenian, dear God! Even the turban-like band on my Fez which mother had contrived would not fool them. With a supreme effort I denied my origin, paid for the drug, and rushed out of there. Going back to the meat vendor, I bought all the meat he had on hand.

"Are you having a wedding festival?" the man asked. But I was too busy devouring the meat to have any time to answer him. Returning to the market-place I bought a good supply of bread. I could not resist the temptation of sinking my teeth into that hot, tasty bread.

Suddenly I felt that all eyes were fixed on me and that they might rob me of my purchases. I ran away from there pell mell, headed straight for the caravan. In my haste the food I had swallowed turned up into my throat and was choking me. I stopped in my tracks. I could not force the morsel down nor throw it up. I was so stuffed I was ready to burst. I was breathless. My eyes were about to pop out of their sockets. My purchases fell to the ground. I sat down.

Dear God, was this the end? Was I going to die? Suddenly I vomited. My intestines and lungs were dislocated. I needed time to recover myself.

An old Turk saw me and stopped.

"What happened to you, Oghloom, my son?" he asked.

"I fell down."

"Are you an Armenian?"

"Yes."

"One of the newcomers?"

"Yes."

"Get up, my son, may the authors of your plight go blind in both eyes," the old man said consolingly as he gathered my scattered purchases.

Just then I remembered I had forgotten the Madzoon. The old man accompanied me to the grocer where I bought two jugs of Madzoon, some cheese and onions and again headed for the caravan.

My sister Vardouhi met me running. I was late. She was laughing and crying. Agik, my hometown sweetheart, was standing a few paces away. After the shearing of her hair she had avoided being seen by me. She felt guilty toward me for that forced desecration of her beauty. In her peasant pantaloons and her blouse she looked more like a lad. Her former elan was gone, her self assurance shattered. Together with her hair she seemed to have cut off half of her beauty but if she had no consciousness of her beauty before, she now seemed totally desolate. To me, however, she was more beautiful than ever. How much I wanted to tell her so at that moment!

"What happened to you, Haroutik?" she asked excitedly.

"Nothing."

"Why are you so pale then?"

"I am very tired."

My mother had been terribly uneasy. The Badvelli who had left after me had returned to the caravan long before I did.

(To be continued)

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

H. Kurdian, Reviewing Editor

REVIEWS BY PIERRE PAPAIZAN

EUROPA MINOR; Journeys in Coastal Turkey, by Lord Kinross. New York, William Morrow and Co., 1956. 167 pp.

Those who enjoyed Lord Kinross' previous book on Turkey, *WITHIN THE TAURUS*, will enjoy reading the present volume. In fact, *EUROPA MINOR* may be considered a sequel to the earlier work, in which the author described his travels along the Black Sea shore of Turkey and his trip inland. The travels described in *EUROPA MINOR* took place during a period of seven years, from 1947 to 1954, during which Lord Kinross journeyed along the south shore, the Mediterranean, westward and then north into the Aegean and eventually into the Sea of Marmara.

Lord Kinross has the knack of relating the past and the present with personal observations and quotations from earlier travelers which in no way seem to intrude upon the narrative. He vividly shows the contrast between present-day Turkey and the ancient civilizations which flourished there centuries, even millennia, ago. Everywhere the traces of man's past turn up. The poor Turkish peasant finds ancient statuary and pottery only a detrimental nuisance as he tosses aside the tangle of remains of ancient glory. An archaeological treasure-house awaits the modern explorers of ancient cities in Turkey. Among the many relics and ruins, Lord Kinross saw the castle of Corycus in Cilicia, which he says, "was a castle of the Armenians." Here Leo VI, the last king of Armenia, held out against the Mamelukes, but finally went into exile in Paris. A modern parallel to this story of exile is the *cha'let* in Iskenderun which "was the summer residence of an Armenian doctor, a Syrian subject living in Aleppo, who no longer had access to it." Various other references to Armenians are made in the book. An interesting observation the reader may make is the lackadaisical, indolent, perhaps even fatalistic, attitude of the ordinary Turk. Present-day Turkey has a long way to go to become really modern. Although much progress has been made, many of the modern aspects of Turkish society are superficial, not having penetrated to the mass of the people. This fact was all the more obvious in *WITHIN THE TAURUS*.

The author has an engaging style which is at its finest in his purely descriptive passages. When he writes of the climate, a particular view or landscape, or even a person, he captures the mood

perfectly. A short example of this ability is found in the following paragraph.

"Diving into the limpid turquoise water, I saw how the sea forever builds the rock, coating the surface with its own organic matter, glowing algae of yellow and violet. Above water I saw how it petrifies, drying and hardening to a duller yellow, sprayed with black; how the rock grows smoother and its colors warmer in the wind and the sunlight, yellow bleaching to white, then weathering to gold, black weathering to grey through a degradation of bolder mineral patterns. . . ." Many other natural man-made marvels of Asia Minor are brought to light by the word-pictures of Lord Kinross. The text is accompanied by many photographs showing the old and new of this ancient land.

THE WHOLE VOYALD and Other Stories, by William Saroyan. Boston, Atlantic-Little, Brown and Co., 1956. 243 pp.

Saroyan is still Saroyan. This collection of twenty-two of his latest short stories and sketches proves that there is only one Saroyan. When he declares that he set out to revolutionize writing, your first reaction is to smile at such a bold statement, but the fact is that Saroyan is not joking. He set out to revolutionize writing and he has succeeded. This is not true in the sense that he has created a new school of writing and gathered around him a multitude of imitative writers. On the contrary, Saroyan's writings are akin to no other. He has revolutionized writing in the sense that he has created a unique method of literary expression. His short stories cannot be classified or defined. It has been suggested that a short story by Saroyan is not a short story at all. The fact is that he can and does write what is ordinarily meant by the term "short story." But he does not allow himself to be restricted to the traditional bounds of the short story. So it is with *THE WHOLE VOYALD*, for here we find stories, sketches, ramblings and even a writer's declaration.

Whatever these short writings may be called, they still contain the Saroyan genius, that whimsical touch evident in all of his works. As always, his success is greatest when he deals with children and young people. This is best seen in "The Failure of Friends", "The Idea in the Back of My Brother's Head", and "A Visitor in the Piano

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Warehouse", just to mention three examples. The children in Saroyan's stories all seem to have an innate sense of wisdom which gives them an advantage over their elders, which, perhaps, is the way it should be. The young people are always seeking something and usually make no bones about it. The something they are seeking is almost always love and money, usually both, for what is one without the other?

Whether or not love and money are personal goals of the author, it is apparent that a good deal of the material in the present volume is either autobiographical or, at least, based on his personal experience. Thus, about a dozen of the stories relate to the author's life, either to his younger days or to his later life with reference to his former wife and his two children. And though it is an unfortunate thing for a family to break up and separate, it is not irrevocably sad, because as the boy says, he is glad he lives in the whole voyald. The world is an infinite adventure for all to enjoy and marvel at.

While the Saroyan touch is evident and the present collection is enjoyable and worthwhile reading, it must be said that it does not match the quality of Saroyan's earlier stories, e.g., *MY NAME IS ARAM* or *THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE*. Nevertheless, here is Saroyan, and here is the "voyald" as Saroyan sees it, and as more of the world's people should see it.

ERRATA

In the matter of the article series of Rita Jerrehian, being brought to a conclusion in this issue, the following changes should be noted:

(Summer, 1955, p. 64, footnote 7): Should read: (7) B. N. Sumner, Russia and the Balkans, 1870-1880 Oxford, 1937, p. 416.

(Ibid, p. 67, col. 2, l. 34): Should read: ". . . . was signed on June 4, 1878. . ."

(Ibid, p. 69, col. 2, l. 44): Should read: ". . . and on July 13, 1878. . ."

(Autumn, 1955, p. 64, col. 2, l. 28): Should read: ". . . . execution of Article 24 of the Berlin Treaty respecting the new Greek frontier in order to delay the execution of Article 61 relating to the Armenian provinces."

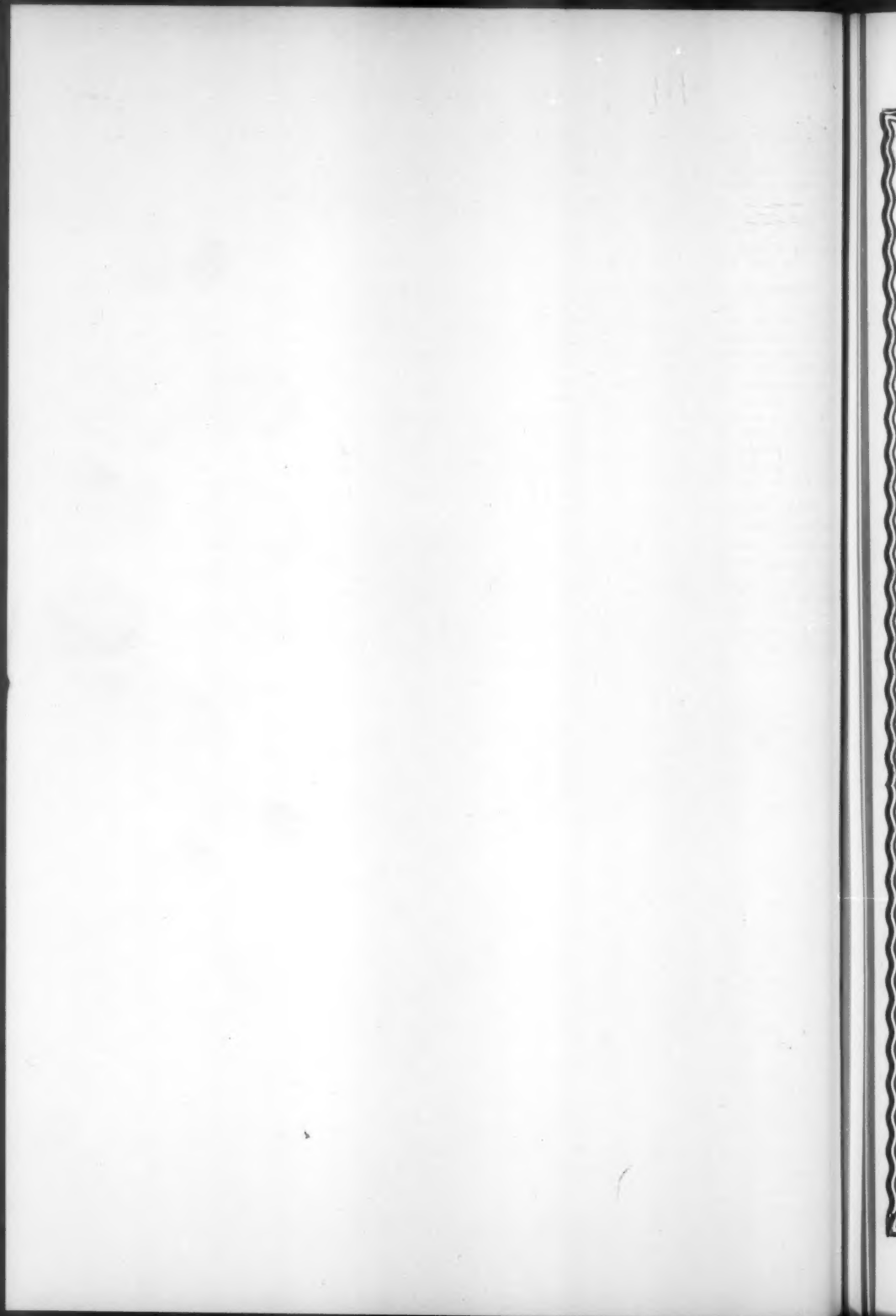
(Ibid, p. 67, col. 2, footnote 27): Should read: "From 1881 to 1887 Russia was included in the Alliance of the Three Emperors. The Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy was concluded on May 20, 1882."

(Spring, 1956, p. 122, footnote. 44): Should read: "p. 260".

(Ibid, p. 128, col. 1, l. 41): Should read: ". . . . suggest that the Powers intended to allow the Turks to continue to exist, still placed their trust in the Powers. . . ."

(Autumn, 1956, p. 137, footnote 51): Should read: "Bierstadt".

(Ibid, p. 138, col. 2, lines 15-16): Should read: ". . . . boundaries of the Armenian state. He suggested that Russia. . . ."



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